

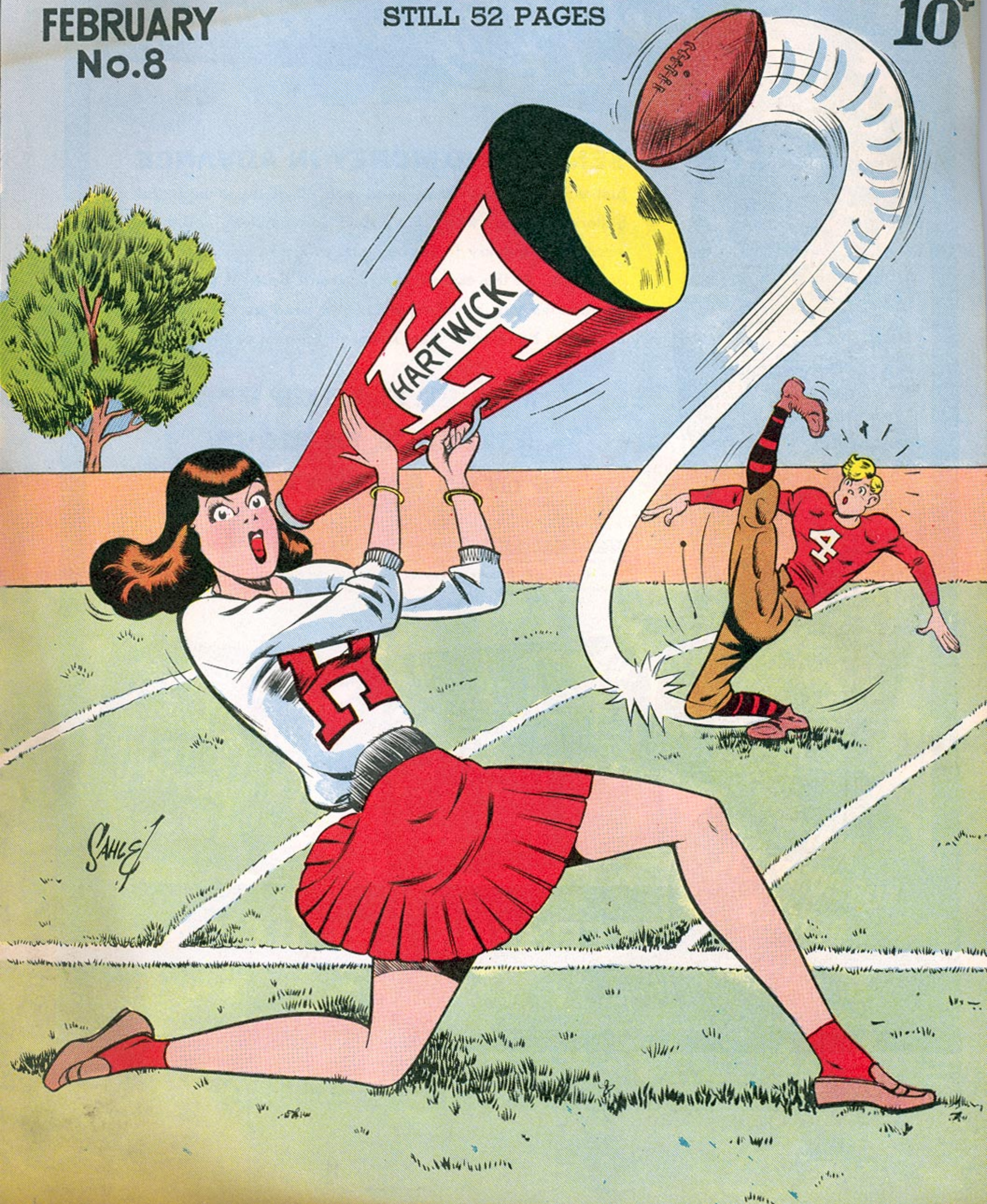
CANDY

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP
I.C.D.
2

FEBRUARY
No.8

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

mother

God took the Sunshine
from the Skies
And made the Lovelight
in your eyes.
He gave you breath
And with his love
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU
MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I Lay me down
To Sleep,
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep,
If I should Die before
I Wake,
I pray the Lord
my soul to take

The Way of The
CROSS
AS HOME

LOVE
one another
AS I HAVE
LOVED
YOU

God Bless
OUR
HOME

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO**



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER:

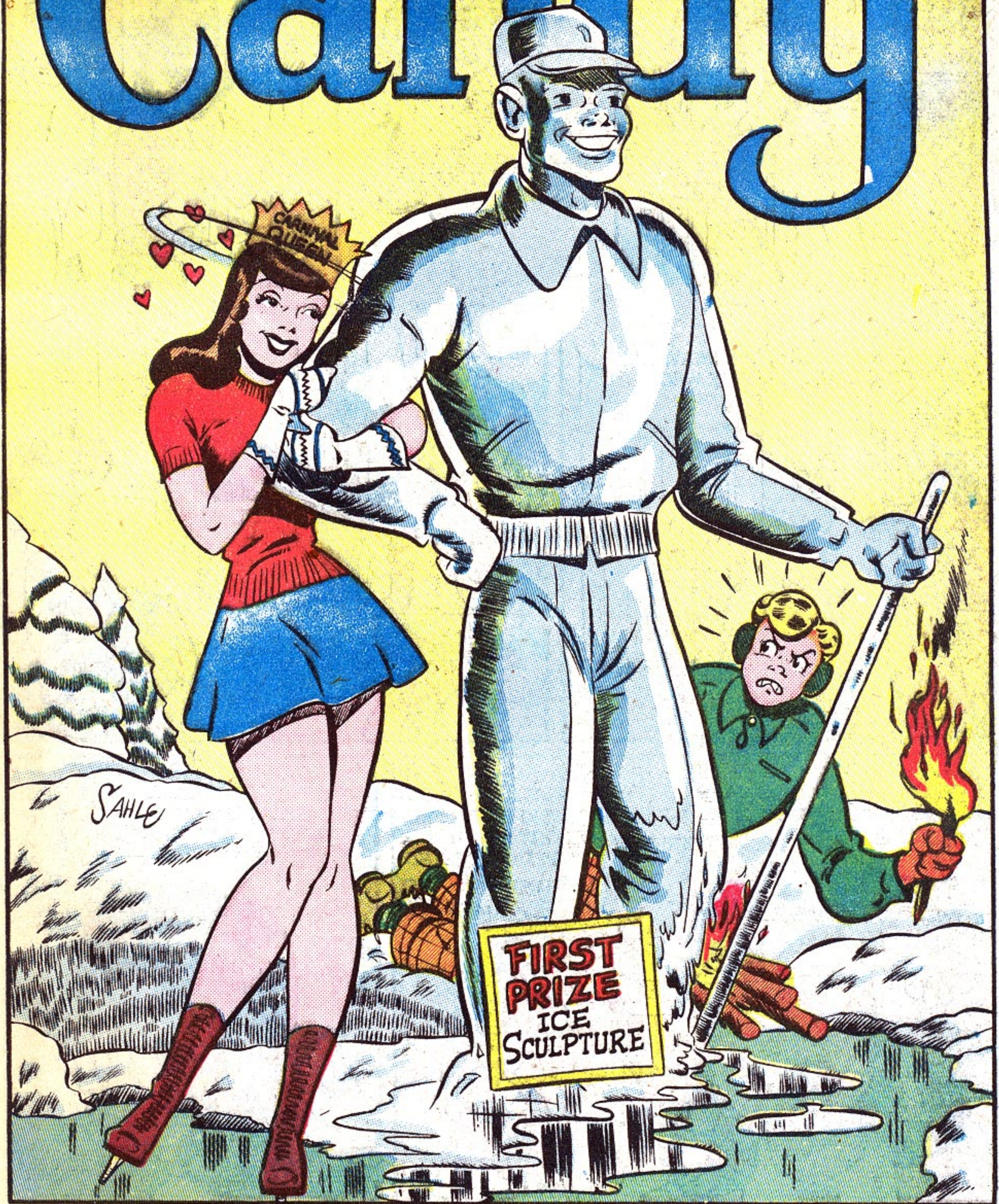
No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

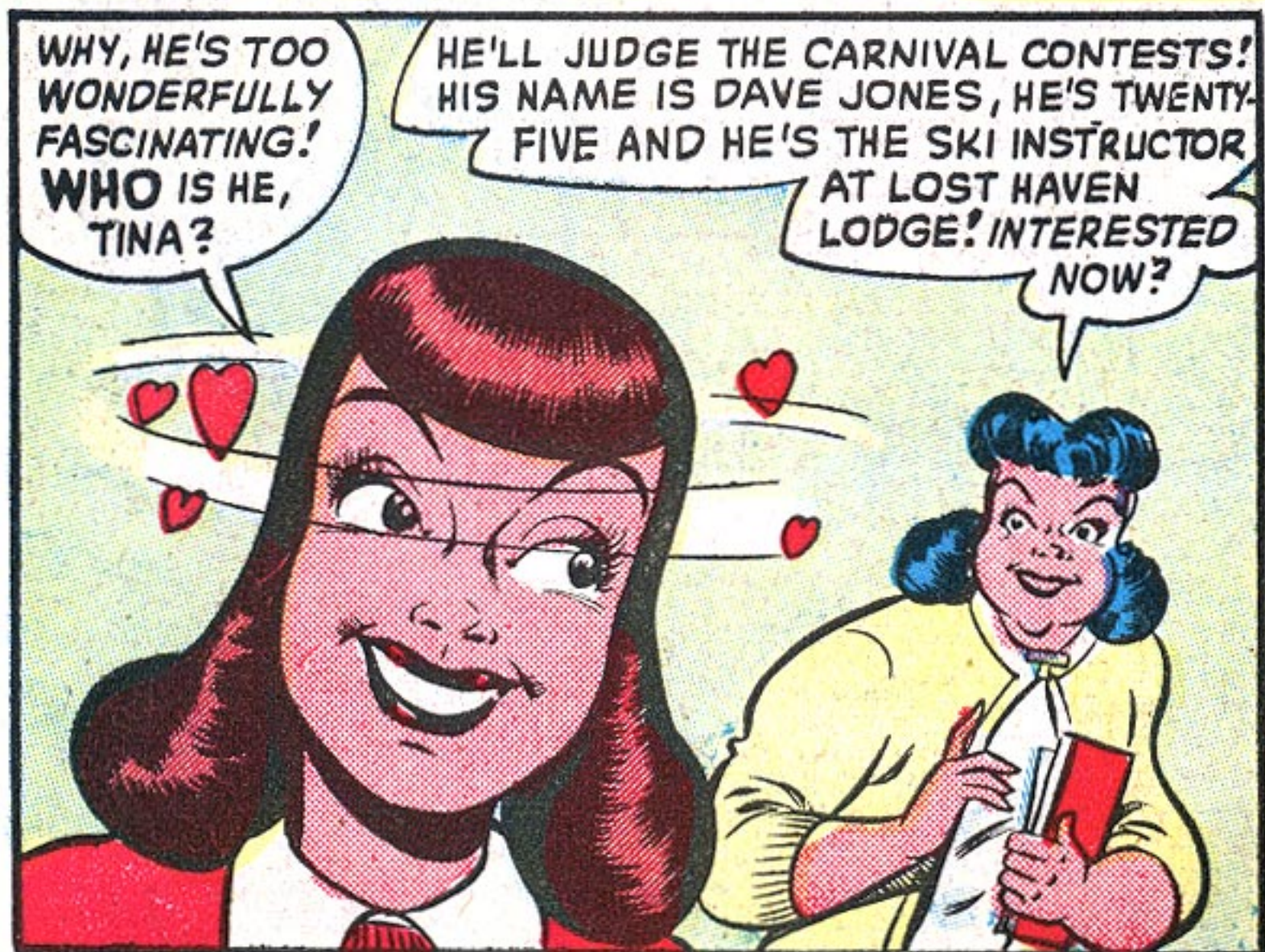
STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

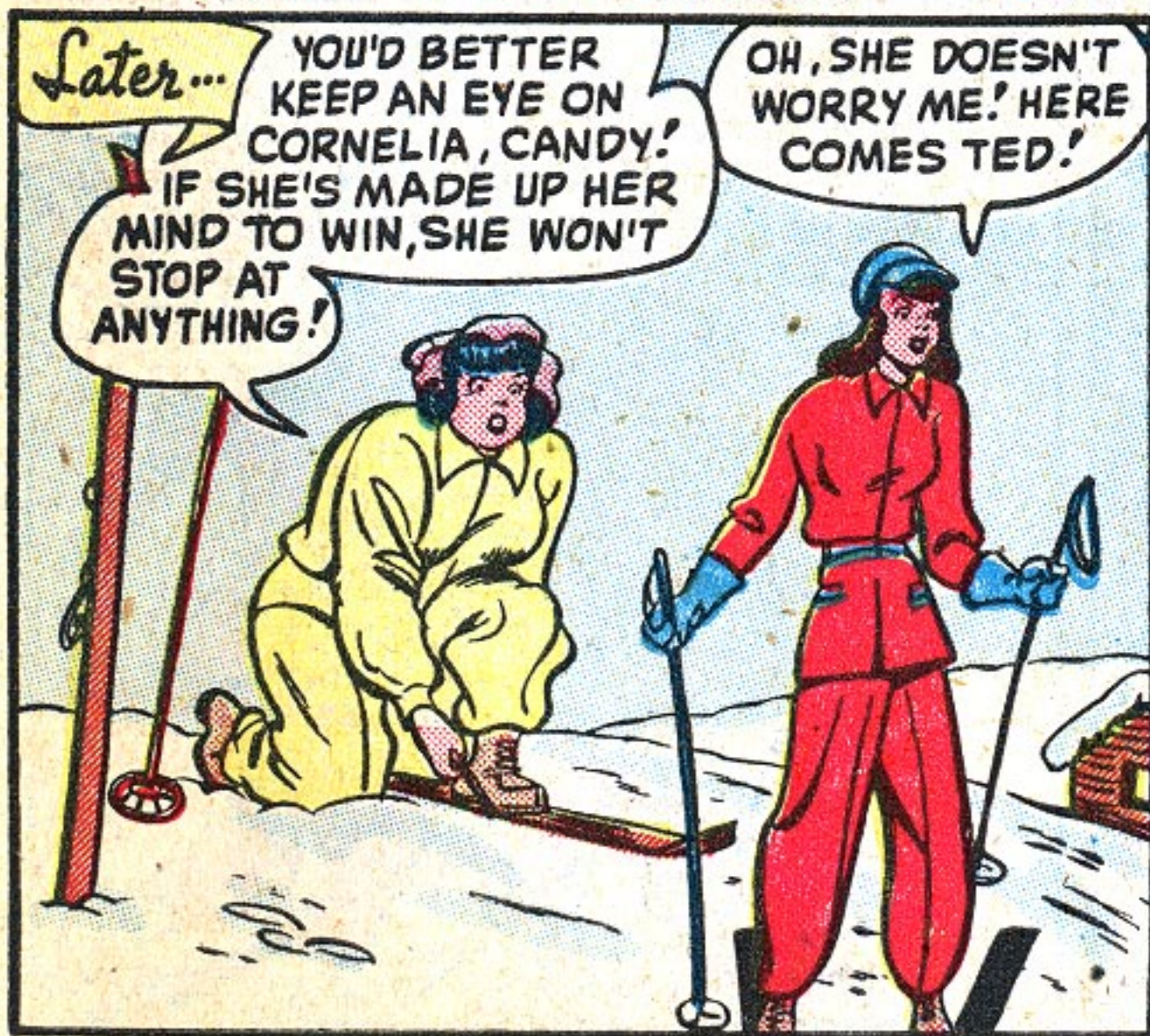
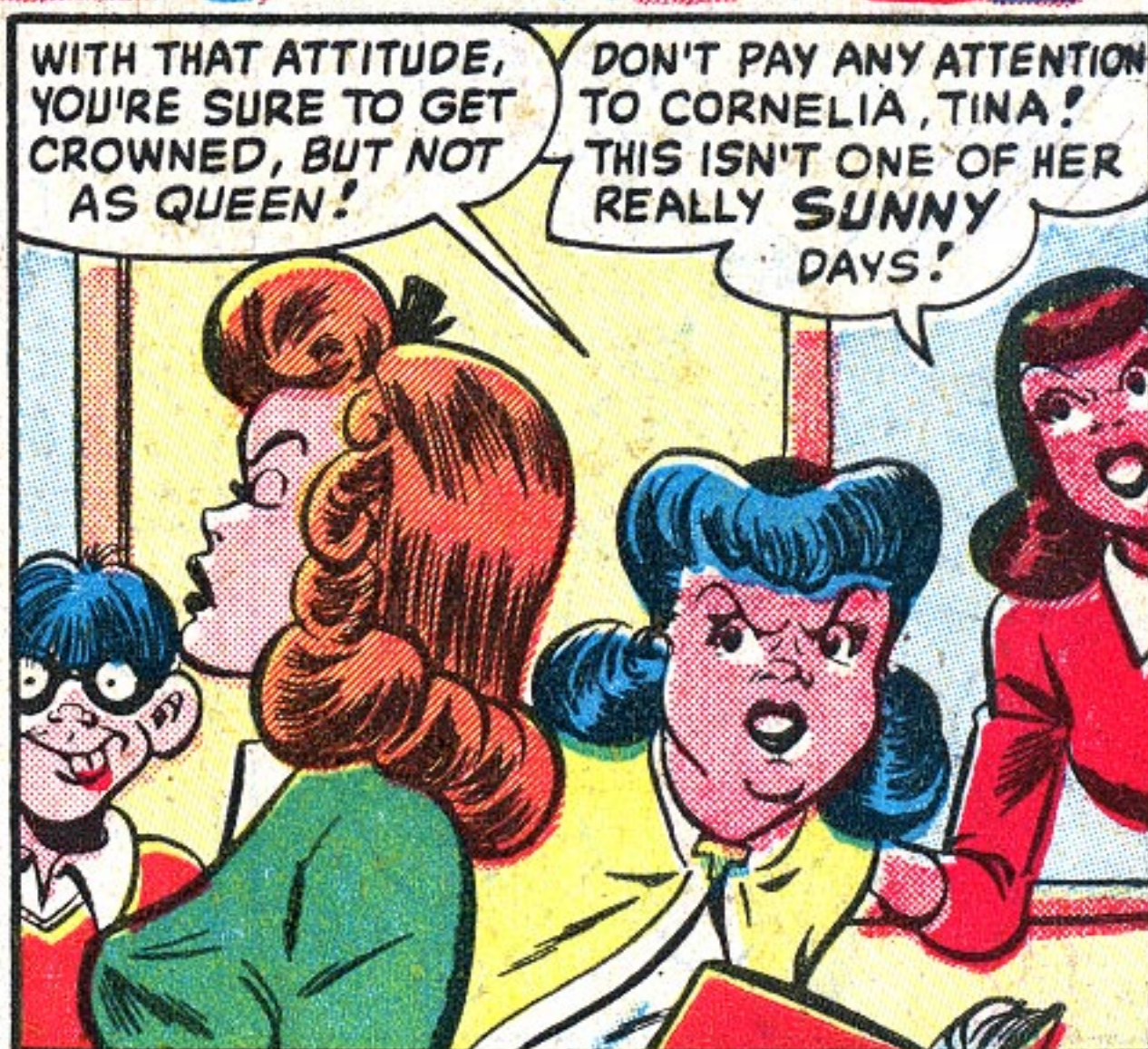
Dept. F 80

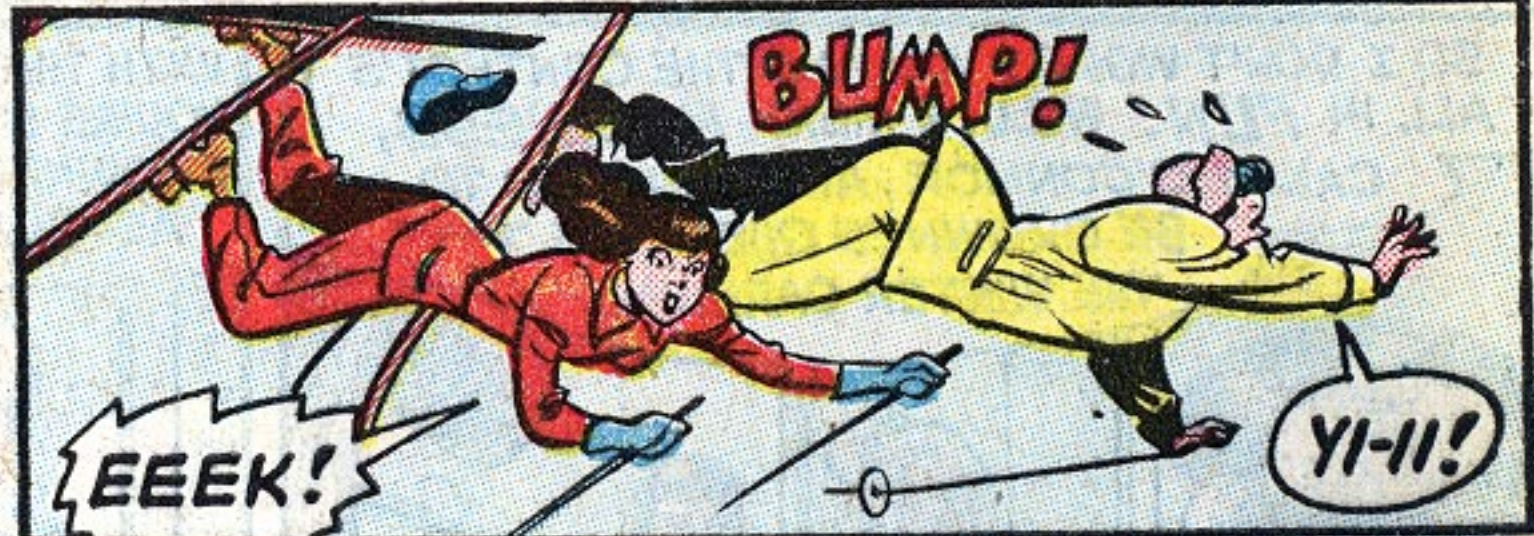
Normal, Illinois

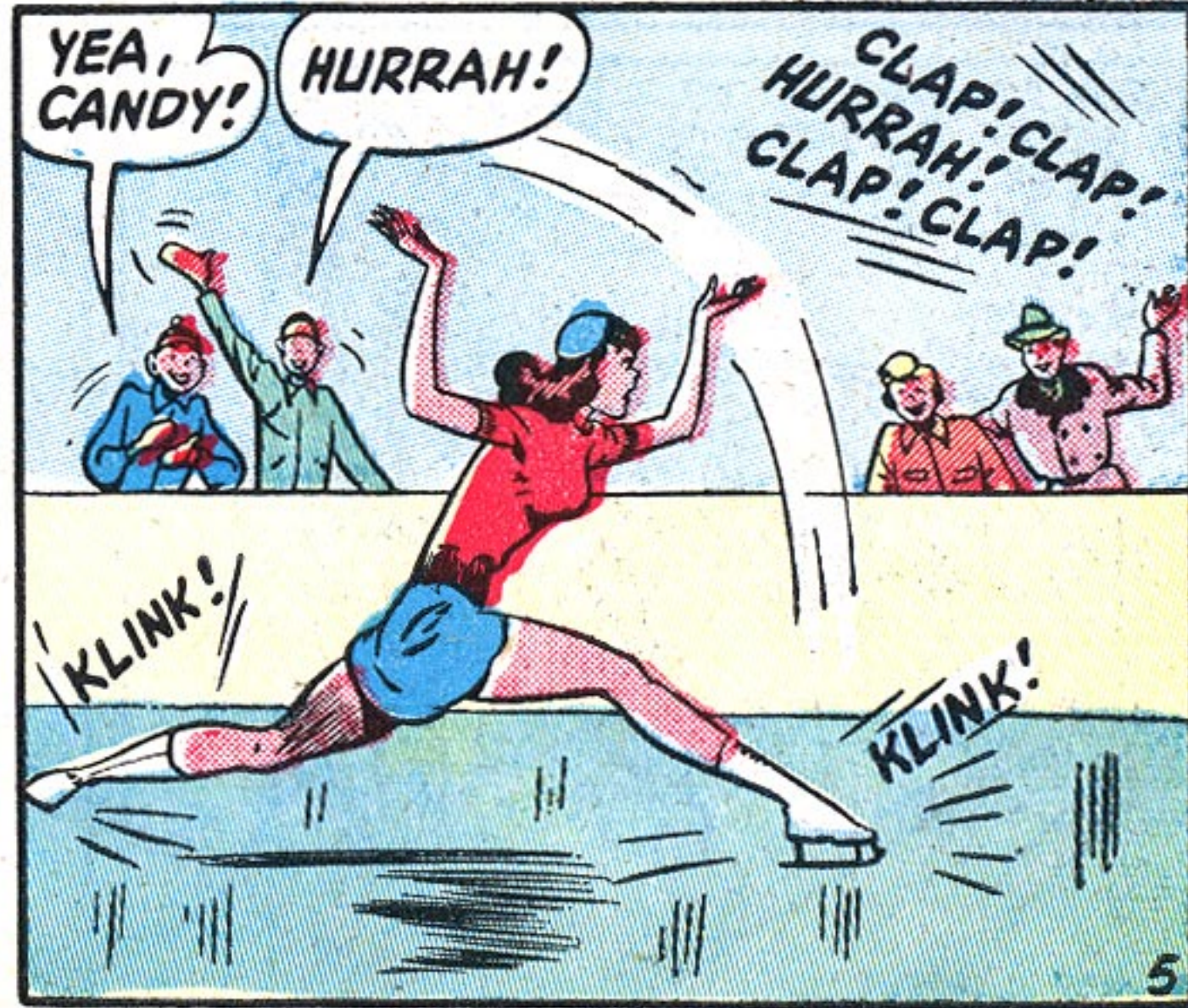
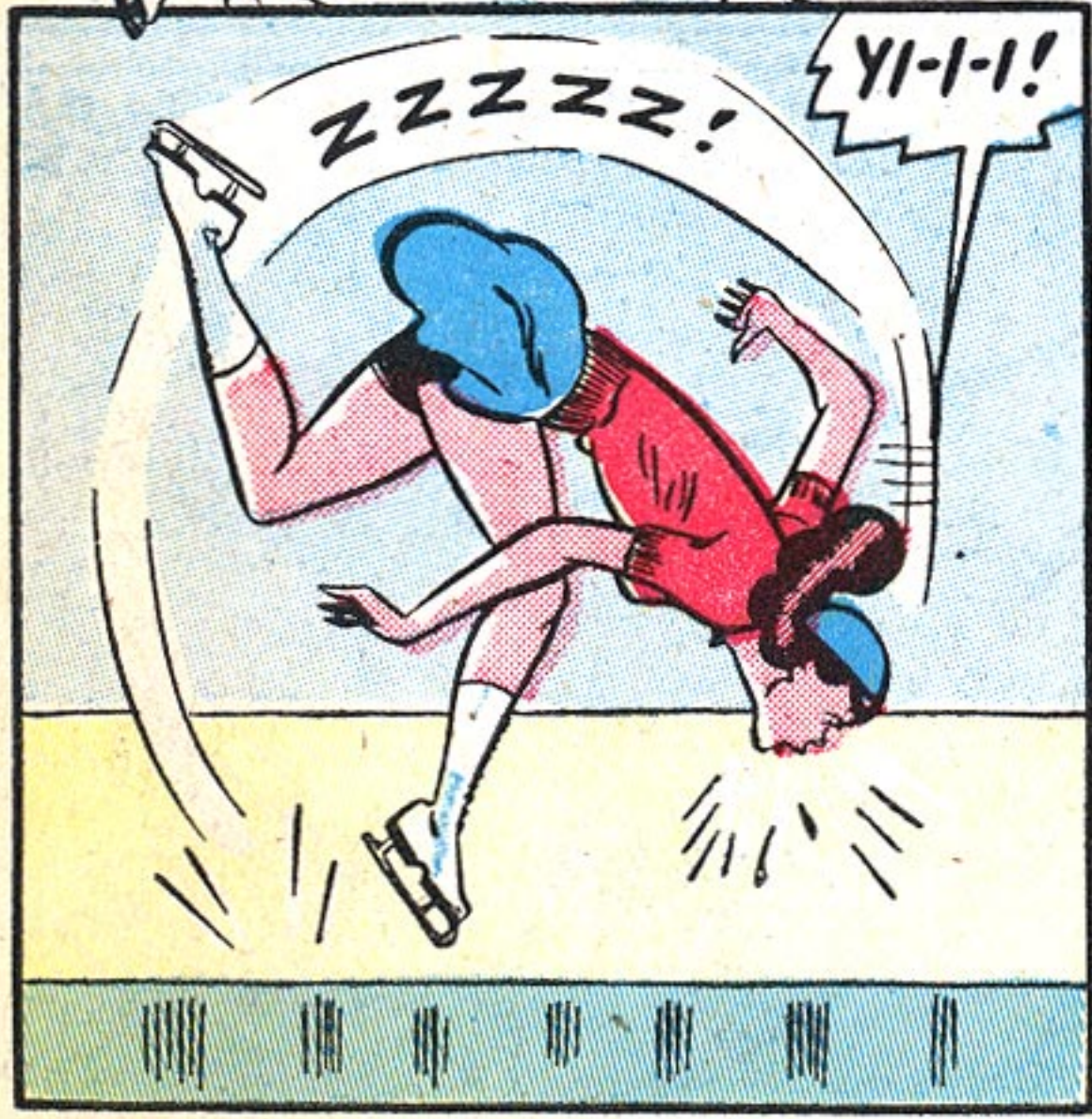
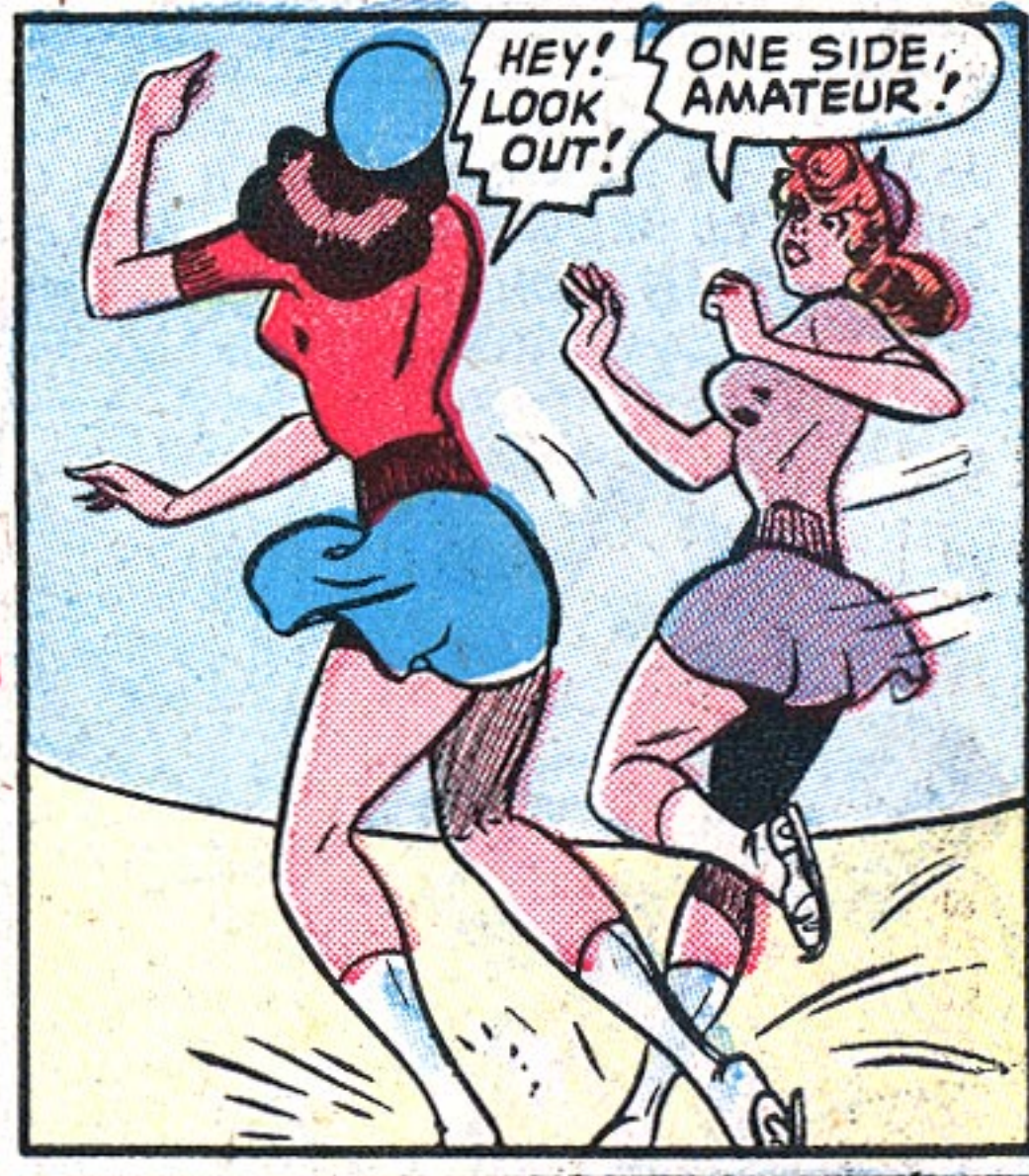
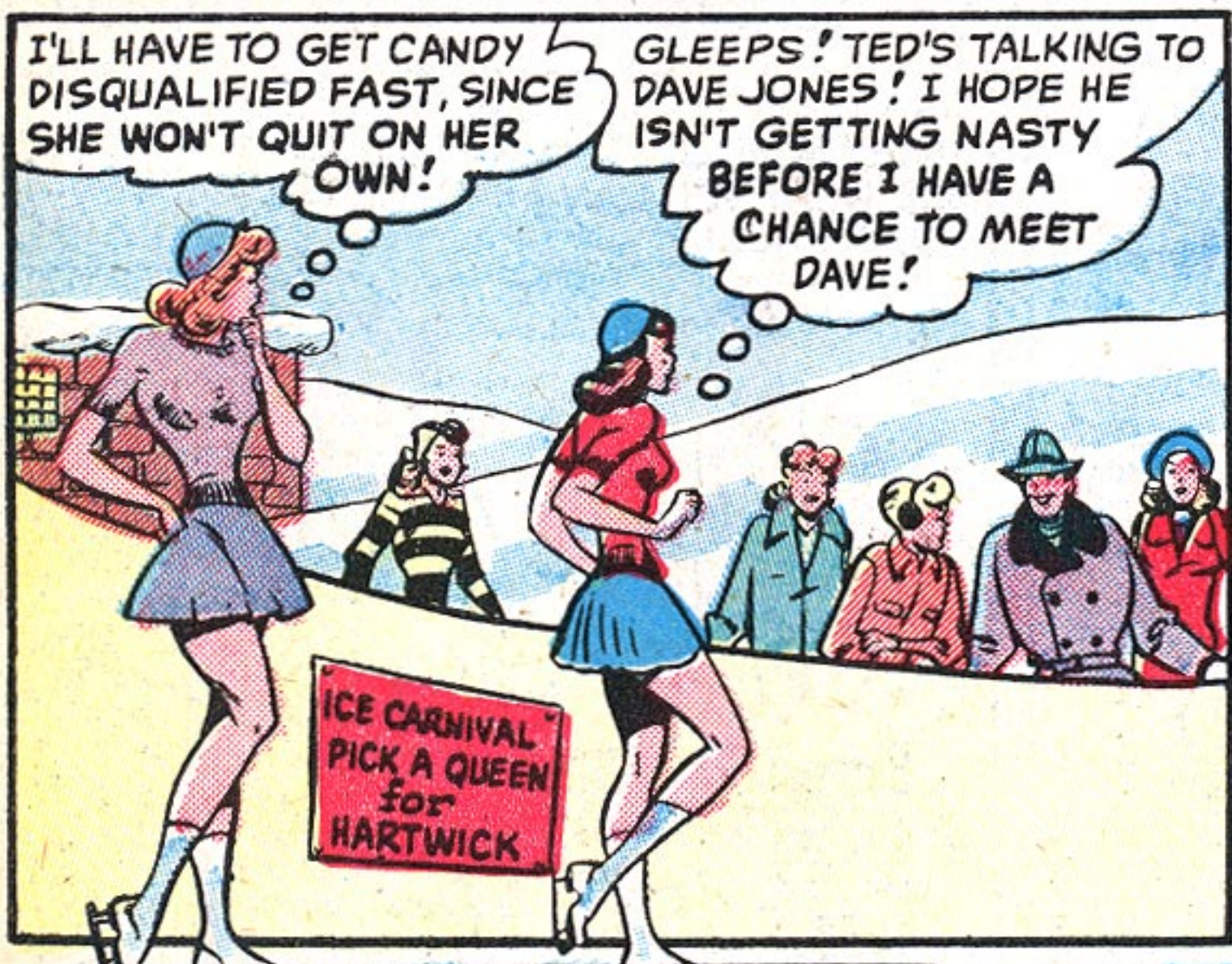
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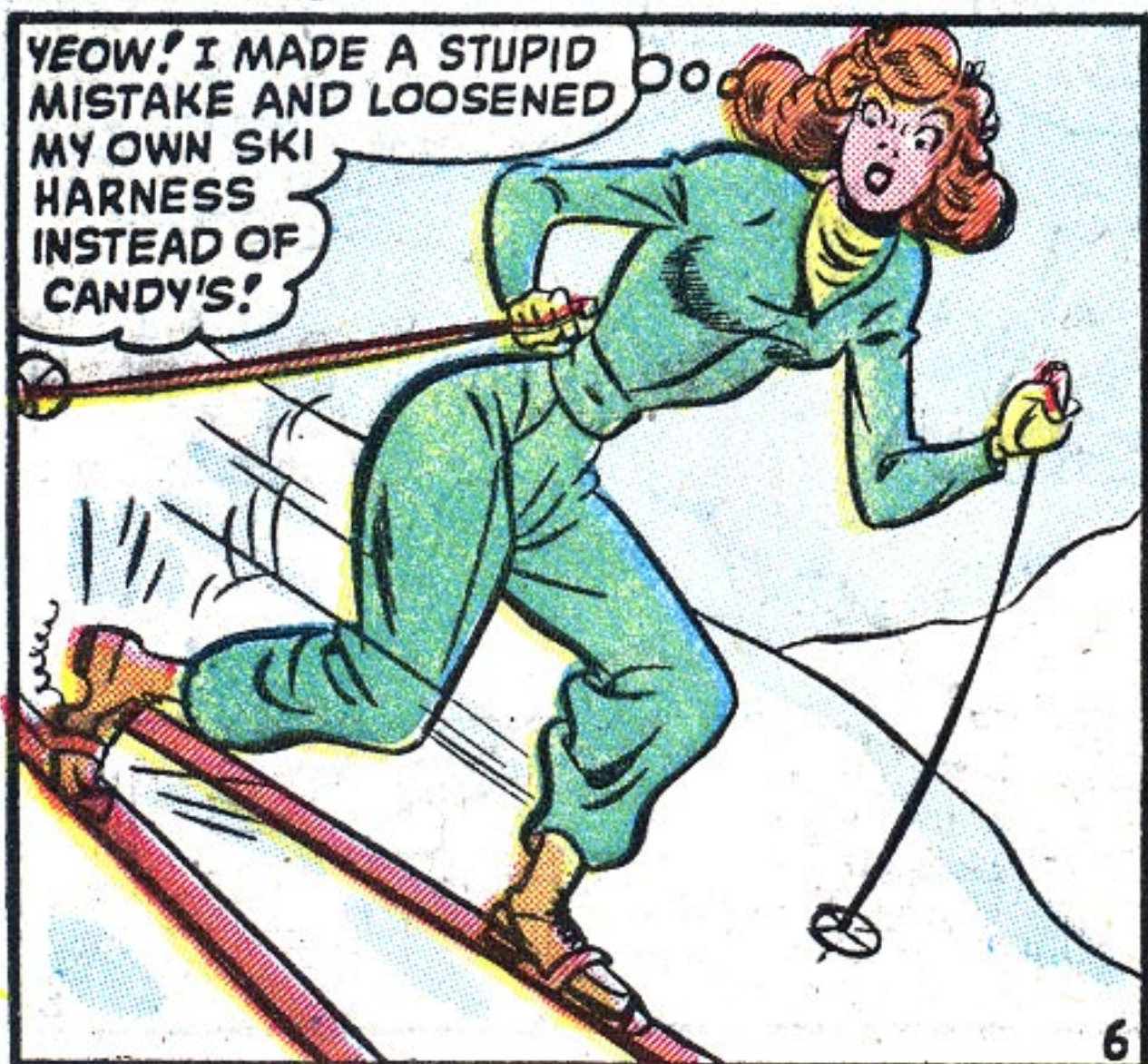


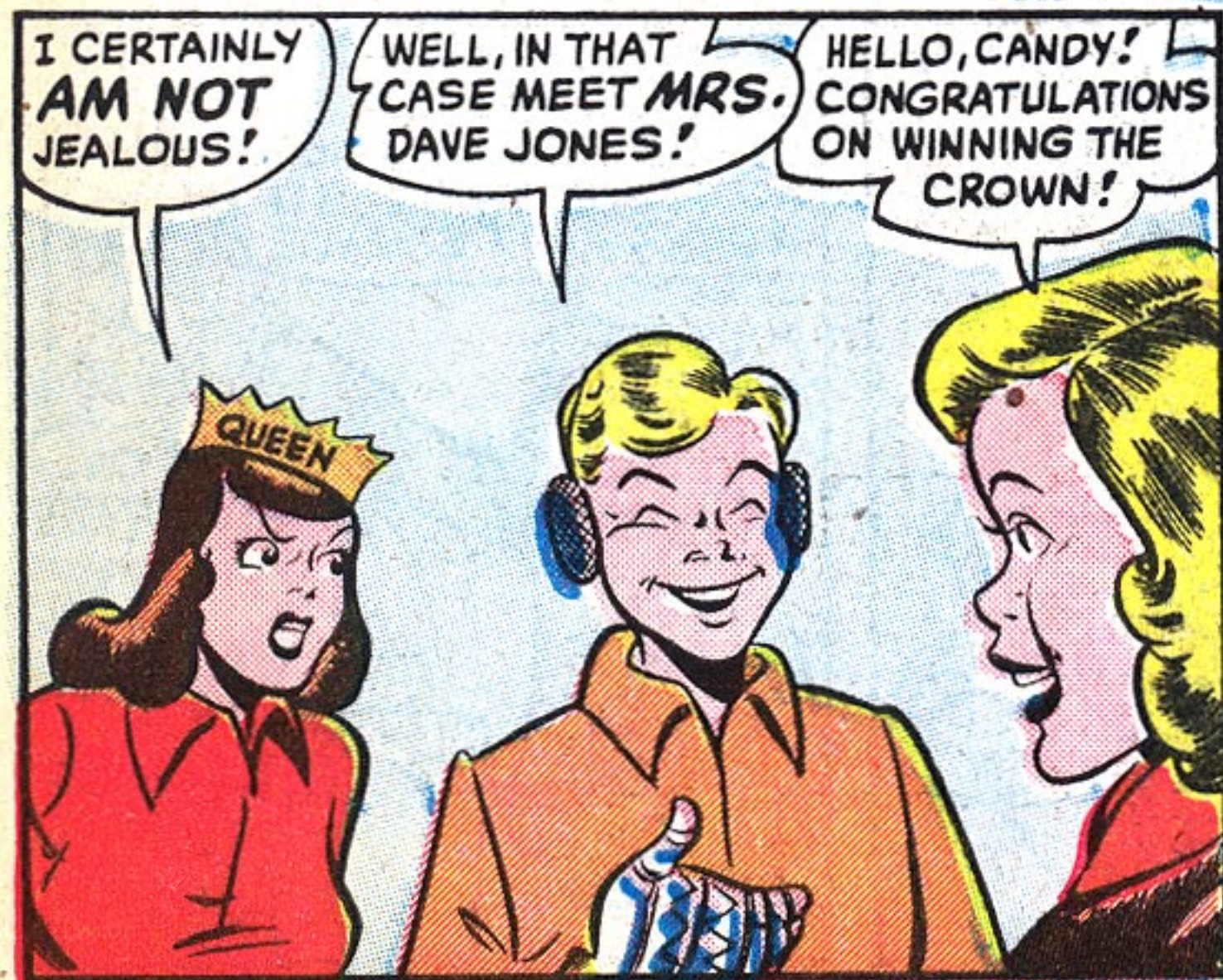
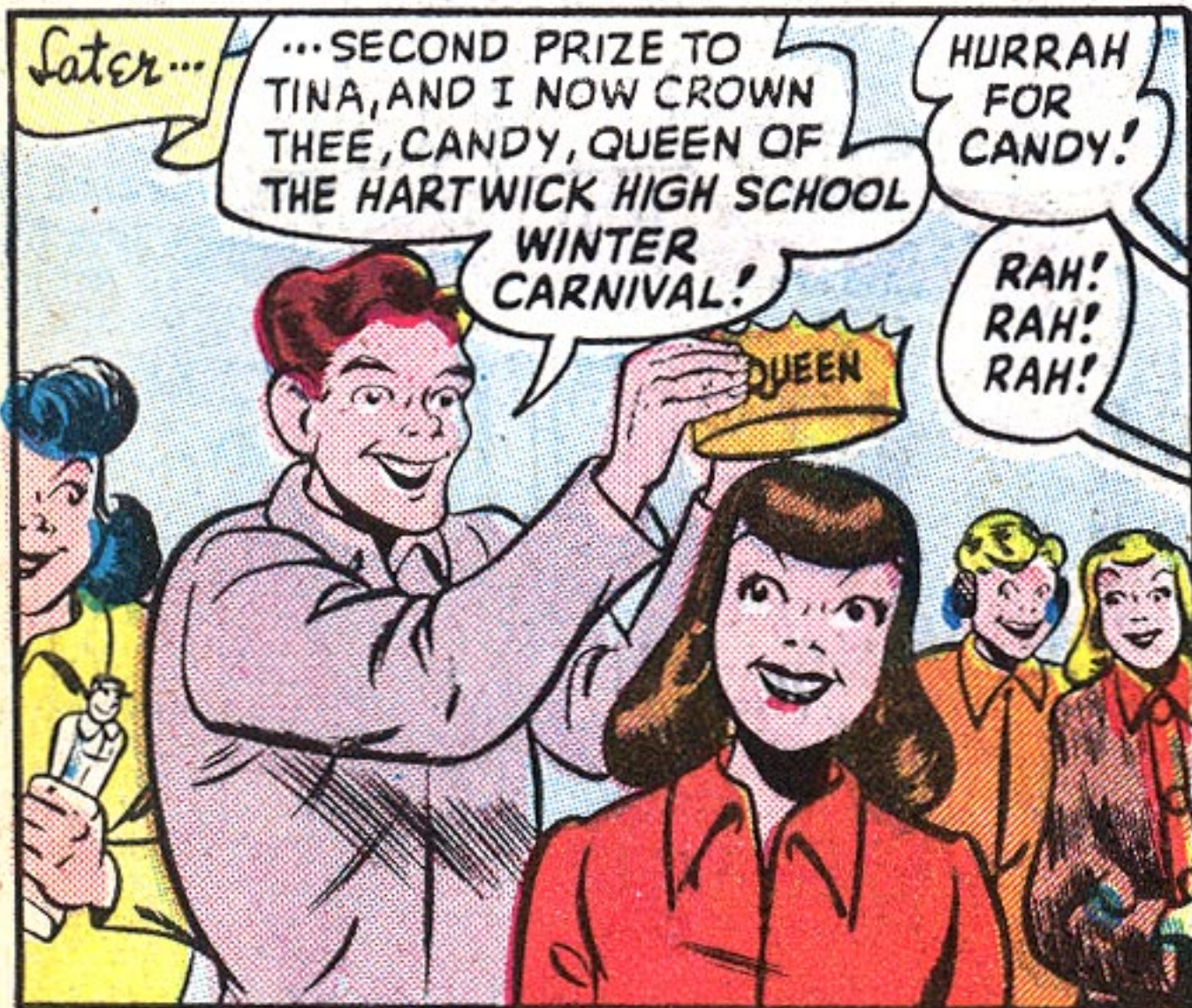
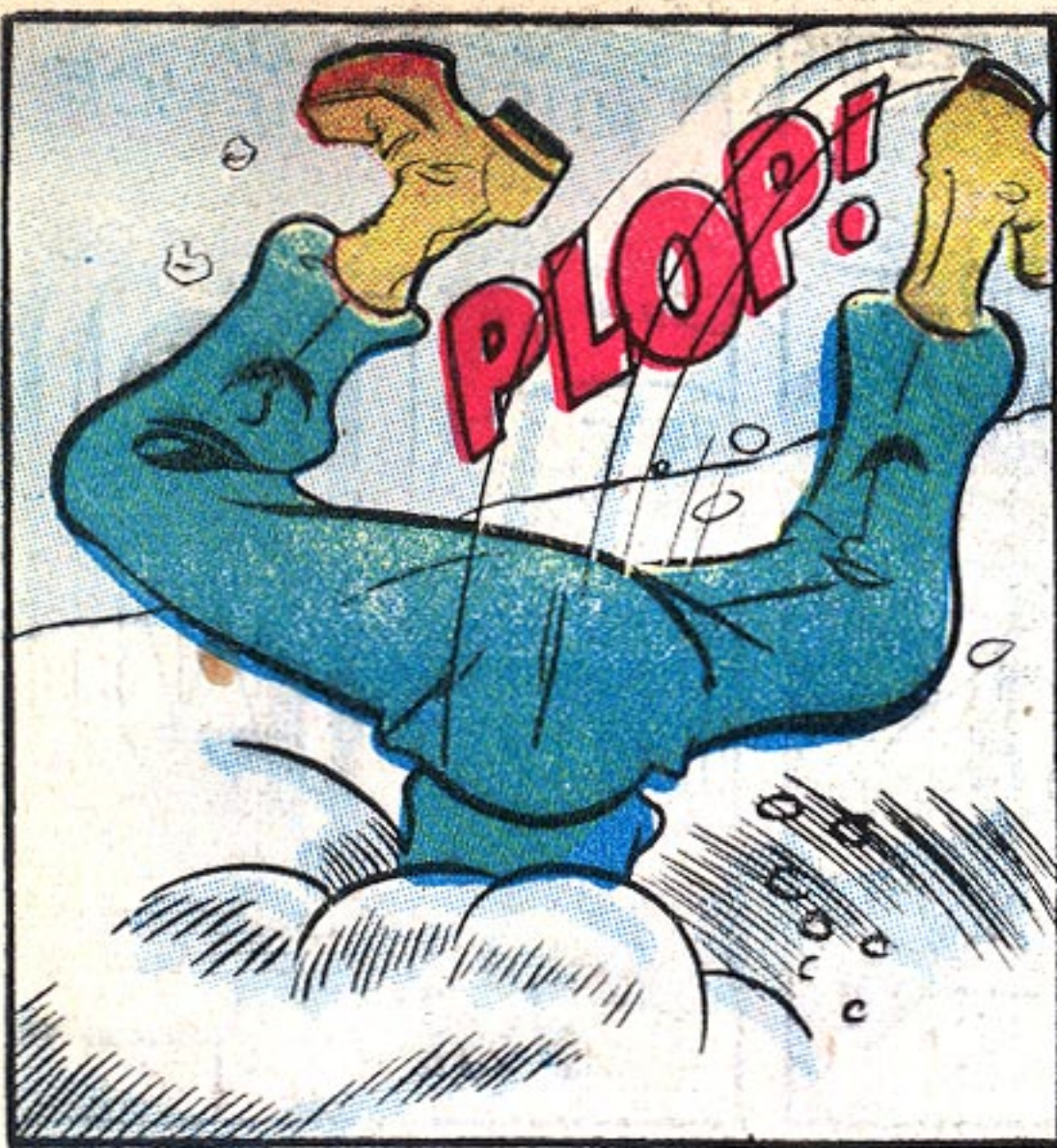




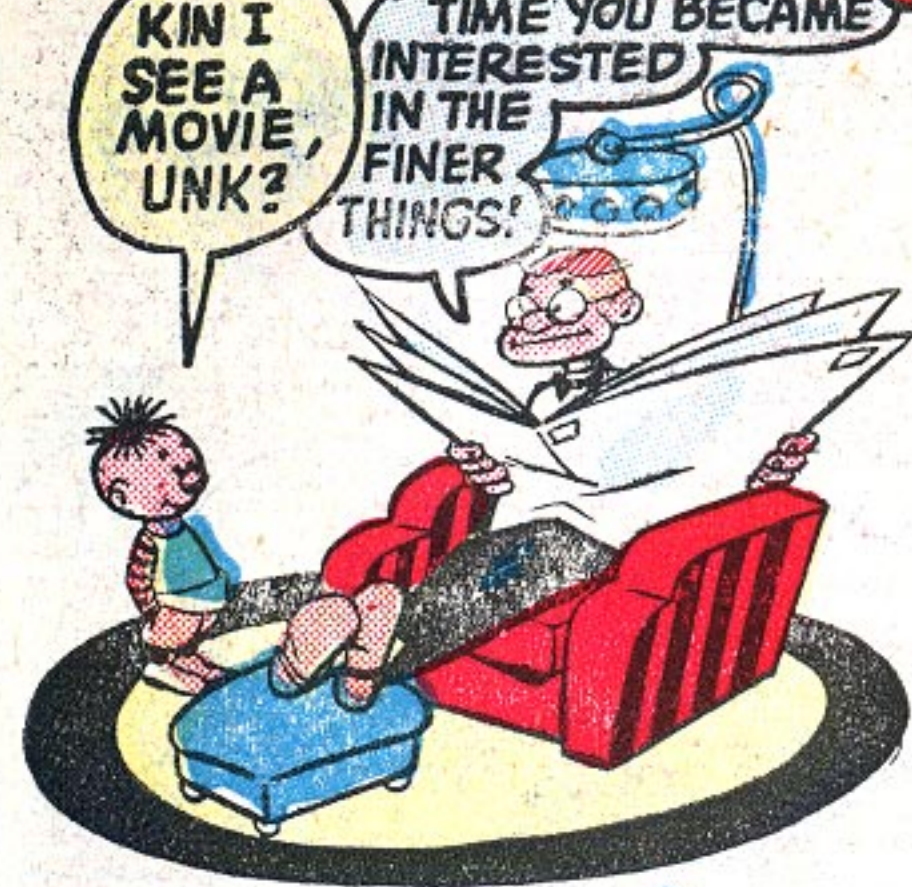




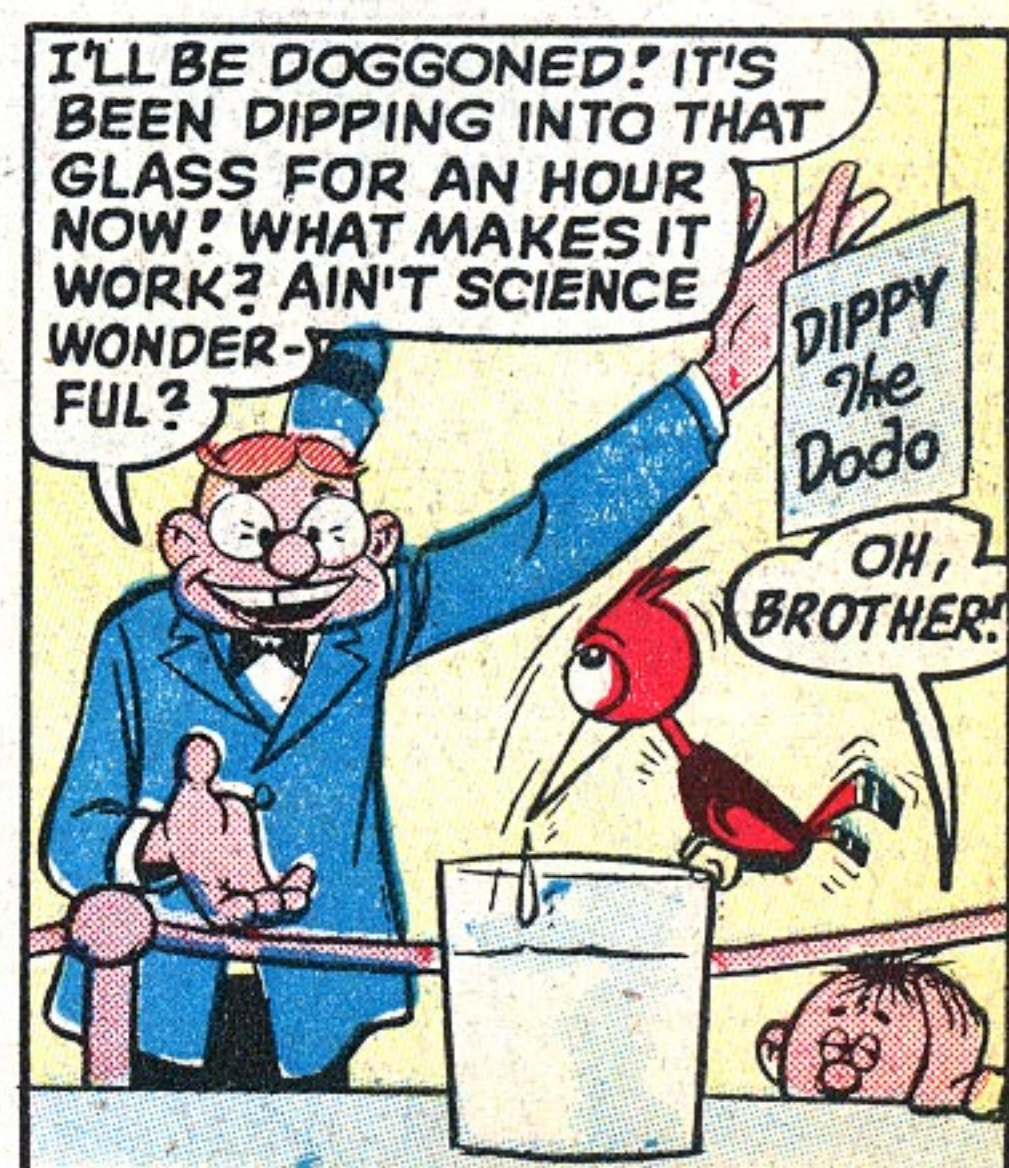
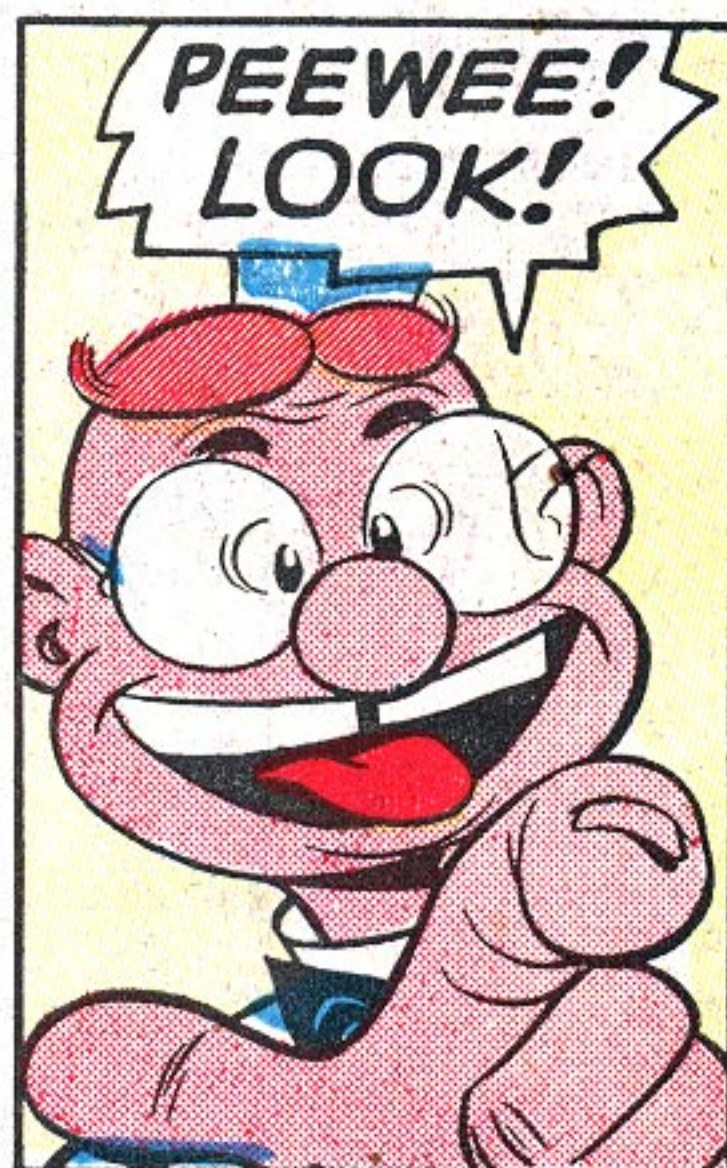
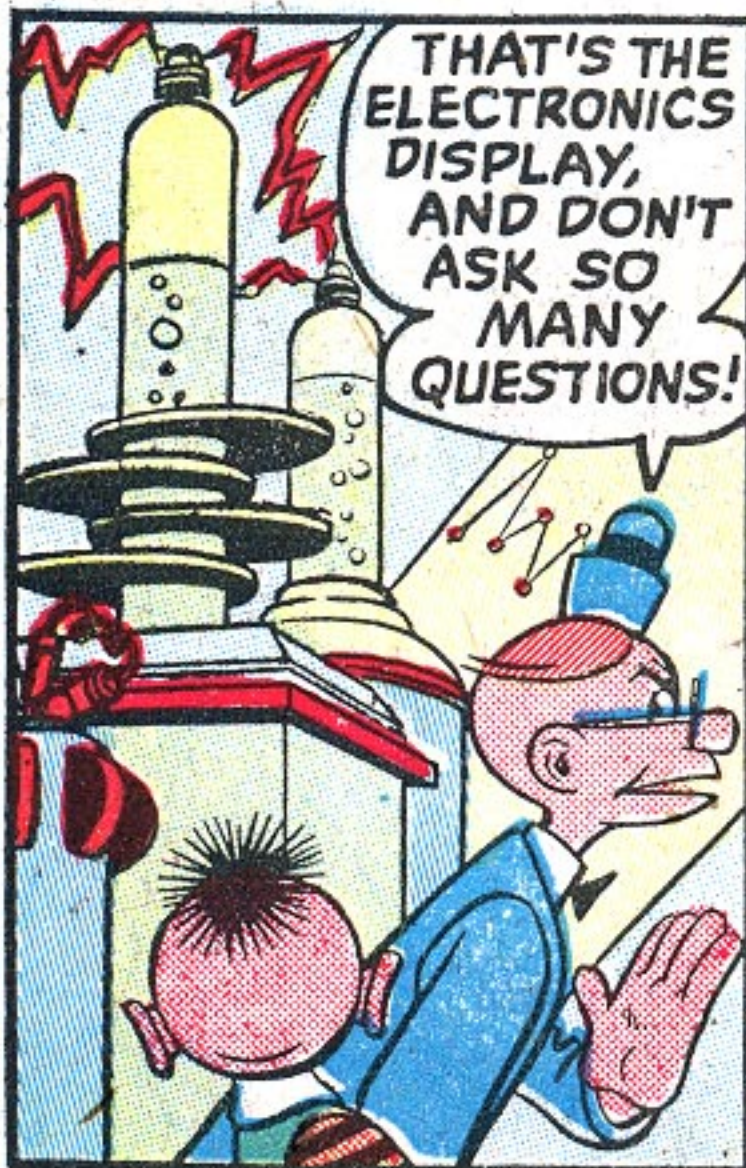
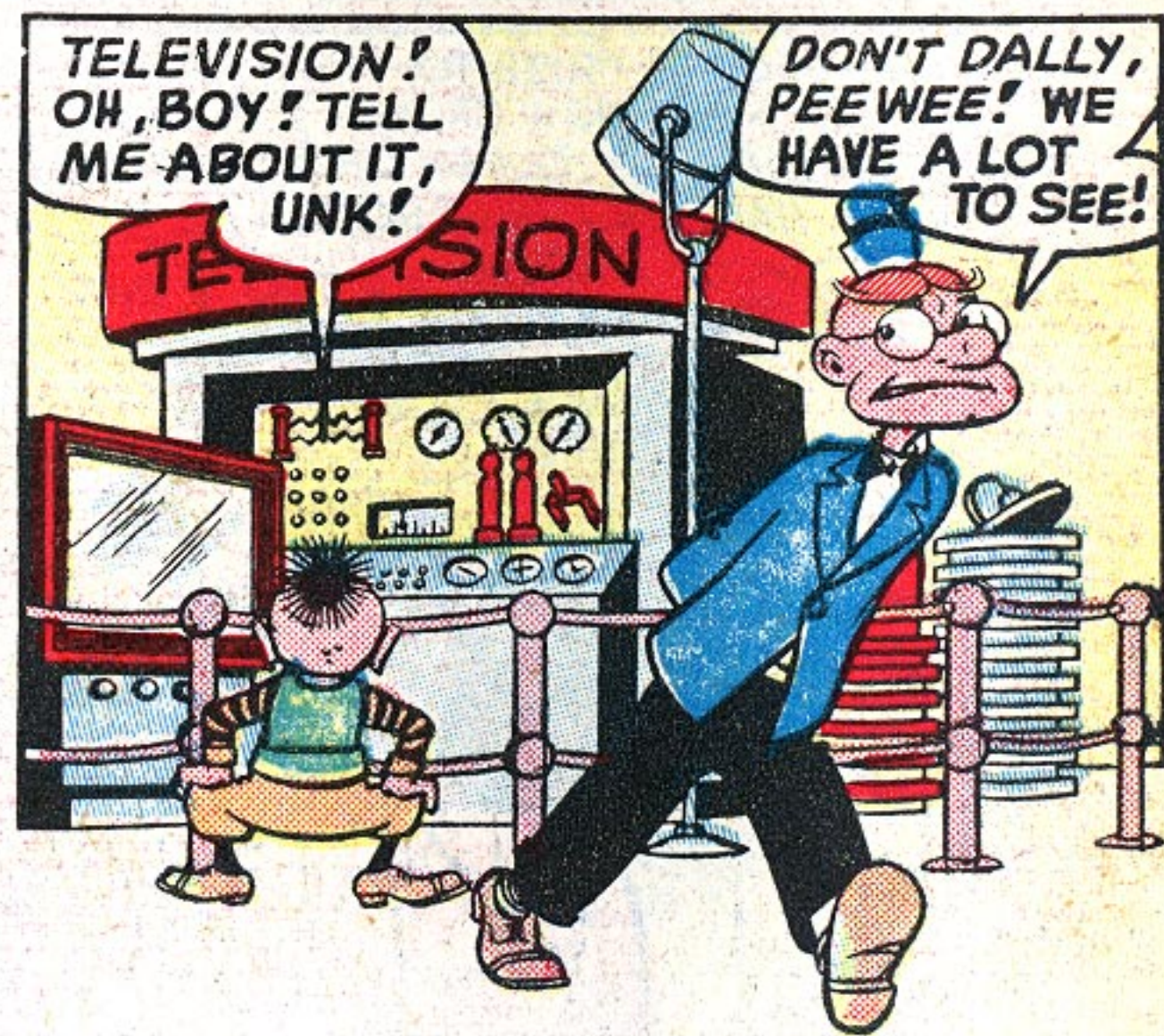
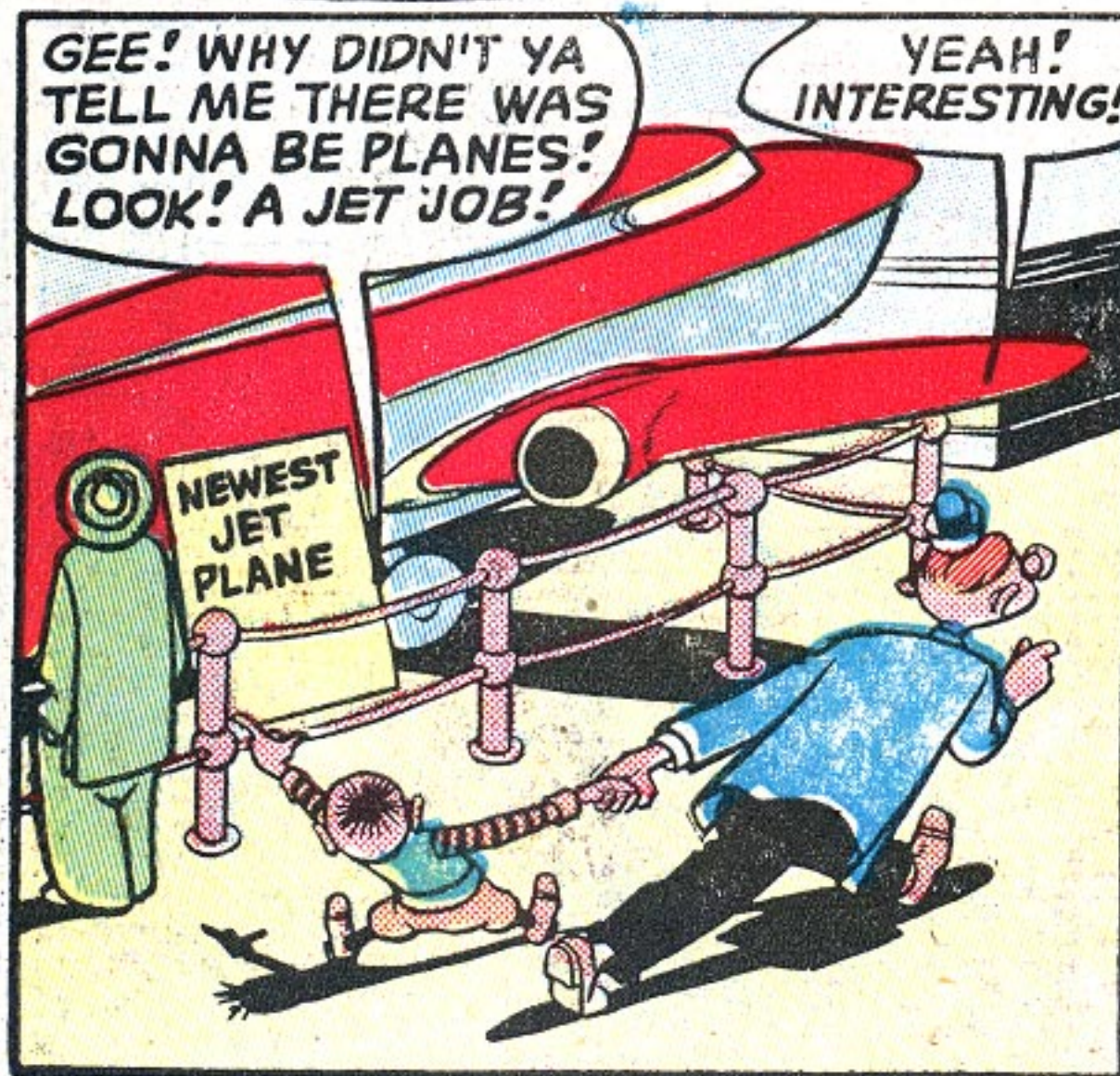
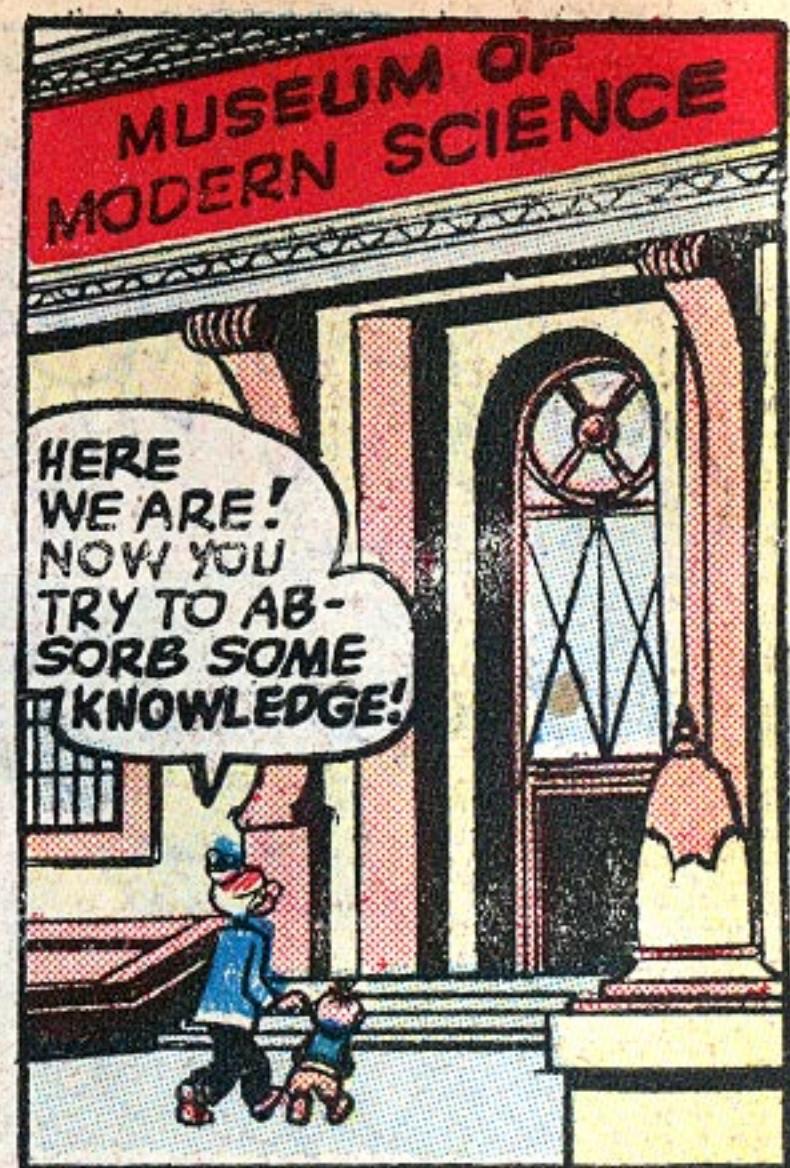


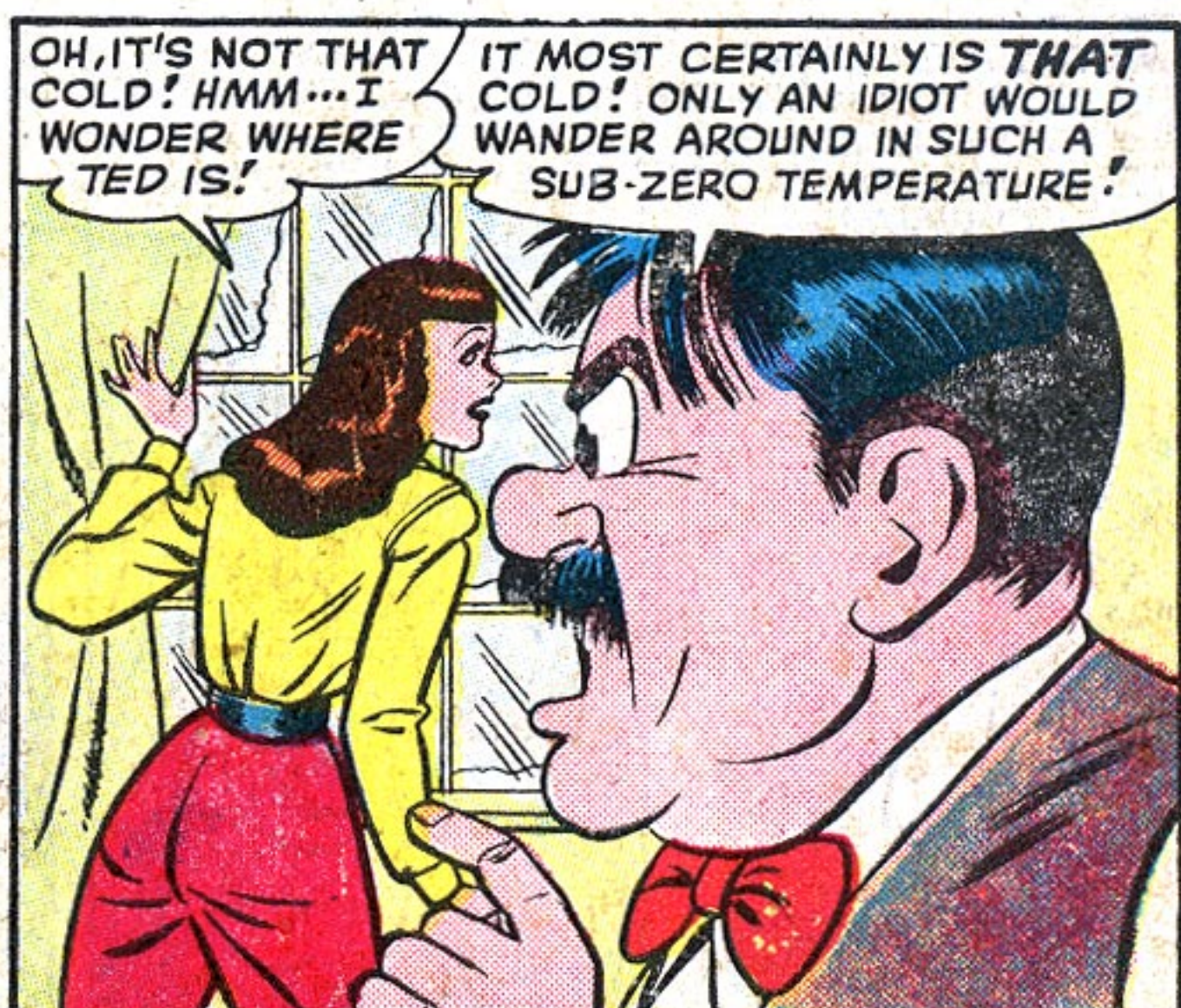
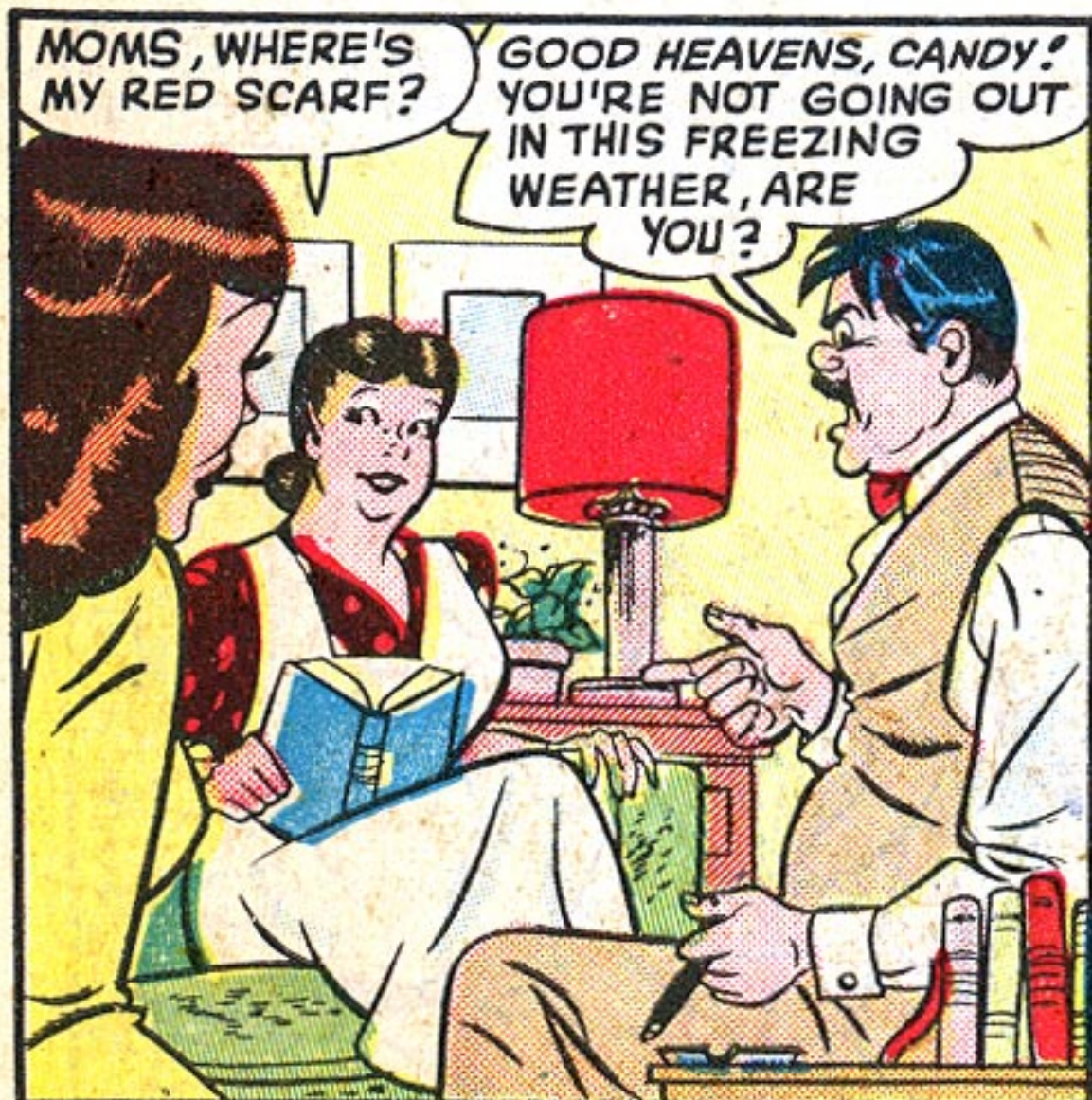


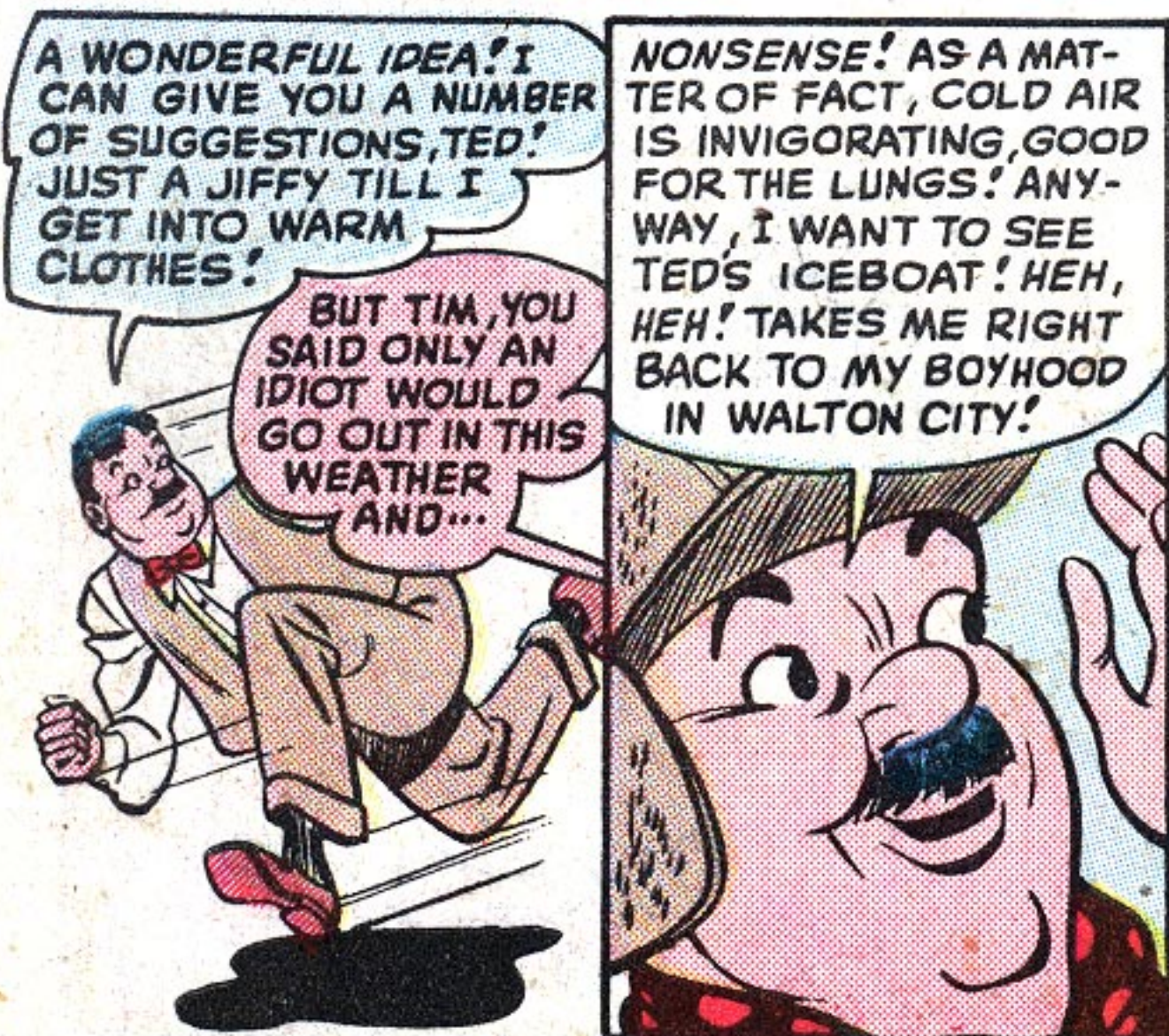
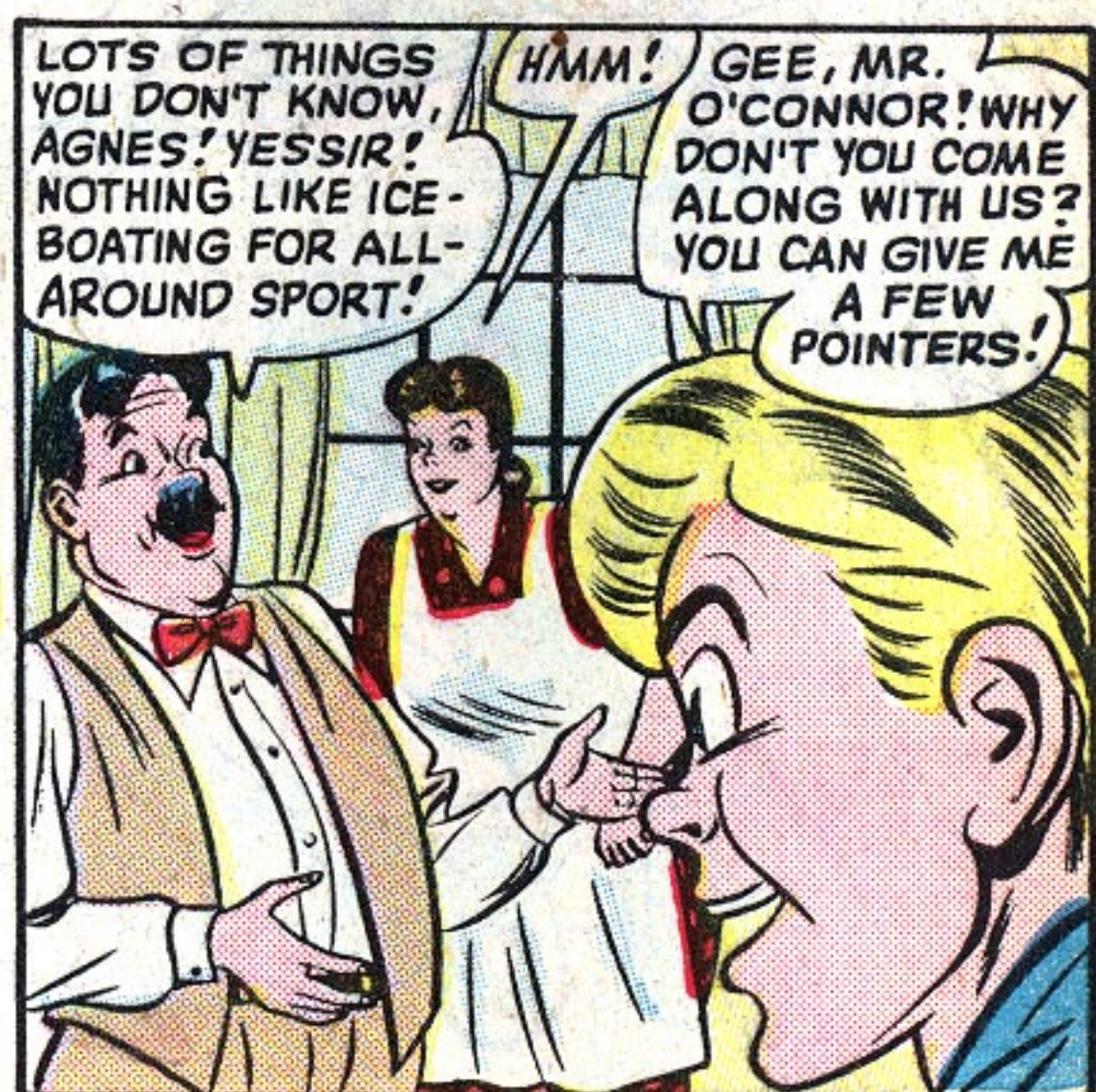
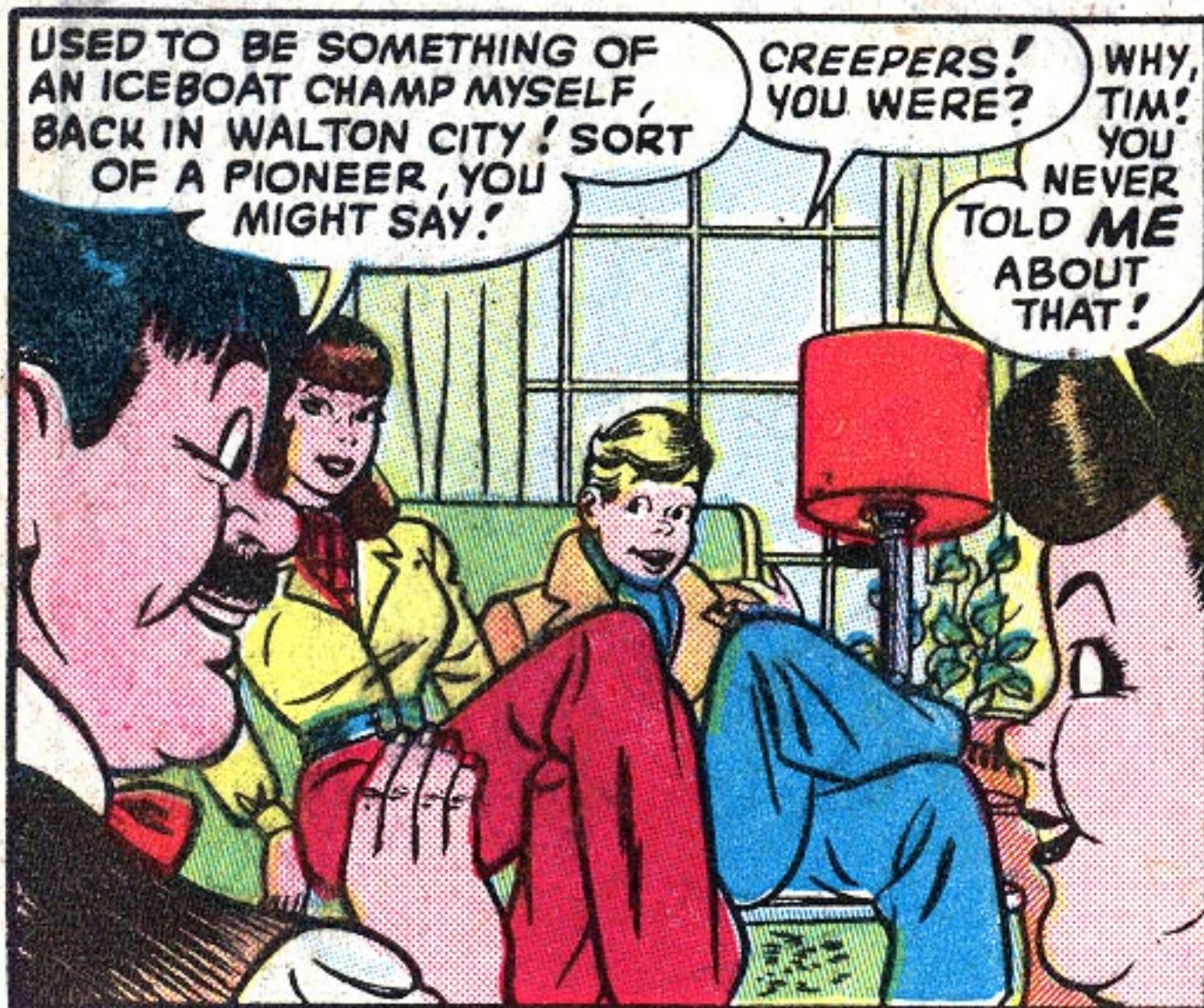
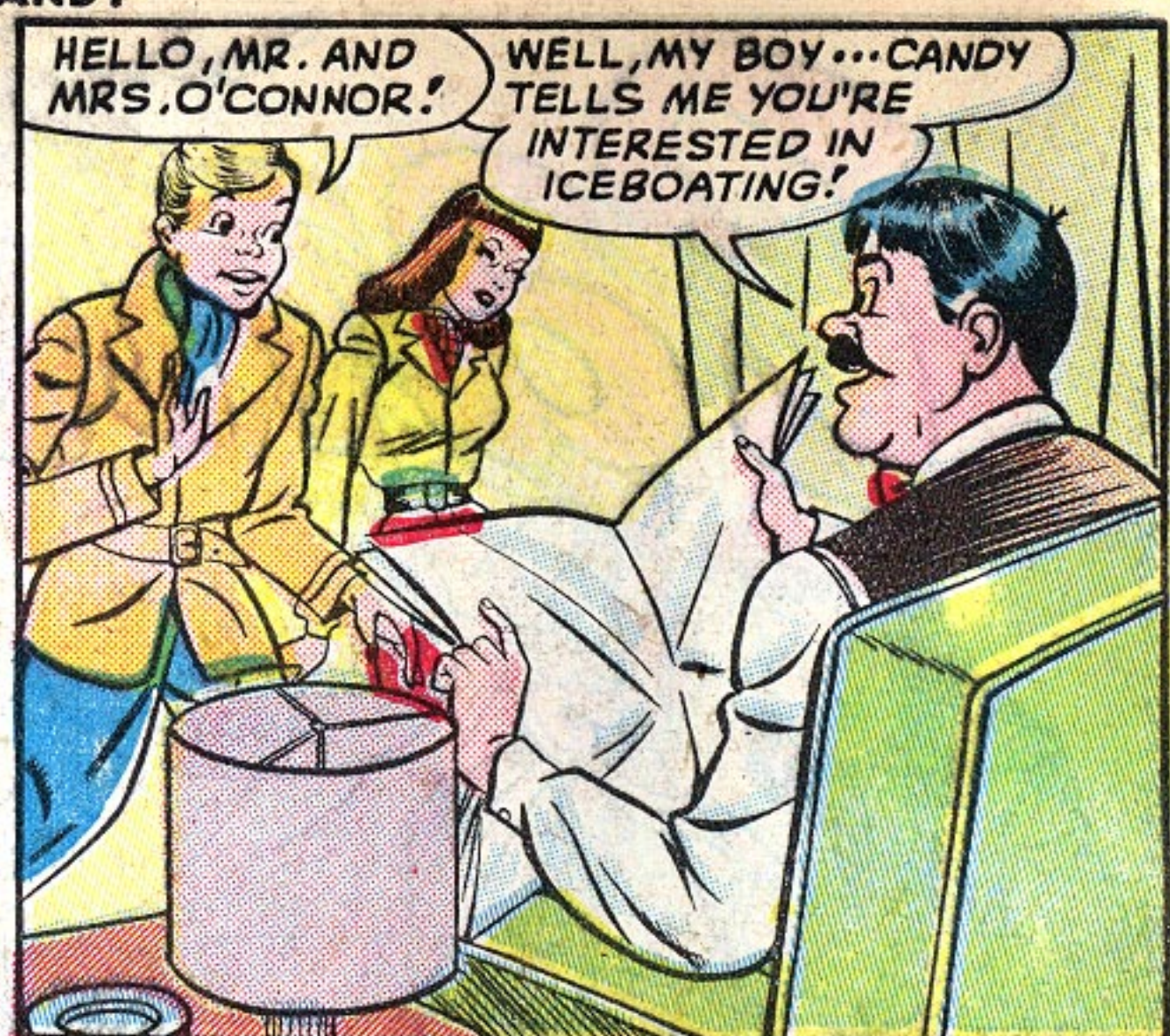
Windy Breeze

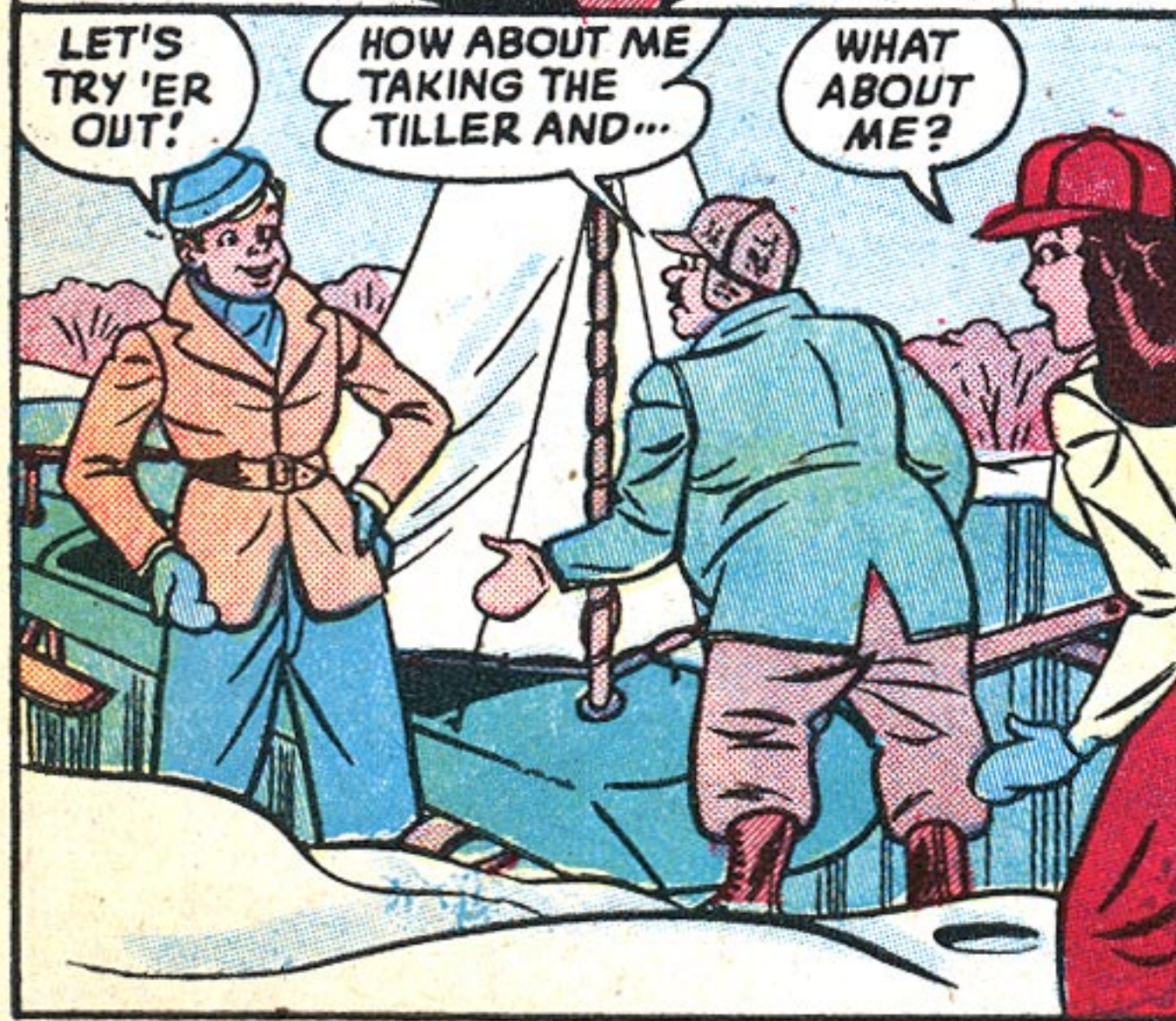


CANDY









OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! THIS WAS ONLY MY DATE TO BEGIN WITH!



I'M SURPRISED AT DADDY, BRAGGING ABOUT HIS ICE-BOAT AND WINNING RACES AND ALL THAT STUFF! AND MOTHER DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! I WONDER IF HE'S JUST...

HI, GORGEOUS!



HELLO, BILL! YOUR NEW BOAT IS JUST TOO UTTERLY SMOOTH!

YEAH! IT'S QUITE A CRAFT! I SEE DAWSON'S DESERTED YOU! HOW ABOUT A SPIN WITH ME?

I'D LOVE IT!



HERE, LET ME HELP YOU! HOW COME TED TAKES YOUR OLD MA... ER...YOUR FATHER OUT AND LEAVES THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER?

WELL, ER...DADDY CLAIMS HE DID A LITTLE ICE-BOATING WHEN HE WAS A BOY!



OH, I GET IT... HE'S GONNA SHOW DAWSON HOW THEY DID IT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, HUH? THAT'S A LAUGH! WITH TED GETTING ALL THOSE ANTIQUATED POINTERS, I'M SURE TO WIN TOMORROW!



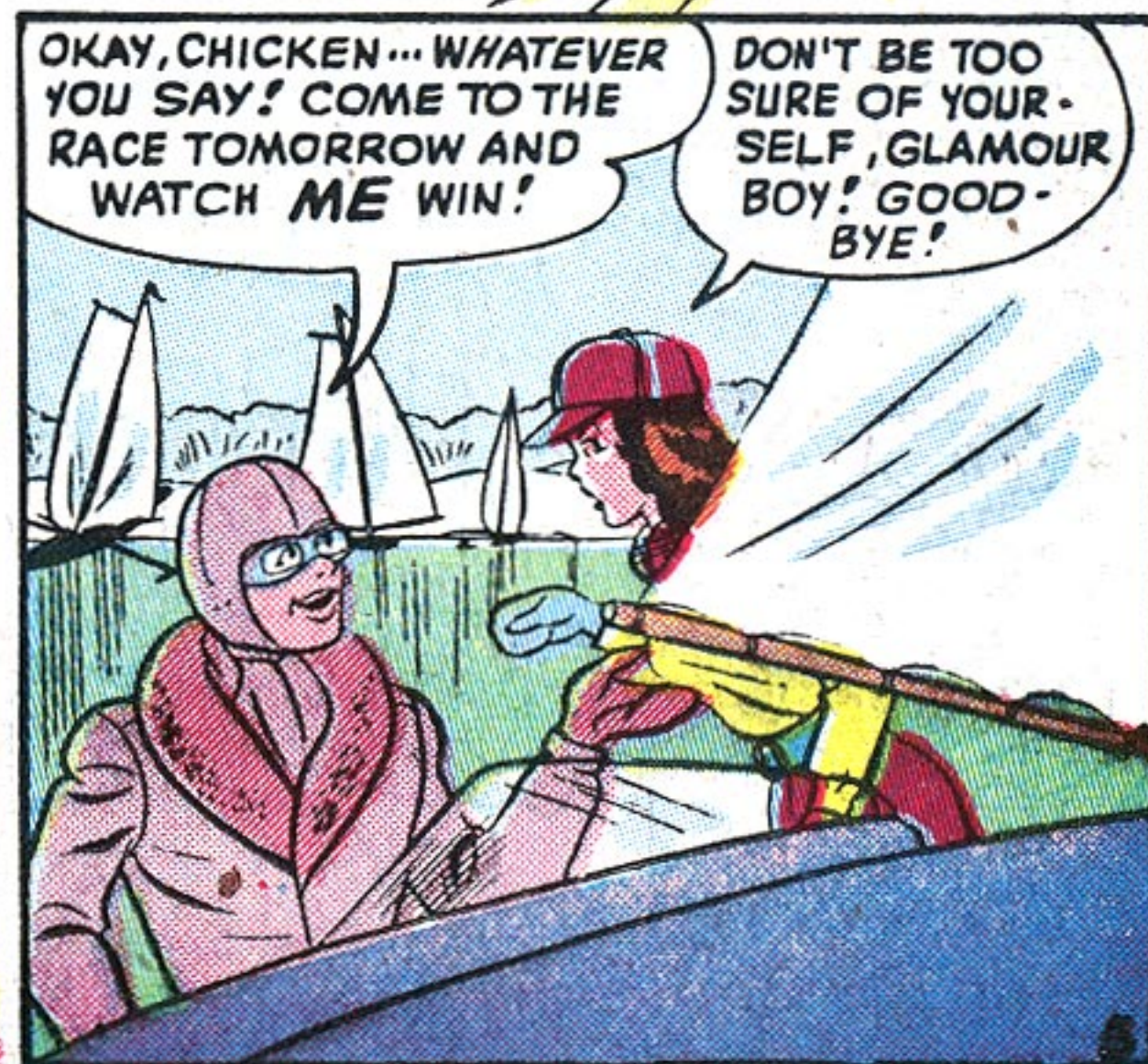
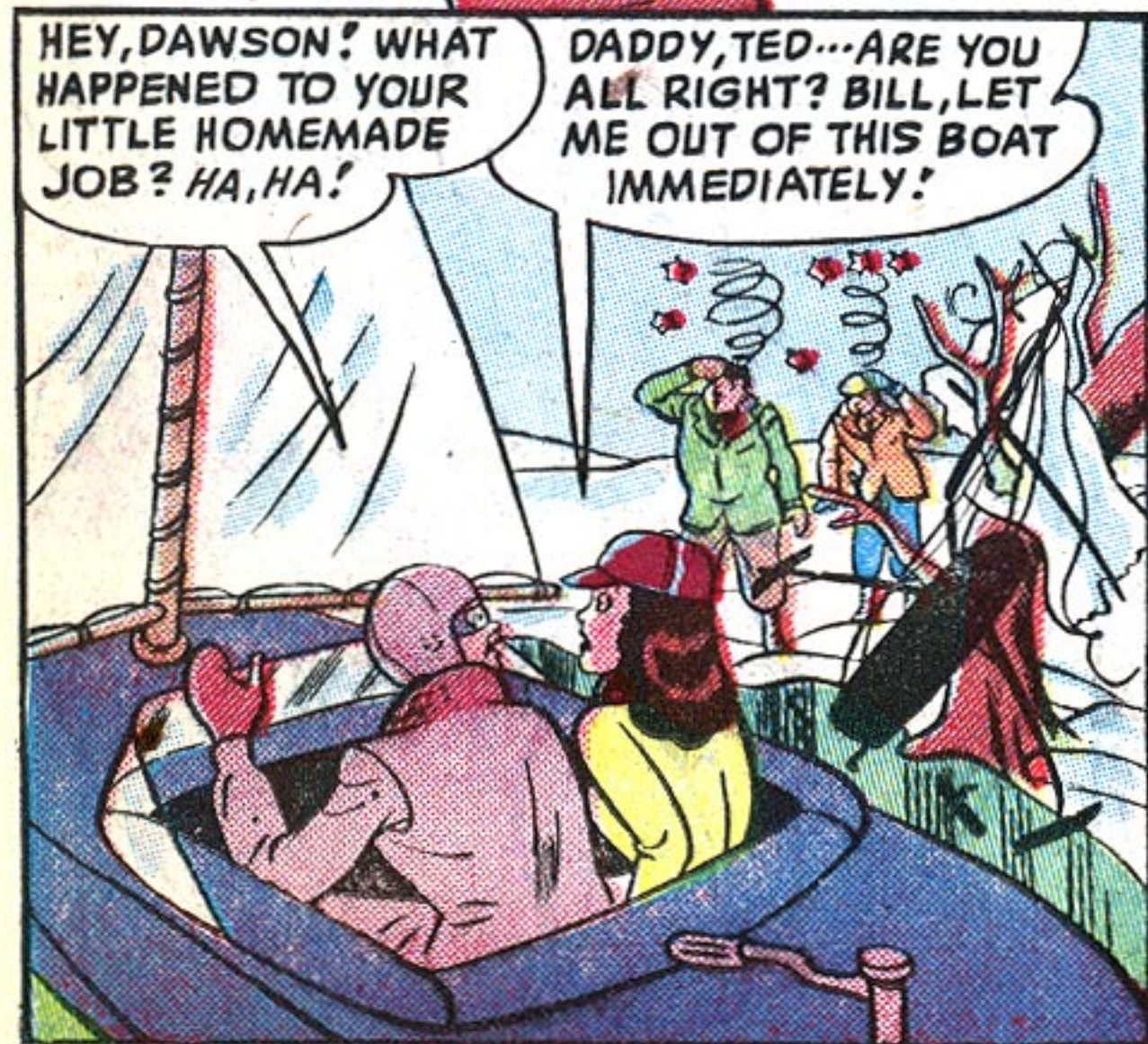
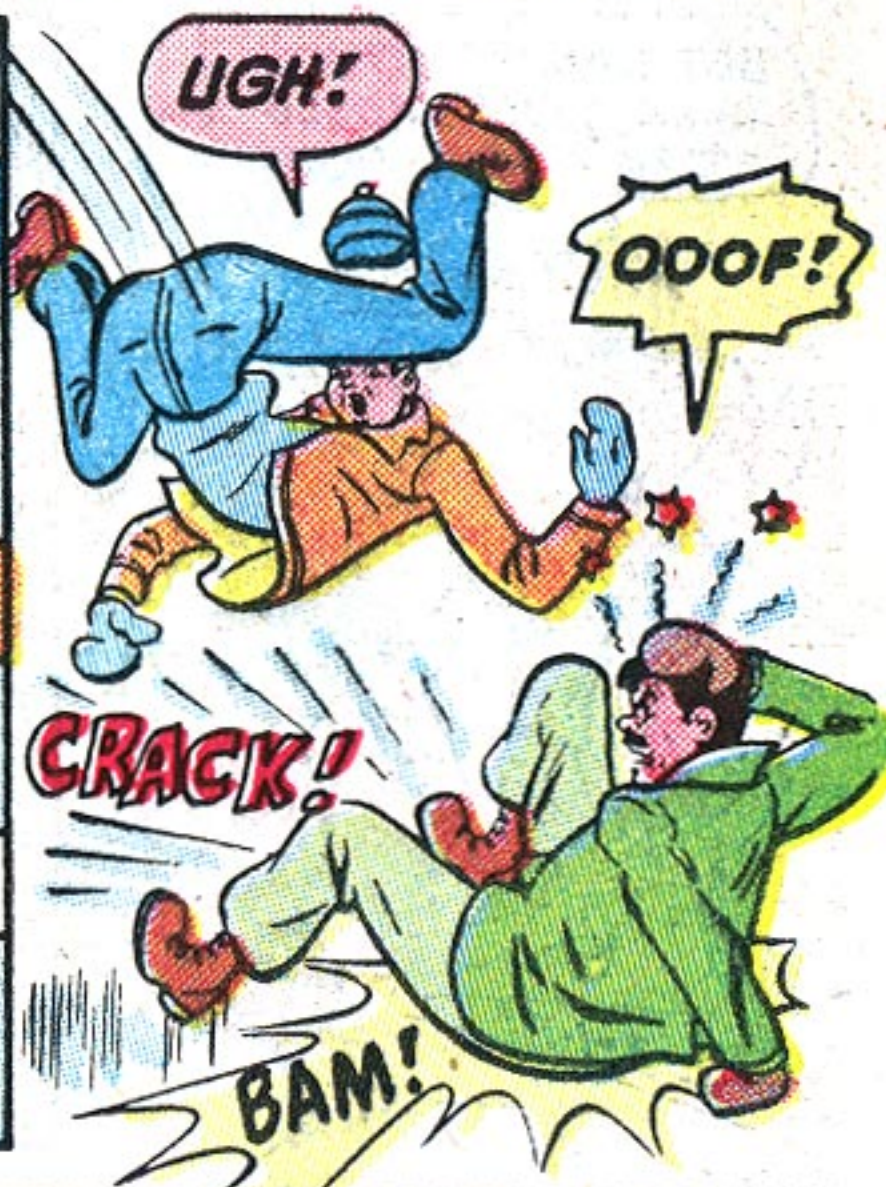
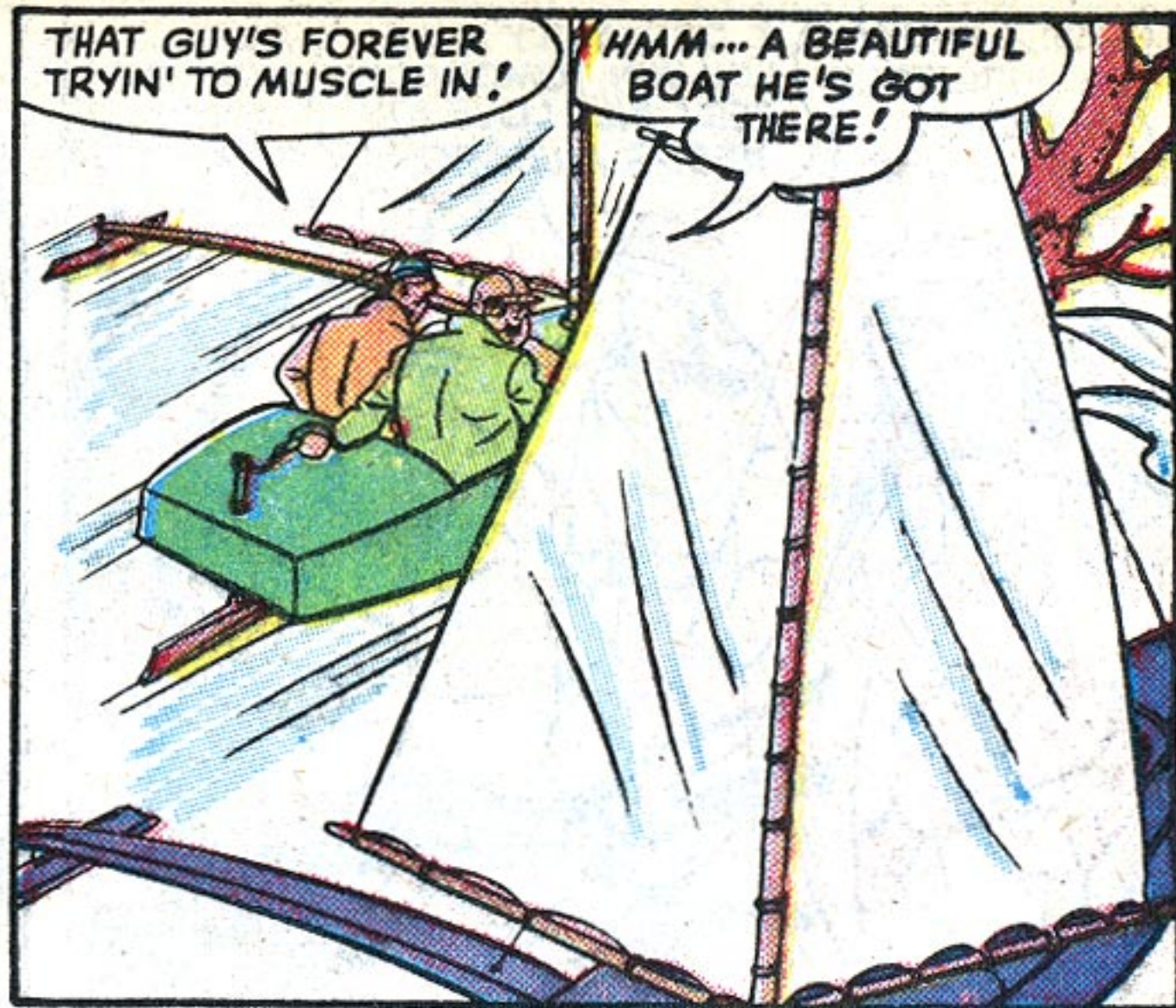
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY, MISTER LOVEJOY! IT'S JUST BARELY POSSIBLE DADDY KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!

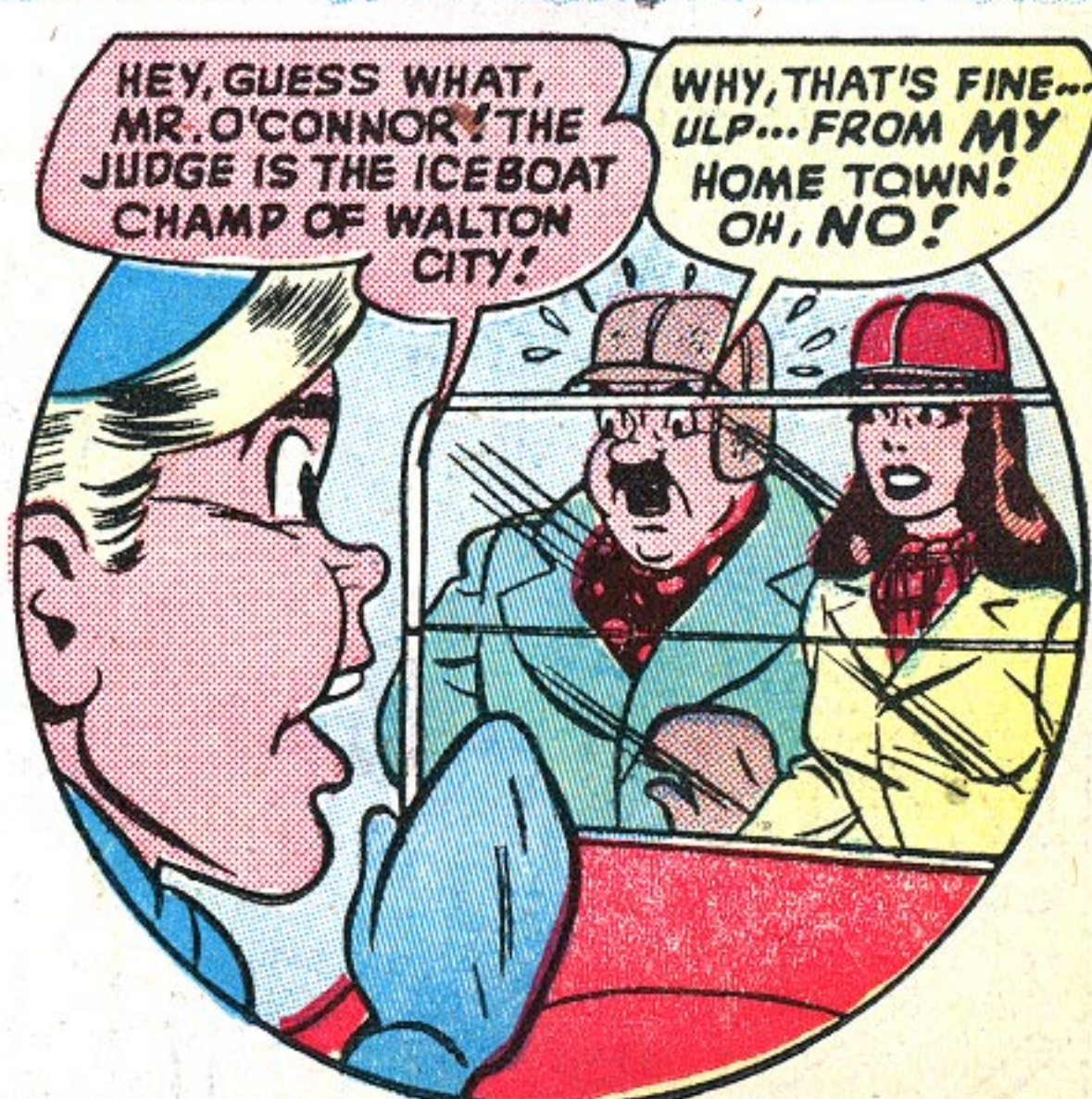
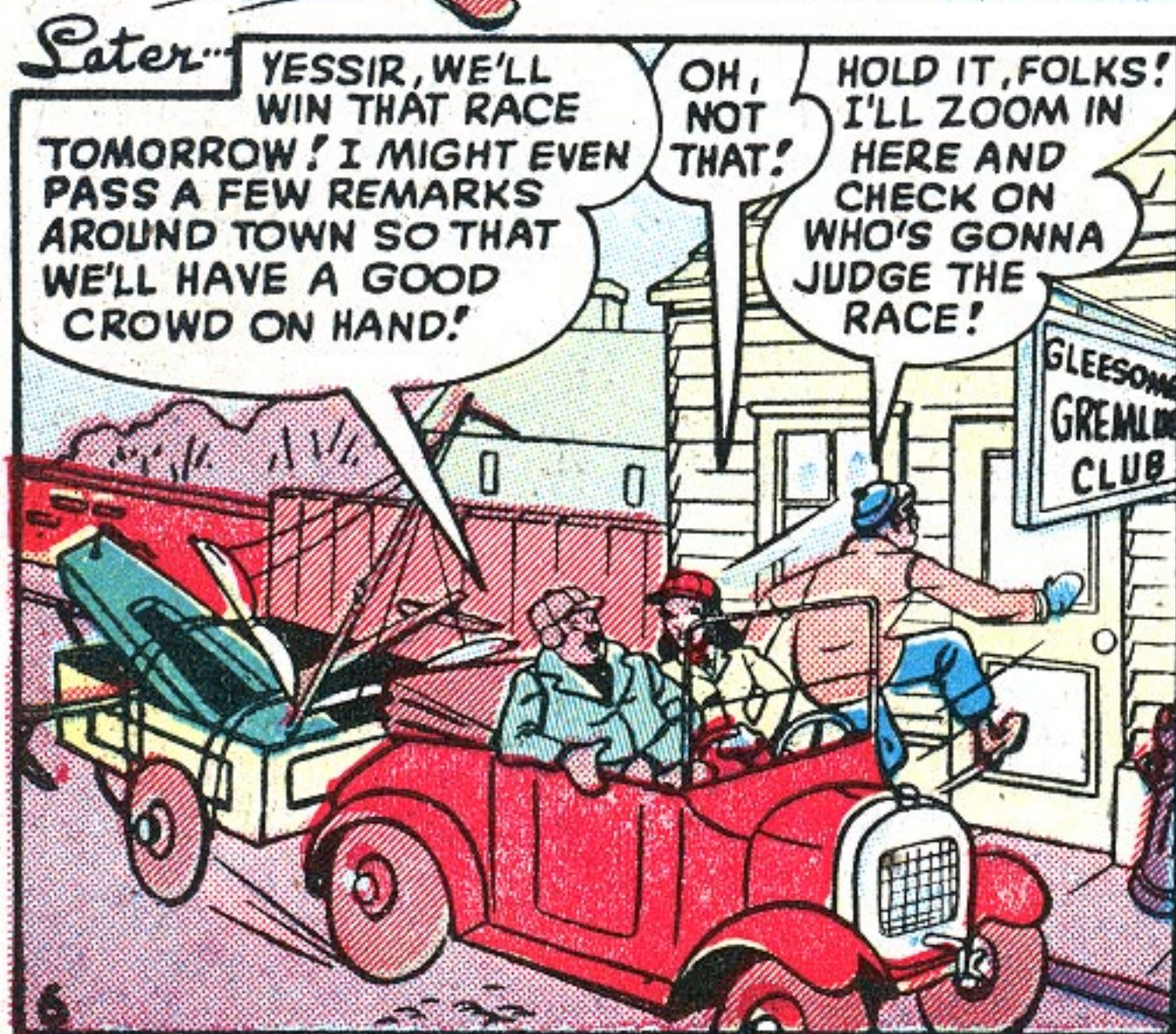
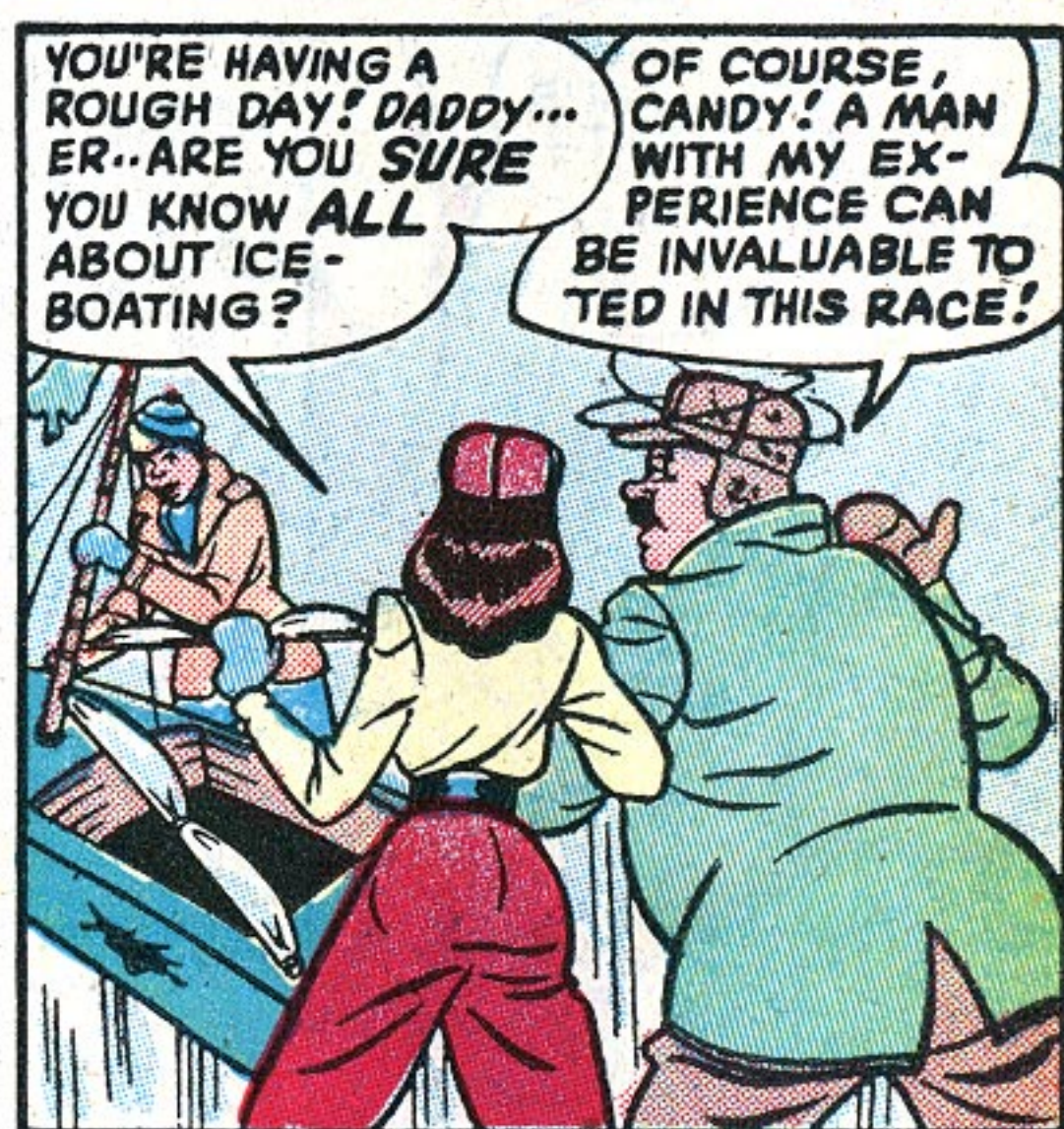
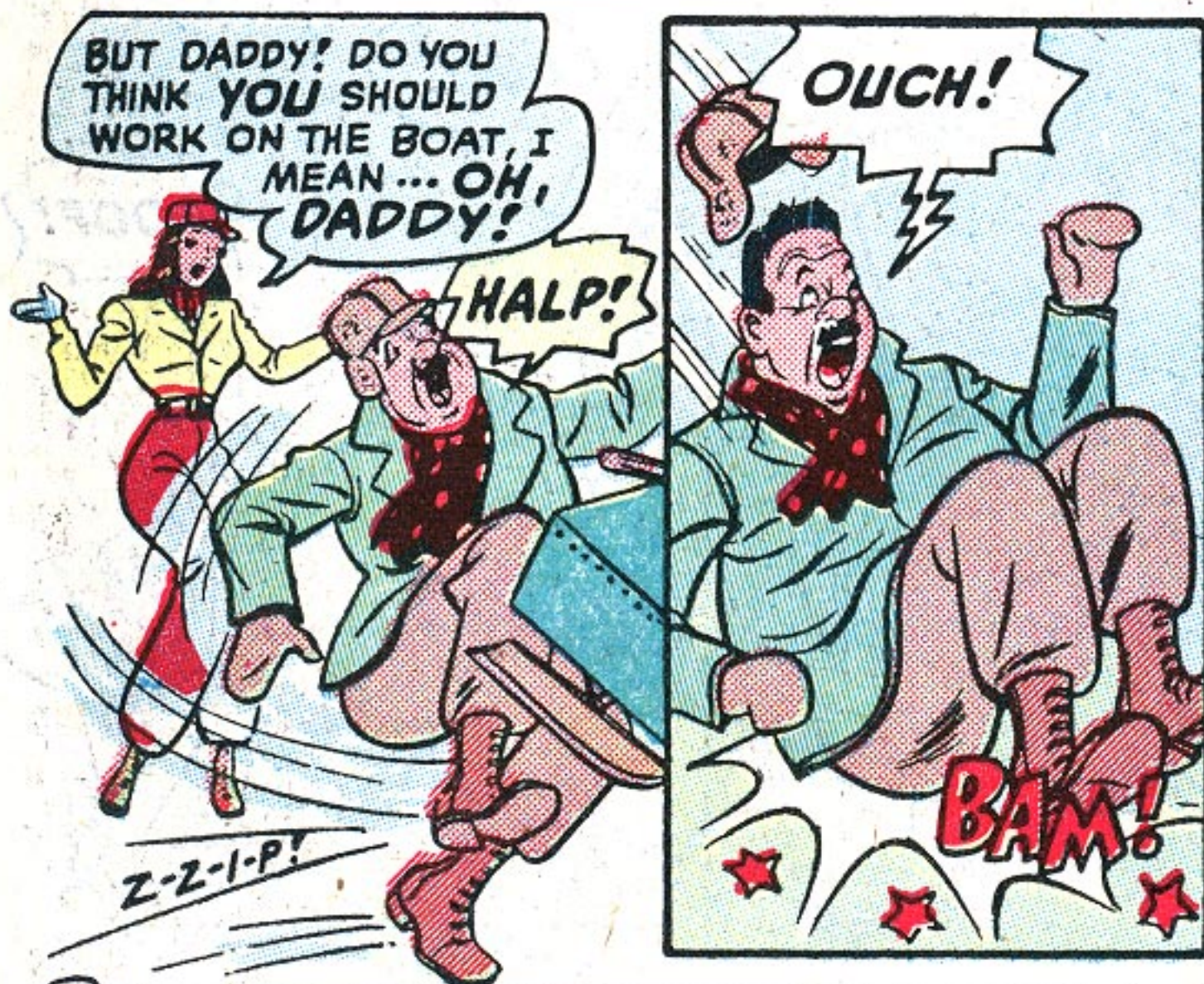
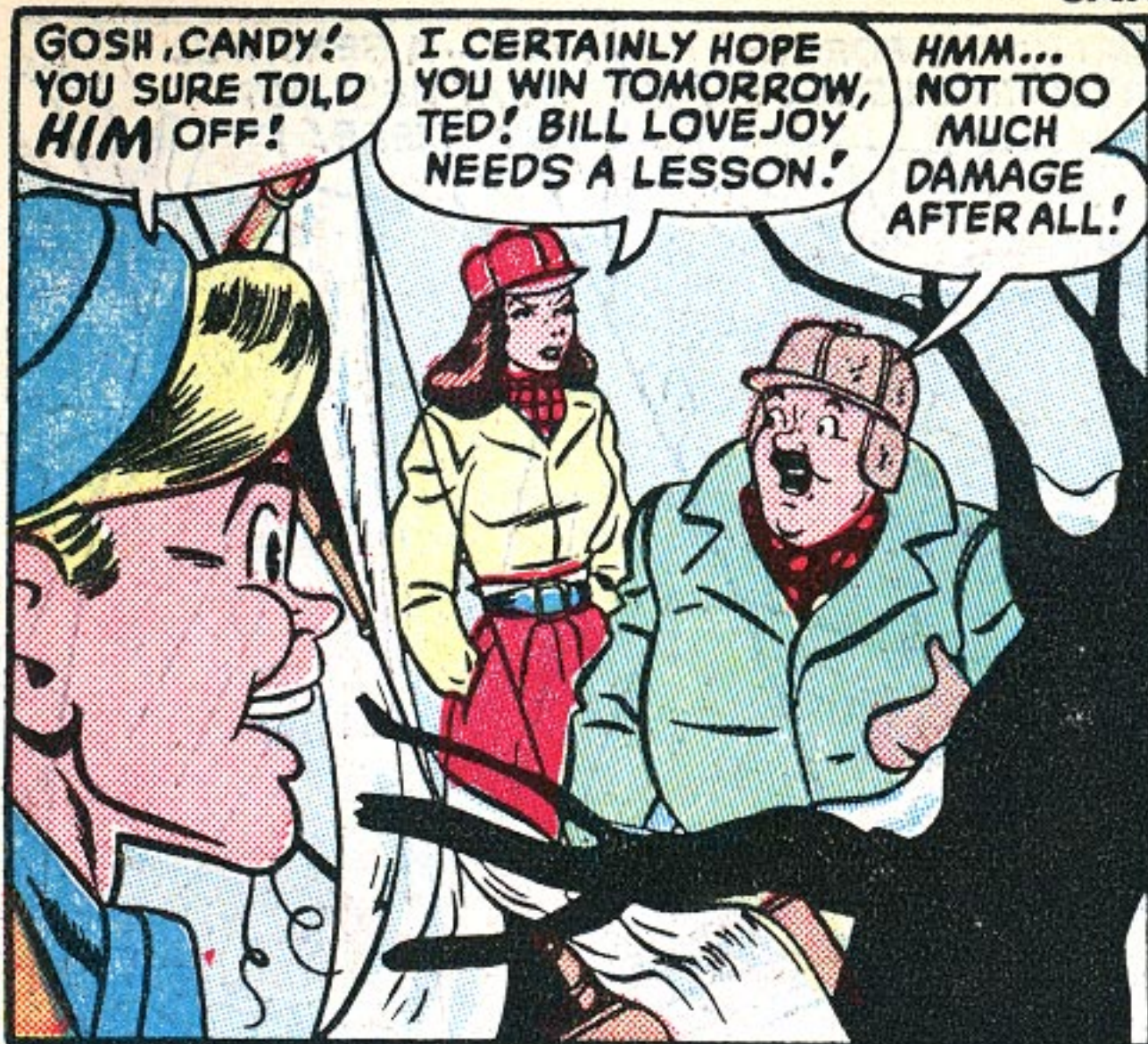


SORRY, PIGEON! YOUR OLD MA...ER...FATHER PROBABLY WROTE THE BOOK!

HMPH!



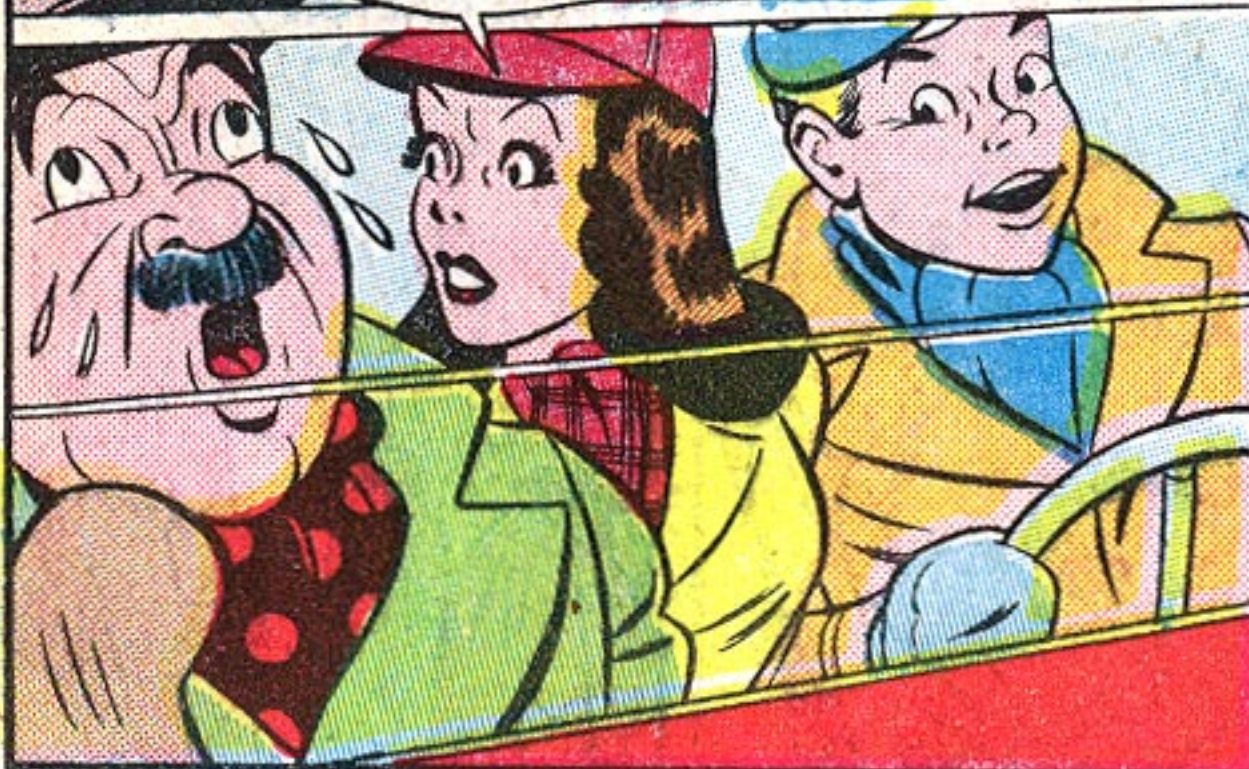




GOSH, SINCE YOU WERE SUCH A CHAMP IN WALTON CITY, HE'LL PROBABLY REMEMBER YOU! YOU TWO CAN GET TOGETHER TOMORROW! HIS NAME IS FLANNEGAN!

OOOOH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY?



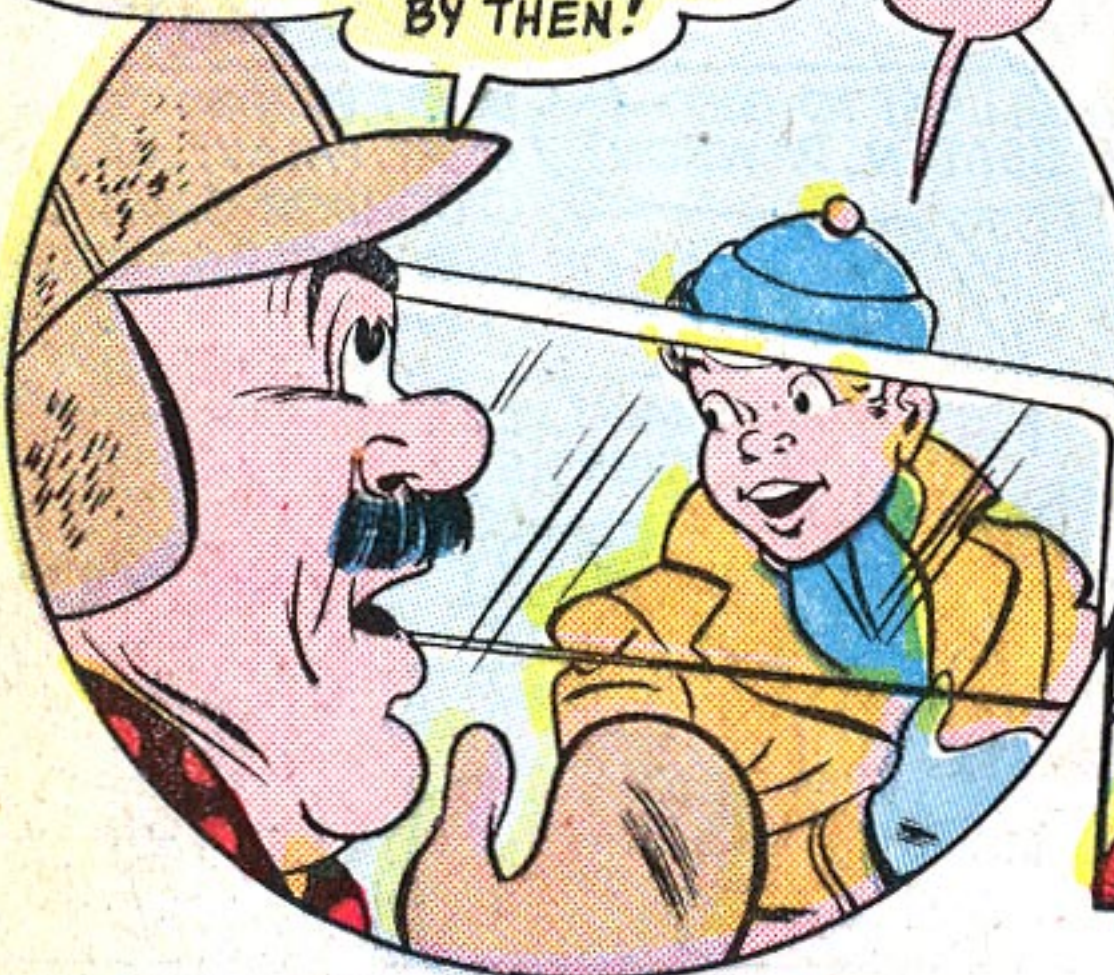
ER, NOTHING AT ALL, CANDY! JUST A SLIGHT CHILL!

ARE YOU STILL GONNA HELP ME REPAIR THAT BOAT IF YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, SIR?



CERTAINLY, TED! YOU COME AROUND TONIGHT AND WE'LL FIX 'ER UP! I'LL BE BETTER BY THEN!

WELL, OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO!



WHY, TIM, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS PALE AS A GHOST!

HE'S GOT A CHILL, MOMS!

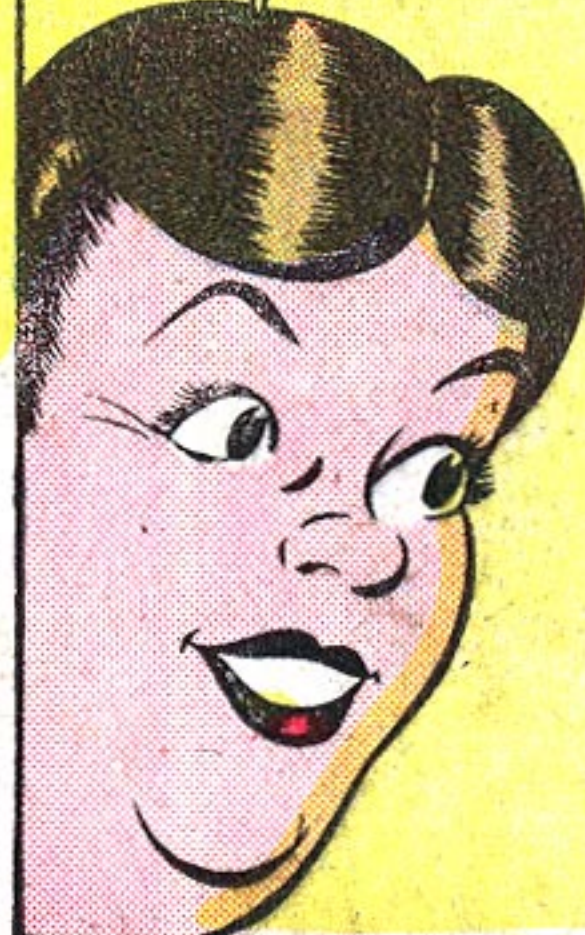


I KNEW YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE ICEBOATING IN THIS WEATHER, TIM O'CONNOR!

OH! THAT'S NOT WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, AGNES! IT'S... IT'S...



WELL... WHAT IS IT, DEAR! SPEAK UP!



IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN BRAGGING, AND NOW THE JUDGE FOR THE RACE IS COMING FROM WALTON CITY AND TED AND CANDY EXPECT HIM TO KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, AND... OH, WHAT'LL I DO?



BUT TIM... YOU **DID** HAVE AN ICE-BOAT, DIDN'T YOU?

OF COURSE, BUT IT WAS ALL KID STUFF! I'D SHOW OFF FOR THE YOUNGER KIDS AND... UGH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT IF TED TELLS THIS MAN ABOUT ME? I'LL BE SUNK!

WELL, PERHAPS YOU **DID** ENLARGE ON THE STORY JUST A BIT! I'M SURE THE CHILDREN WILL UNDERSTAND! HOW ABOUT A CUP OF HOT TEA?

OH, WOE!

Next day...

MR. FLANNAGAN, AFTER THE RACE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET ANOTHER ICEBOAT CHAMP FROM WALTON CITY!

THAT'LL BE JUST FINE, TED! I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO IT!

GOSH, TED, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER DADDY WILL BE HERE TODAY! HE SAID HE DIDN'T FEEL TOO WELL!

CREEPERS. I SURE HOPE HE COMES! IT'D BE A SHAME FOR HIM TO **MISS** MEETING FLANNAGAN! BUT MAYBE HE'D BETTER STAY HOME... IF HE'S AS SICK AS YOU TOLD ME HE WAS WHEN I CAME AROUND LAST NIGHT!

ALL SET TO GET BEATEN, DAWSON?

DON'T BE TOO CONFIDENT, PALLY! MR. O'CONNOR GAVE ME A LOT OF NEW ANGLES YESTERDAY... EVEN THOUGH WE DID CRACK UP!

HAW, HAW! I'LL BET THEY'RE NEW!

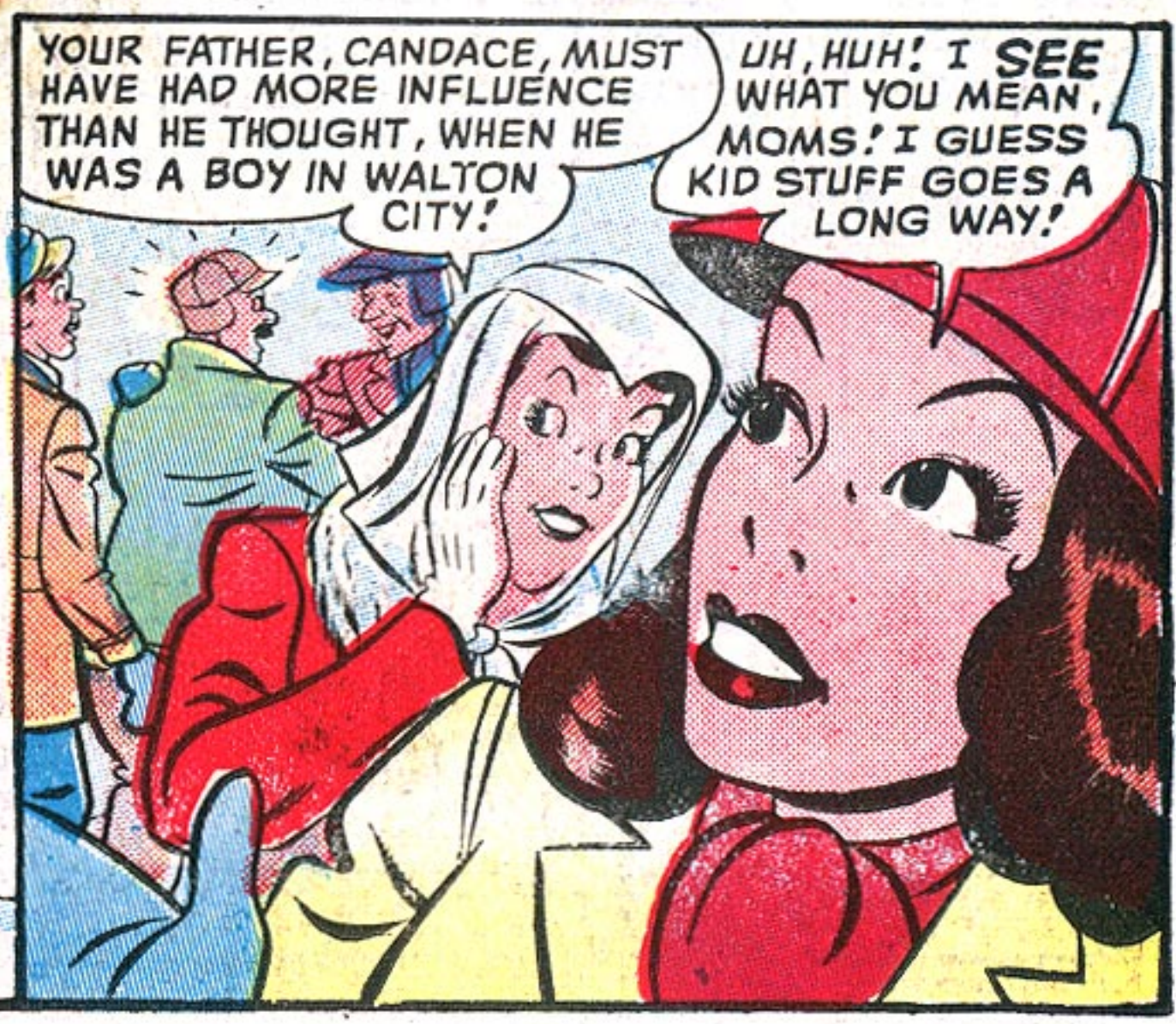
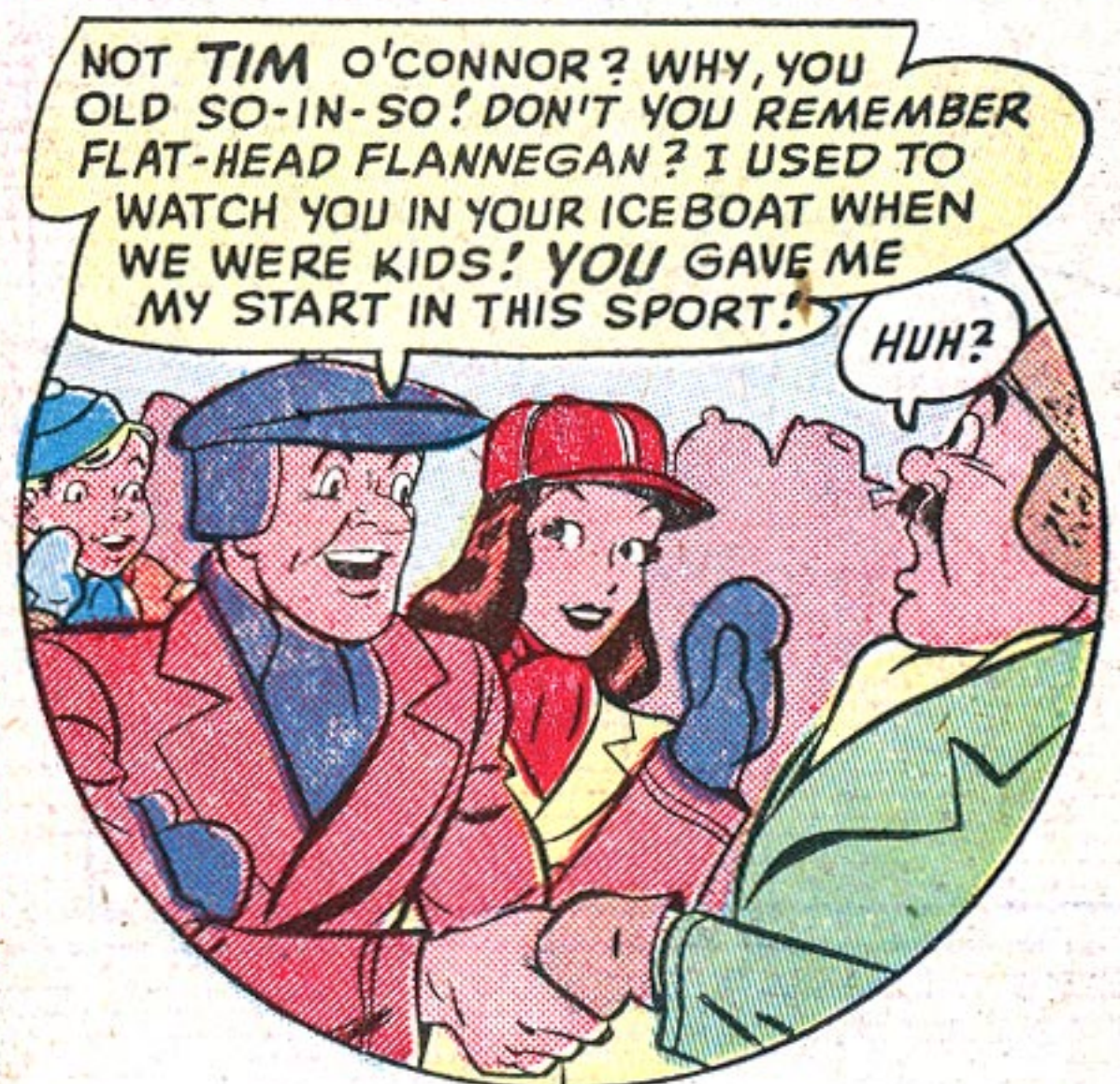
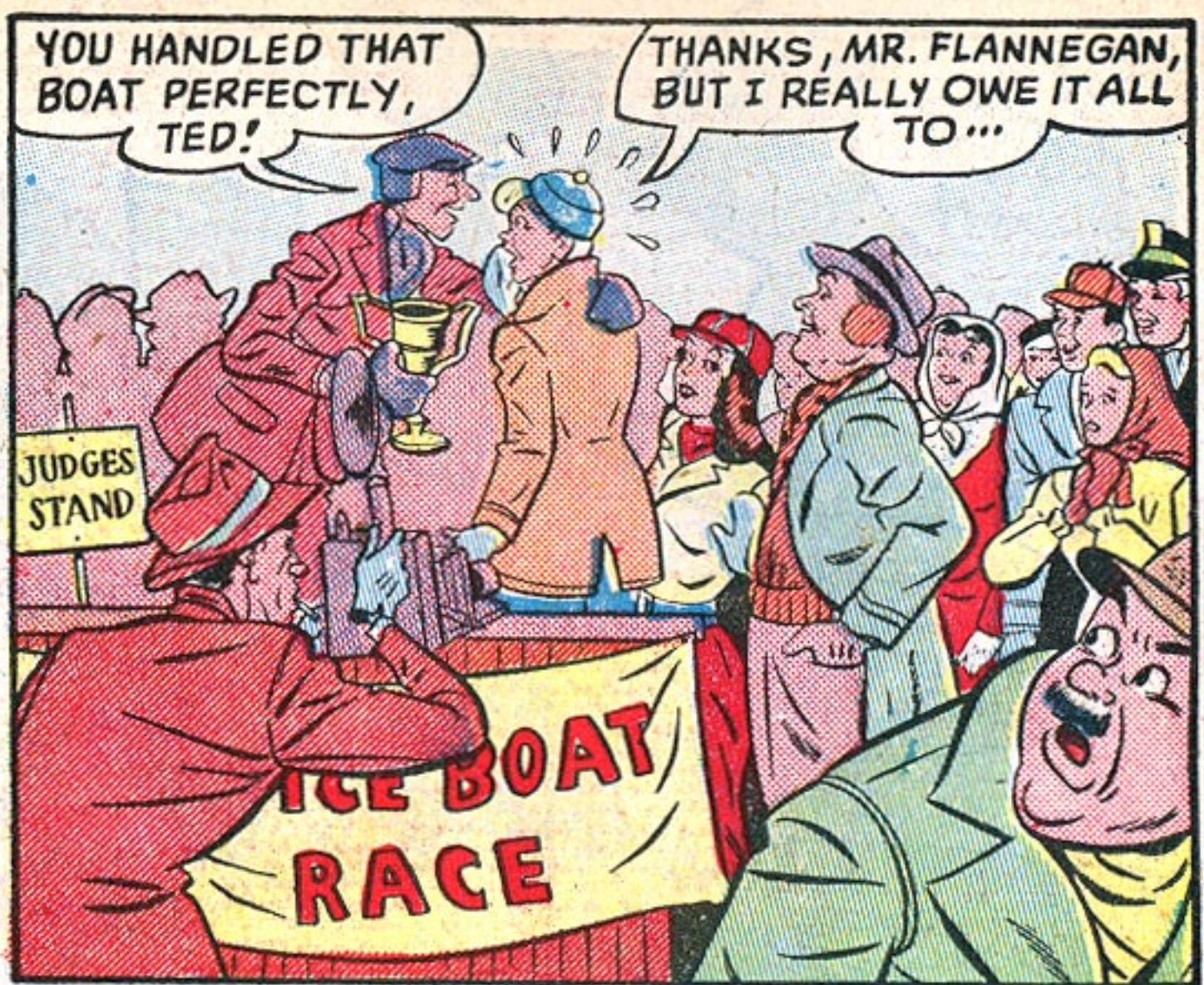
WHAT A CHARMING CHARACTER! WELL, I'D BETTER GET STARTED, DREAM QUEEN! WISH ME LUCK, HUH?

OF COURSE, TED DEAR! GOLLY, THERE'S MOM AND DAD! SHE MUST HAVE COAXED HIM OUT AFTER ALL!

Soon...

YIPPEE! IT LOOKS LIKE TED'S GOING TO WIN! COME ON, TED!

YESSIR, HE PICKED UP TIME AT THE END BY MANEUVERING JUST THE WAY I TOLD HIM!



Rims

I'M SORRY, SIR,
BUT NUMBER **TWELVE**
IS THE ONLY ONE
AVAILABLE!

LAUNDROMATIC



RIMS, WILL YOU PUT YOUR
DAD'S SHIRT IN THE TUB?
I'LL WASH IT
LATER!

OKAY,
MOM!

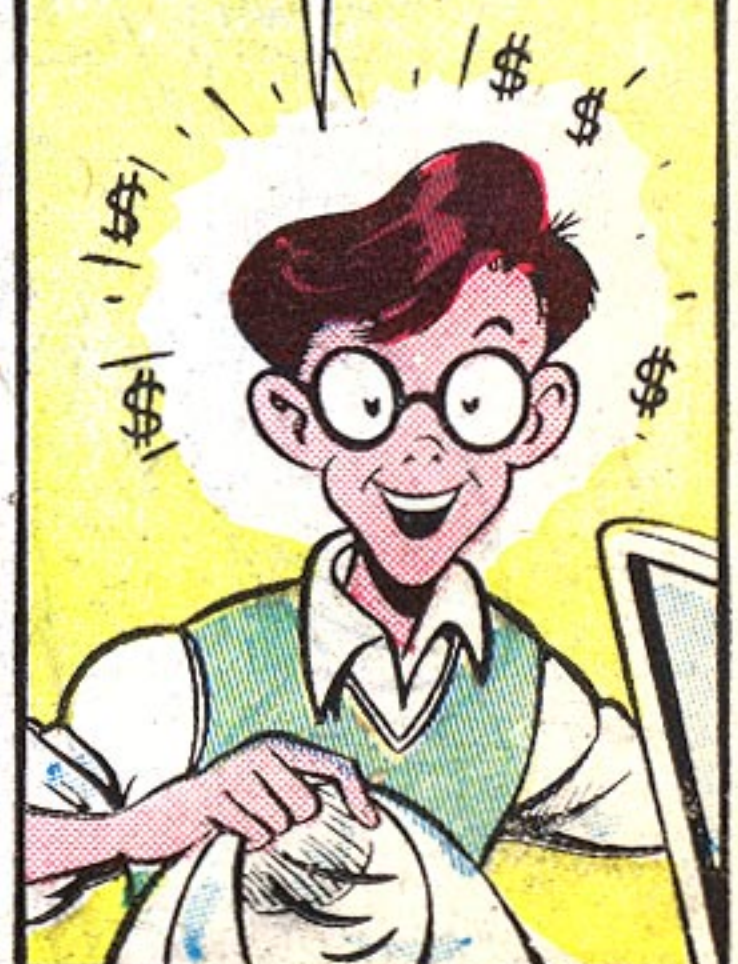


YOUR FATHER
NEEDS IT FOR
TONIGHT'S LODGE
MEETING!

SAY...THAT
GIVES ME AN
IDEA! I CAN
WASH THE SHIRT
WITH THE
BASKETBALL
UNIFORMS!



HERE I AM... SAVING THE
TEAM A LAUNDRY BILL...
HELPING MOM...AND
DOING DAD A FAVOR!

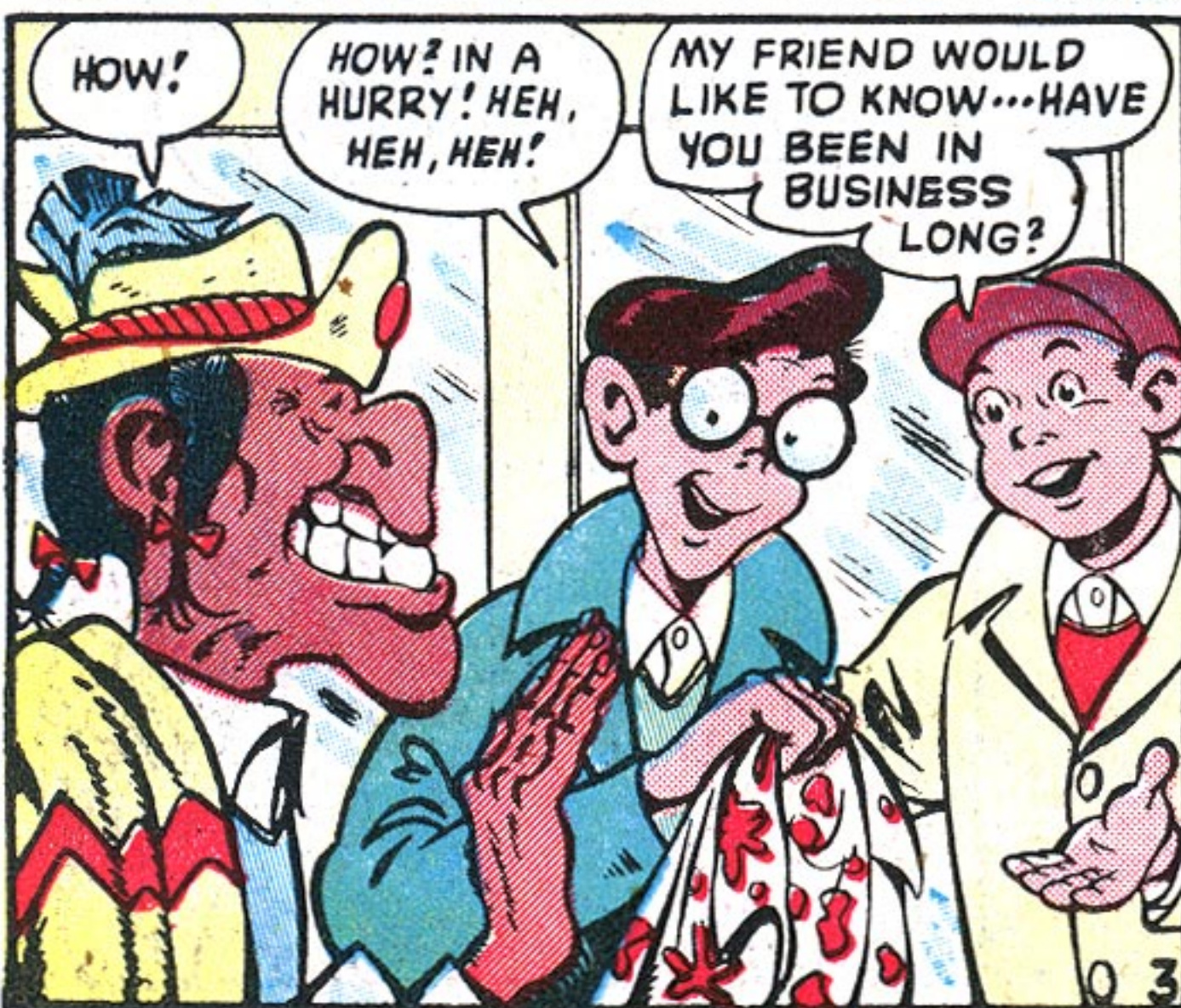
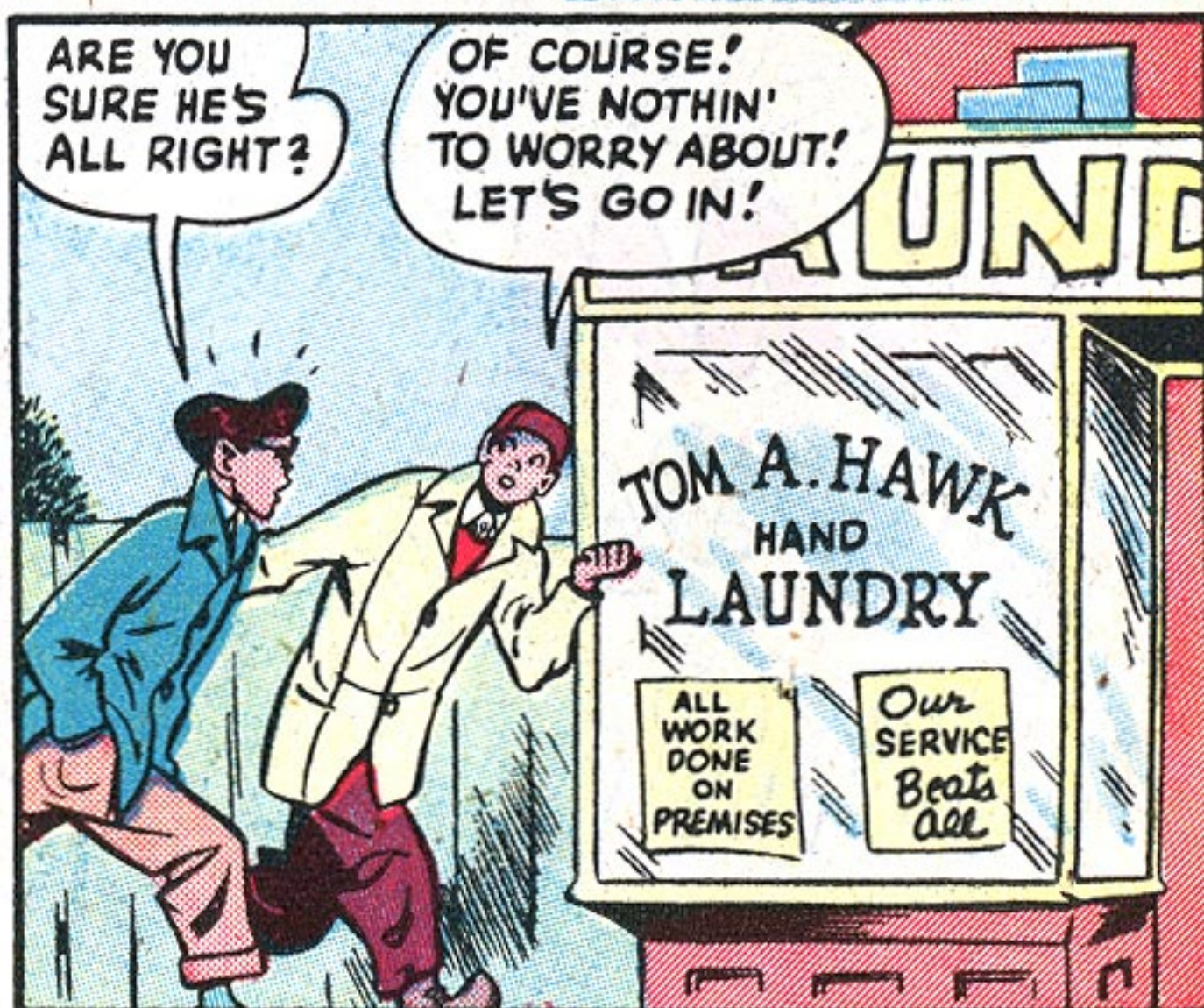
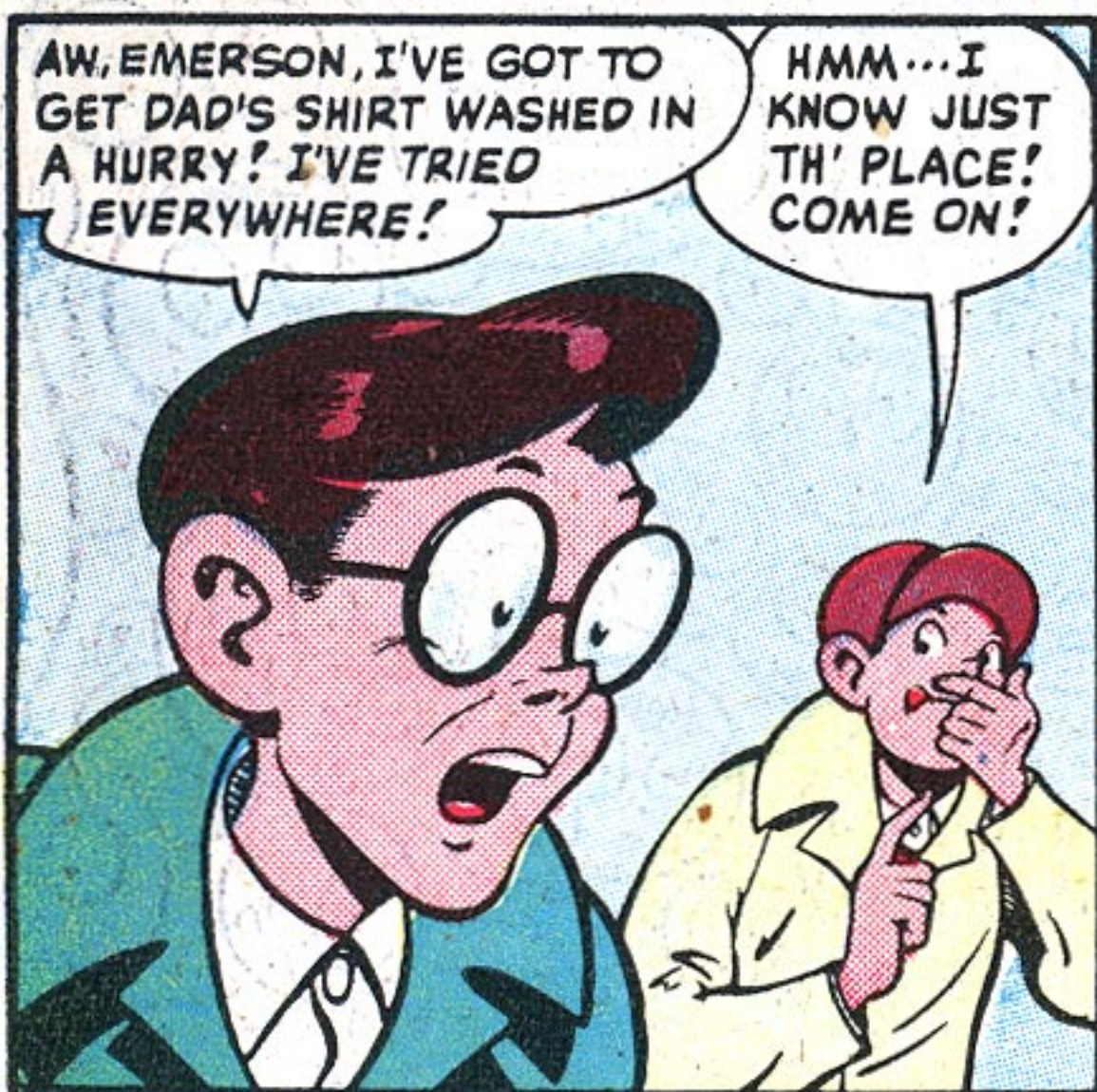


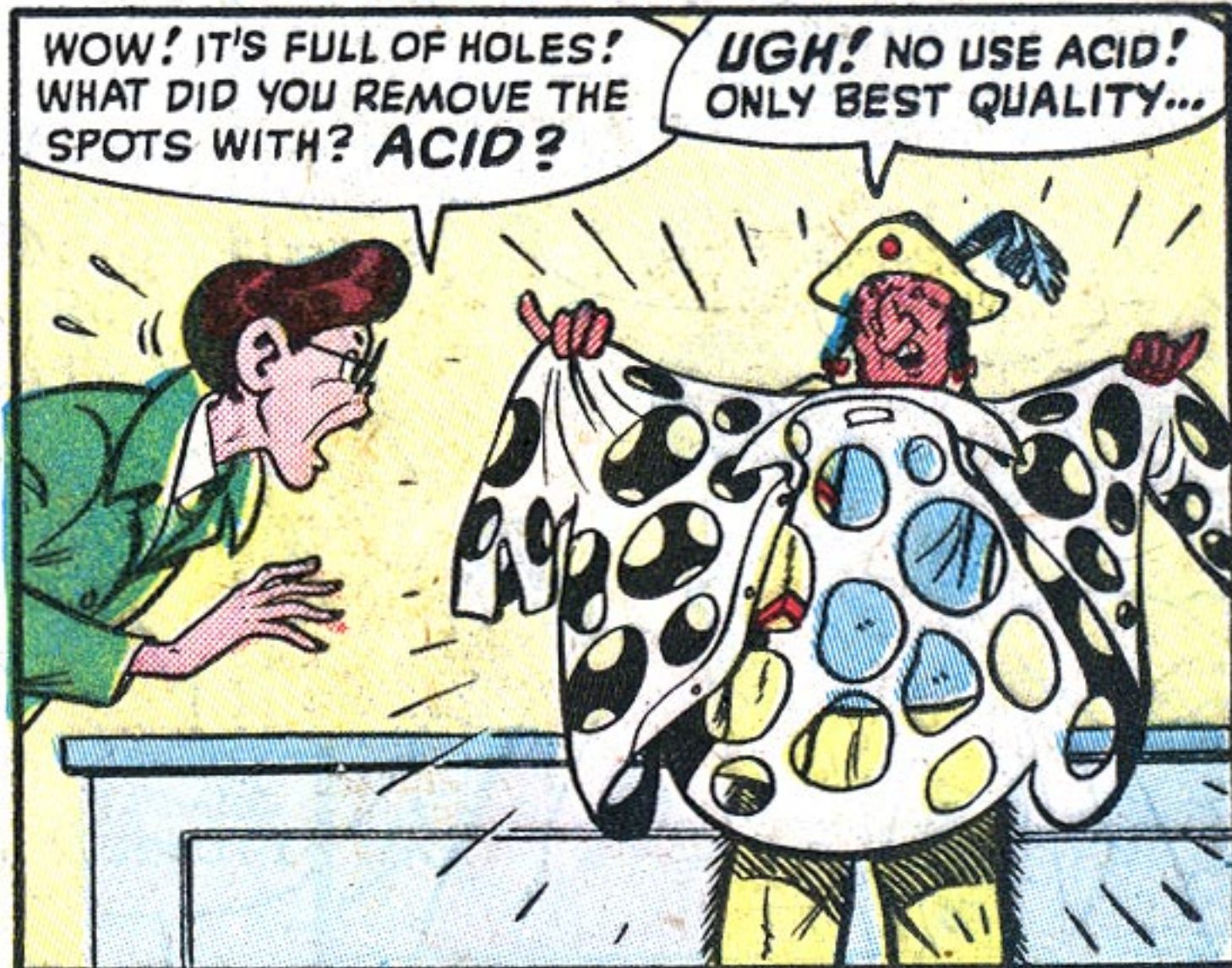
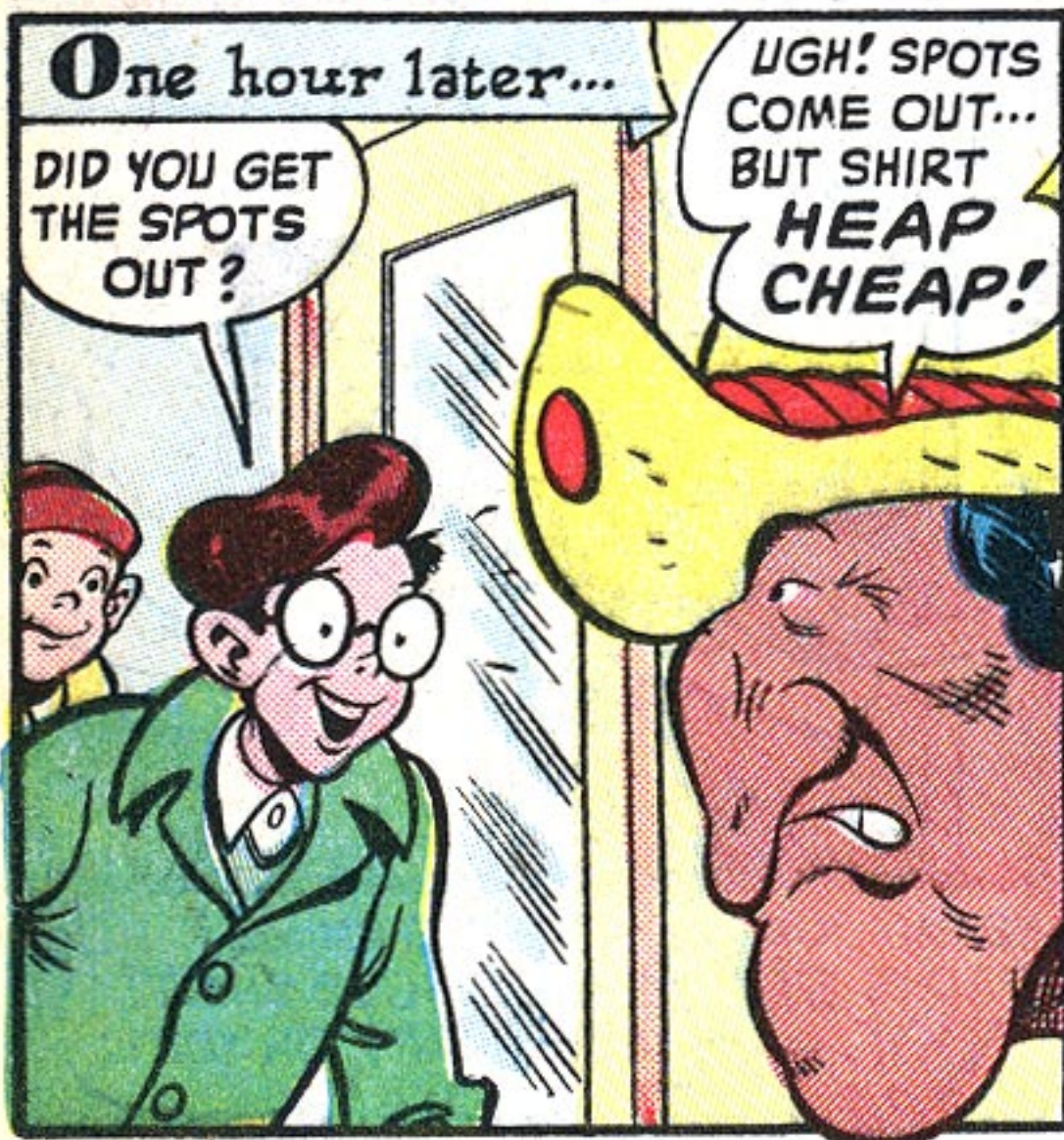
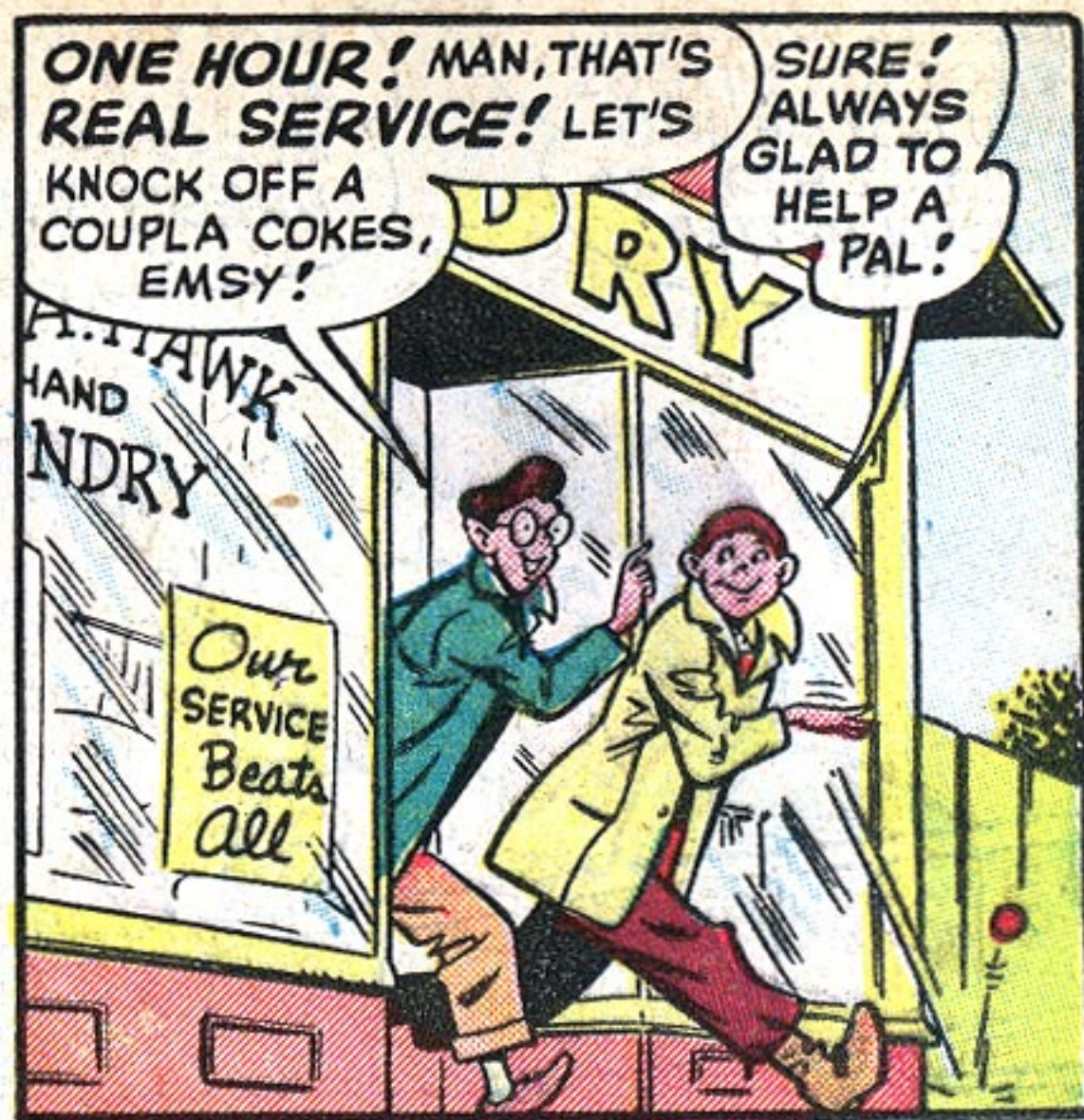
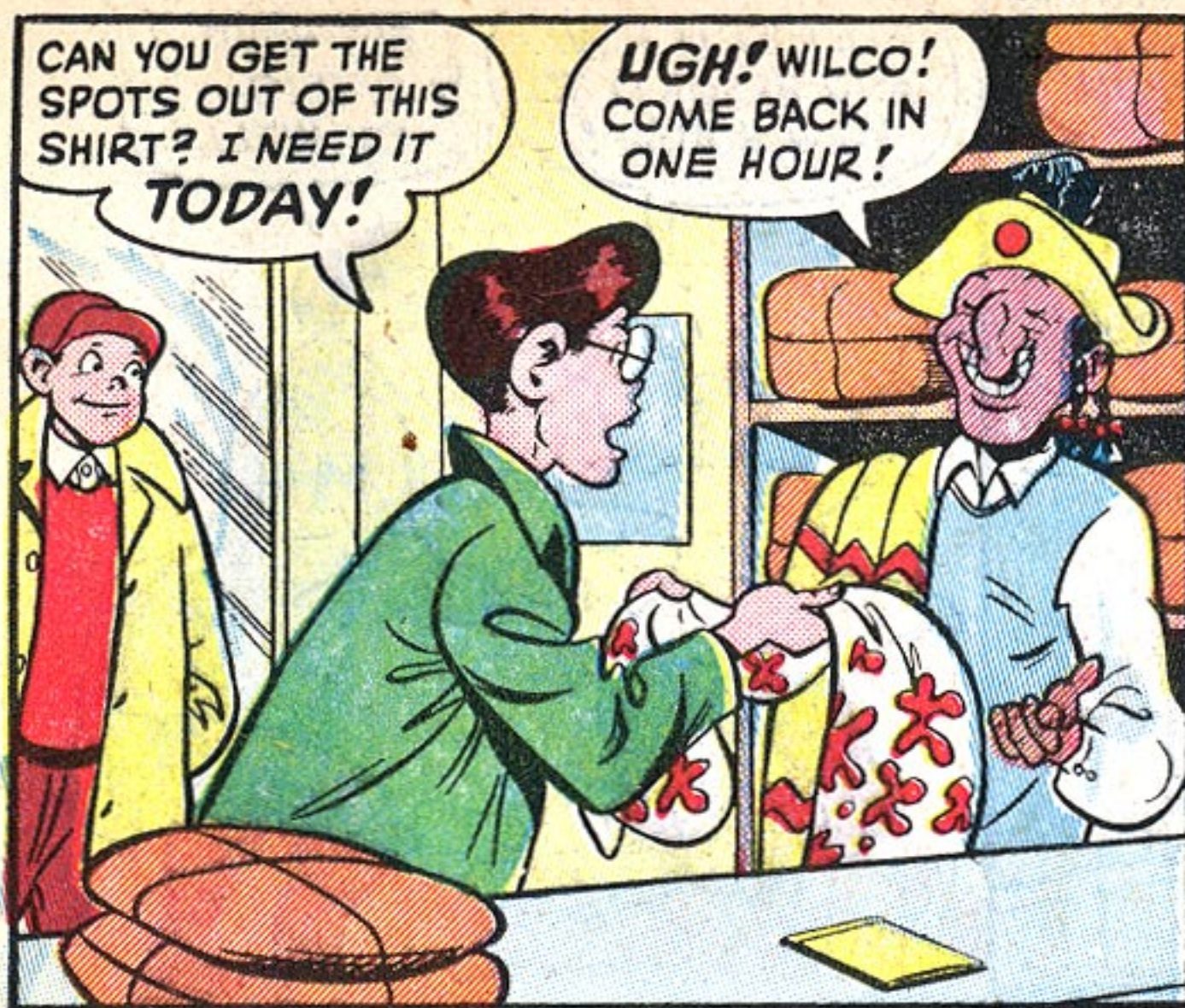


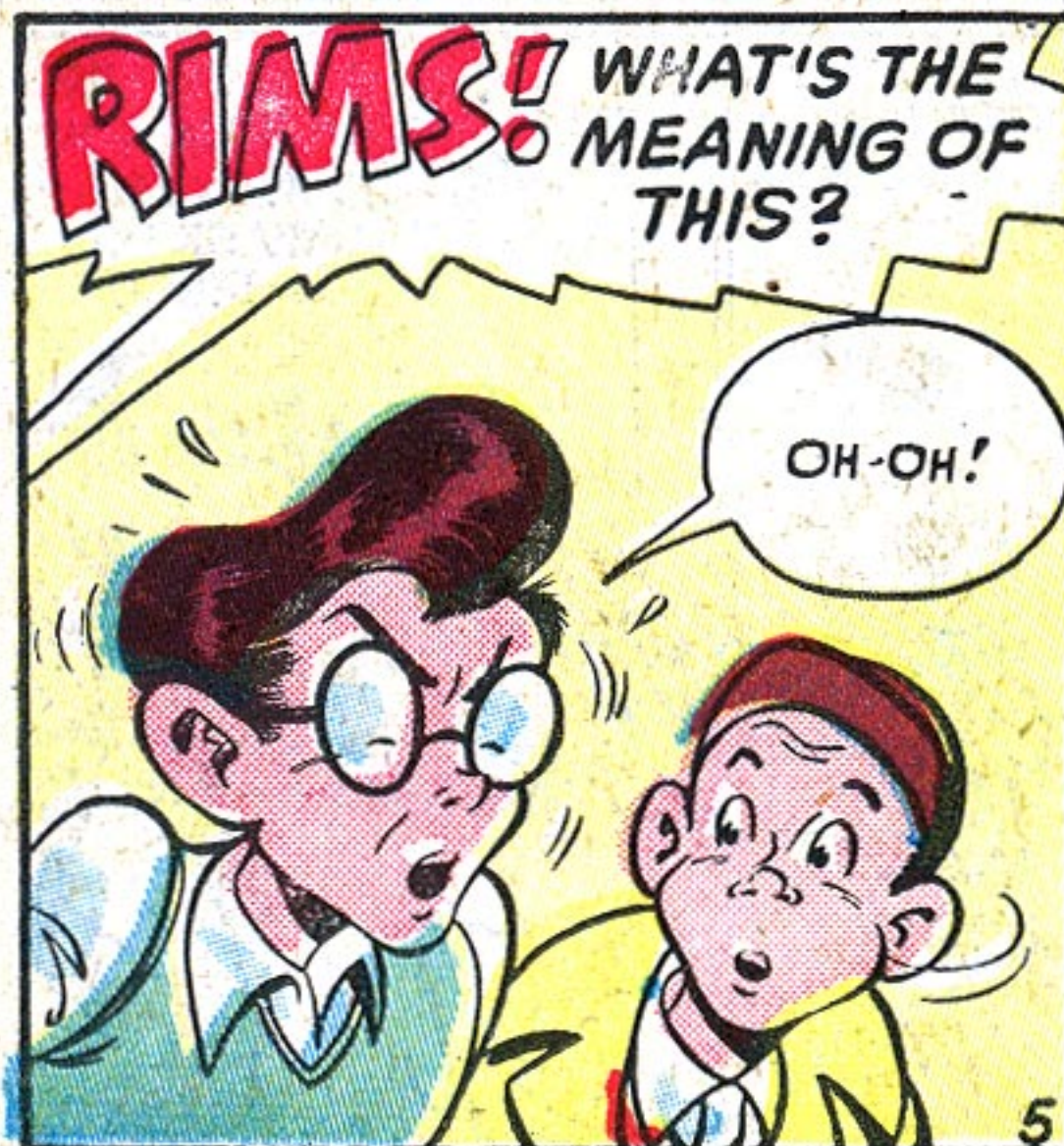
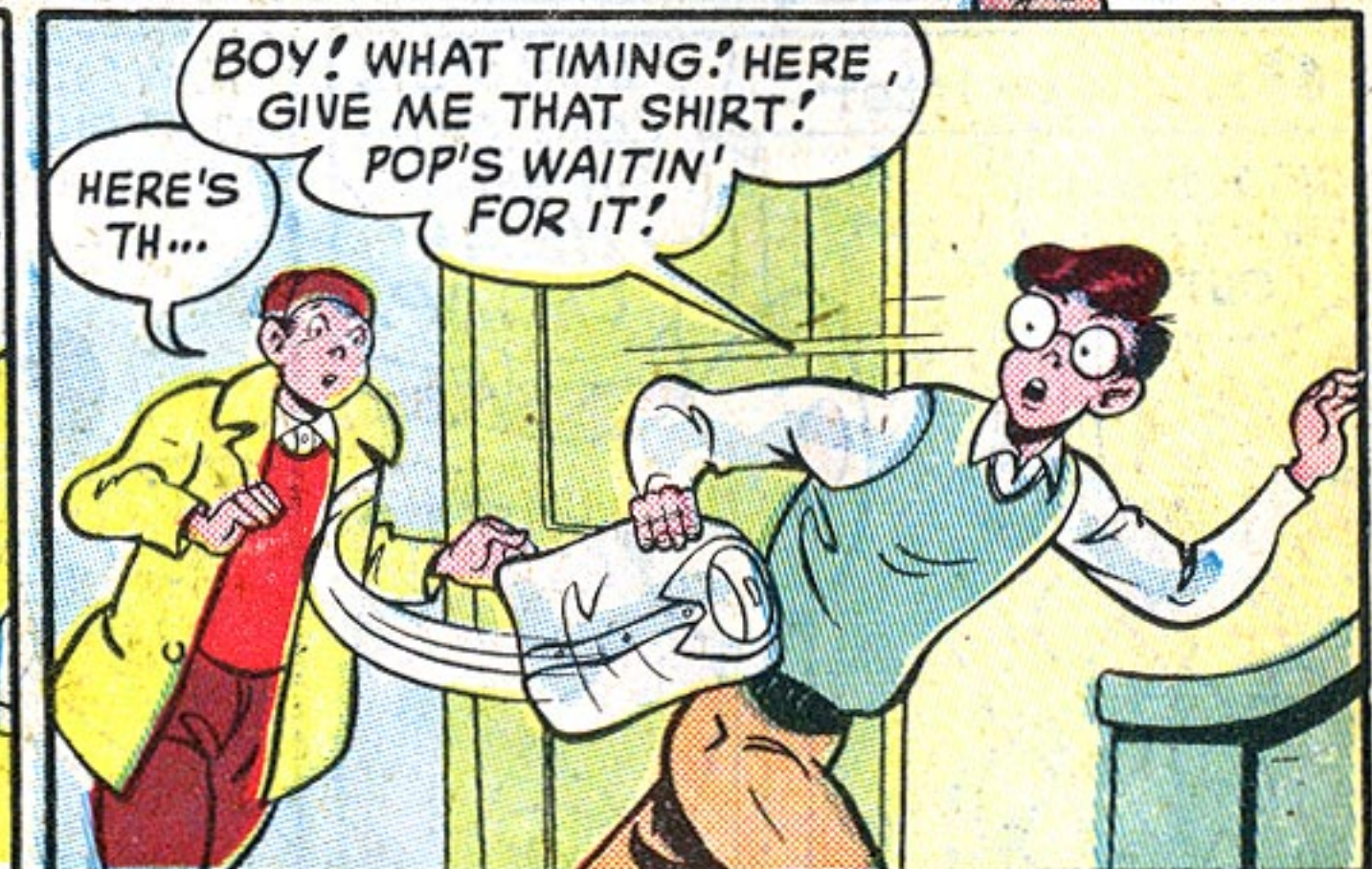
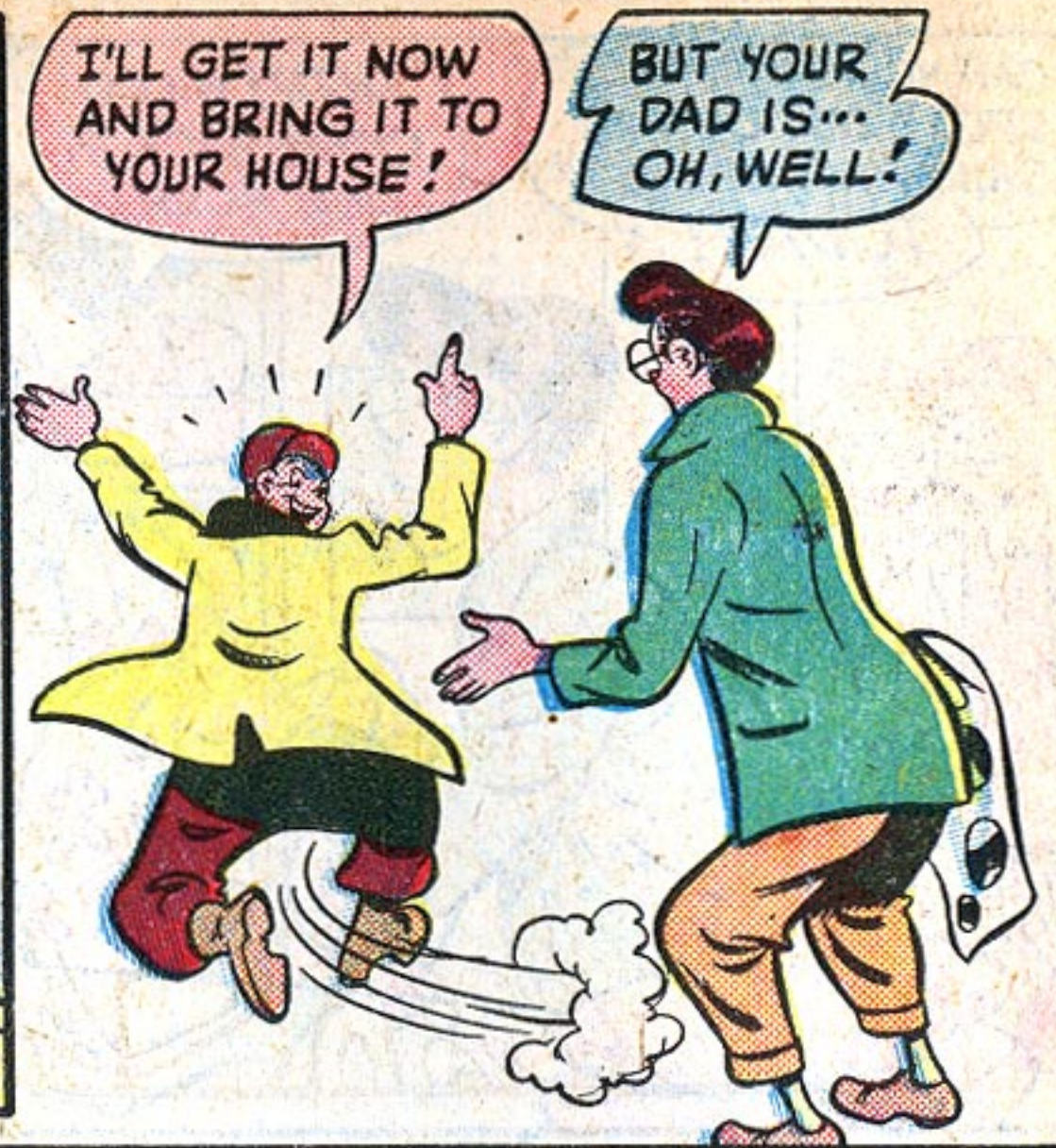
A large, irregular yellow shape filled with many small, identical cartoon faces of a boy with glasses and a surprised expression. A speech bubble from one of the faces says "G-GOSH! NOW I'VE DONE IT!".

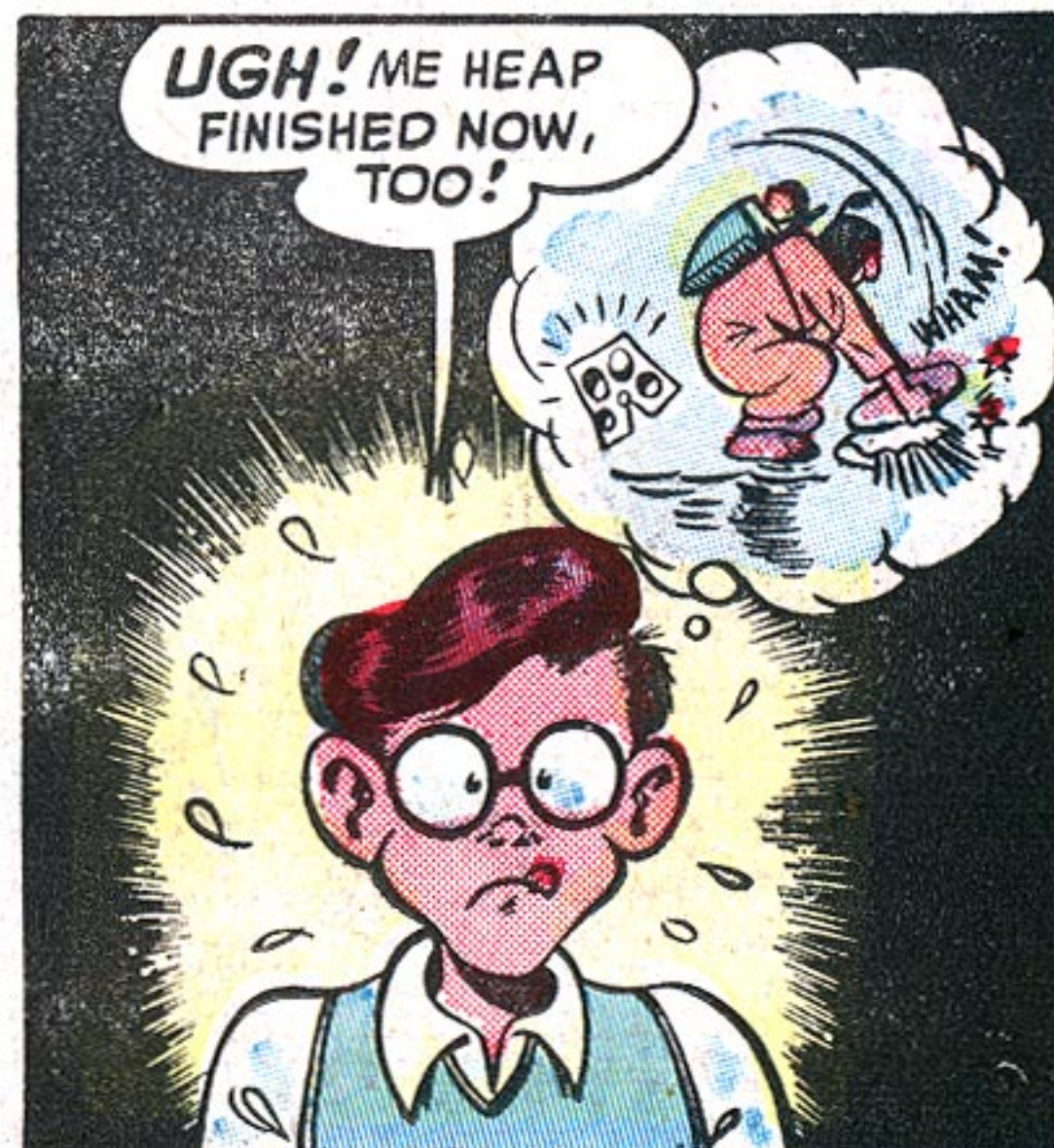
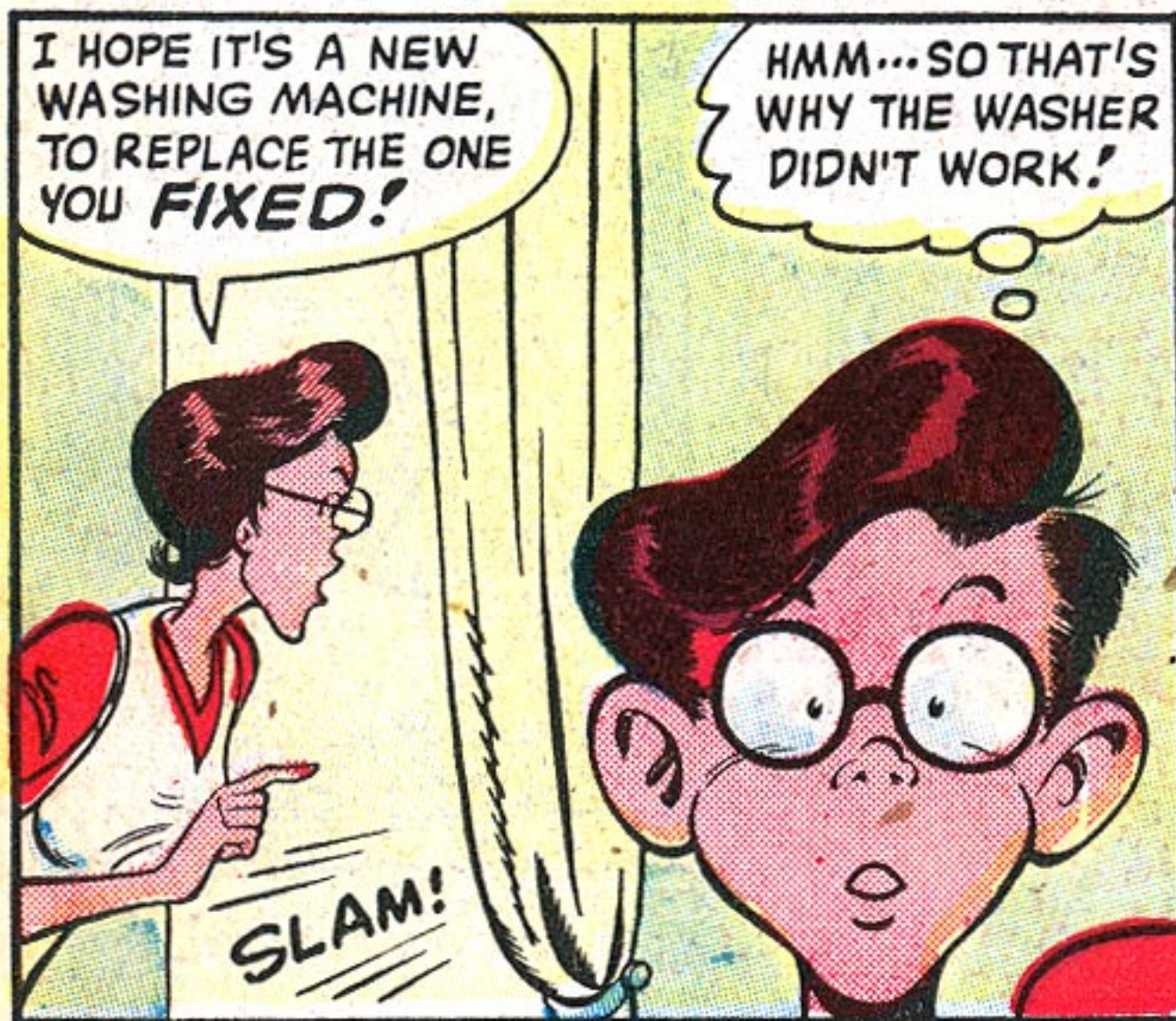
BOY... I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO POP'S SHIRT!

A cartoon illustration of a boy with glasses and a shocked expression, holding a white shirt with a red and yellow floral pattern. A speech bubble above him reads: "GULP! DAD'S BEST SHIRT! I'D BETTER TAKE IT OUT TO A LAUNDRY... BUT QUICK!"

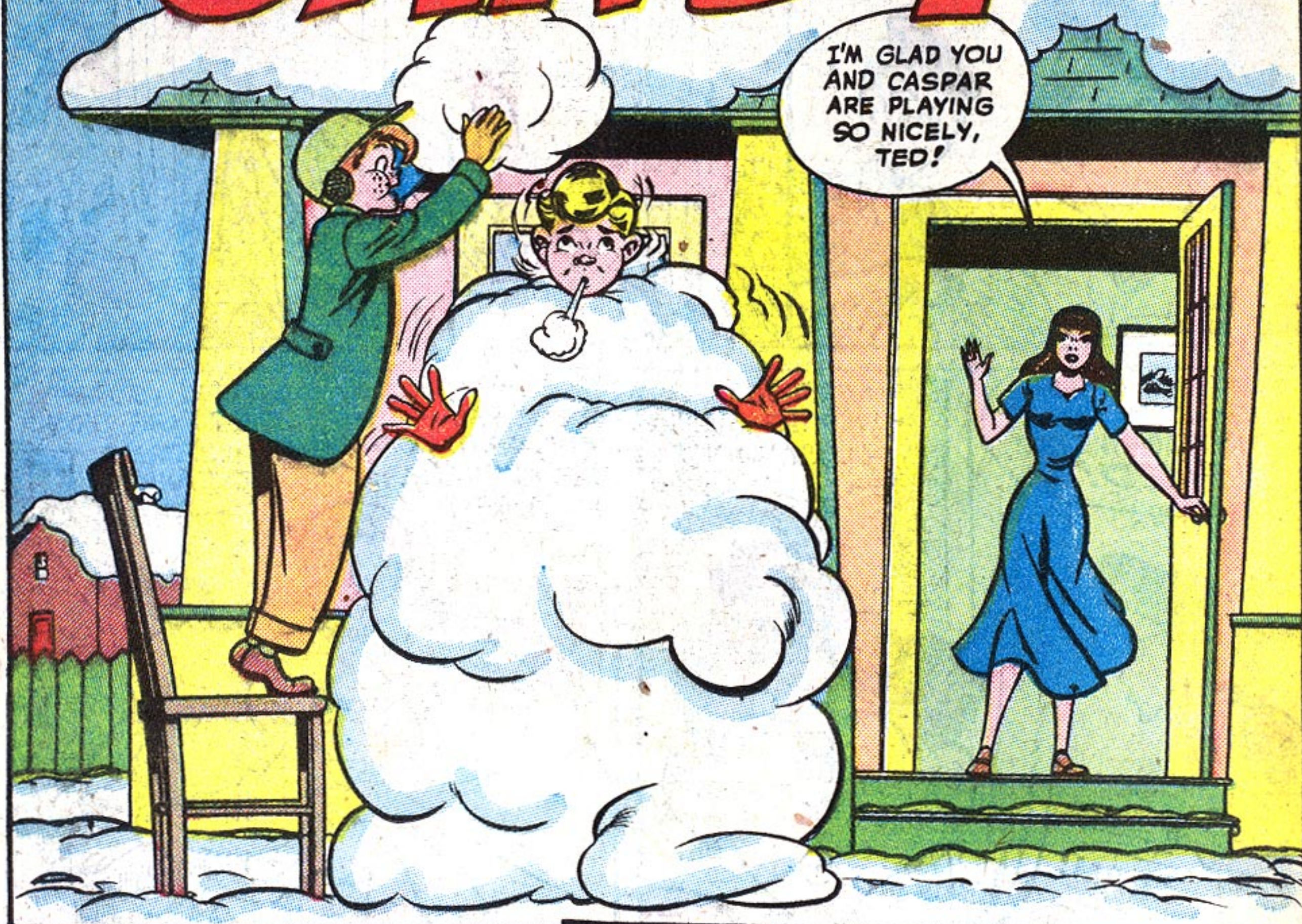


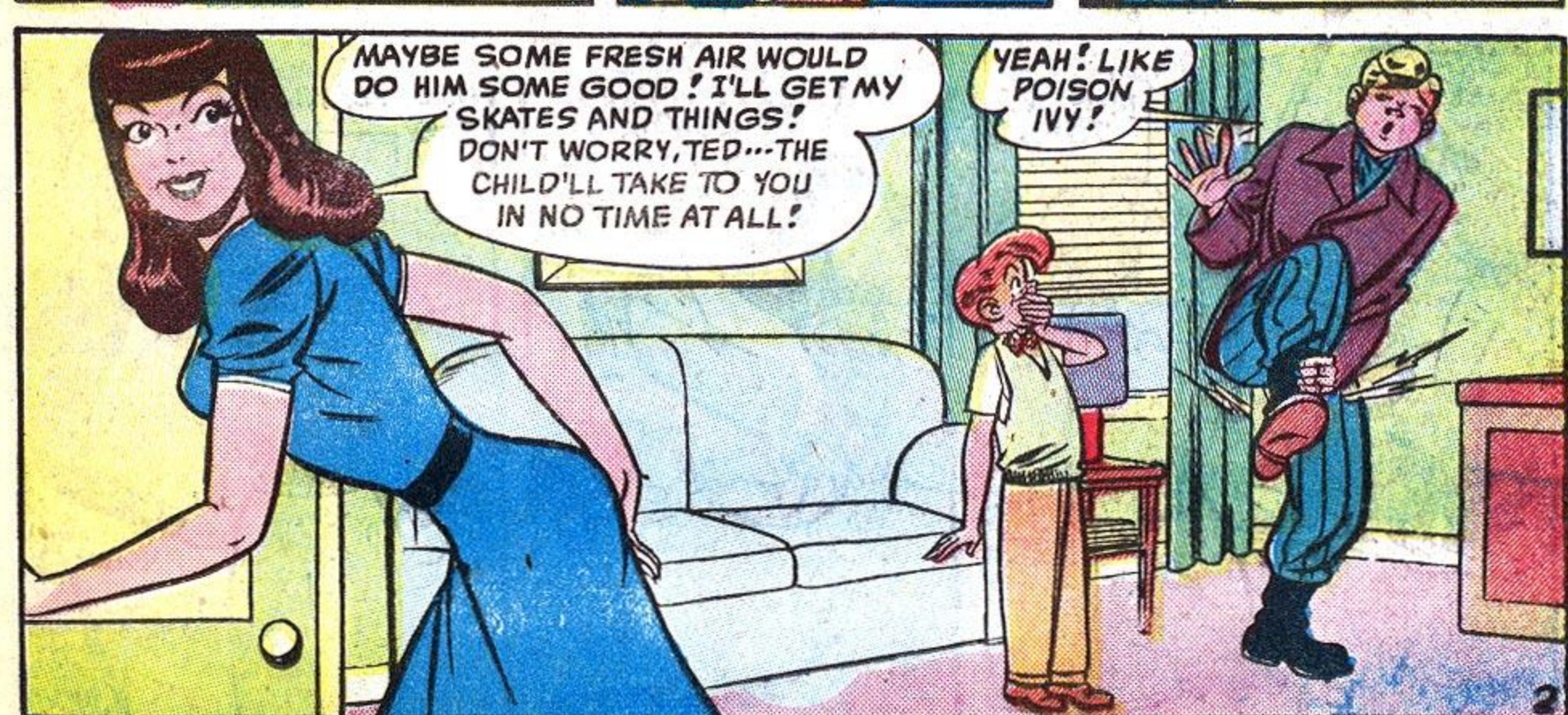
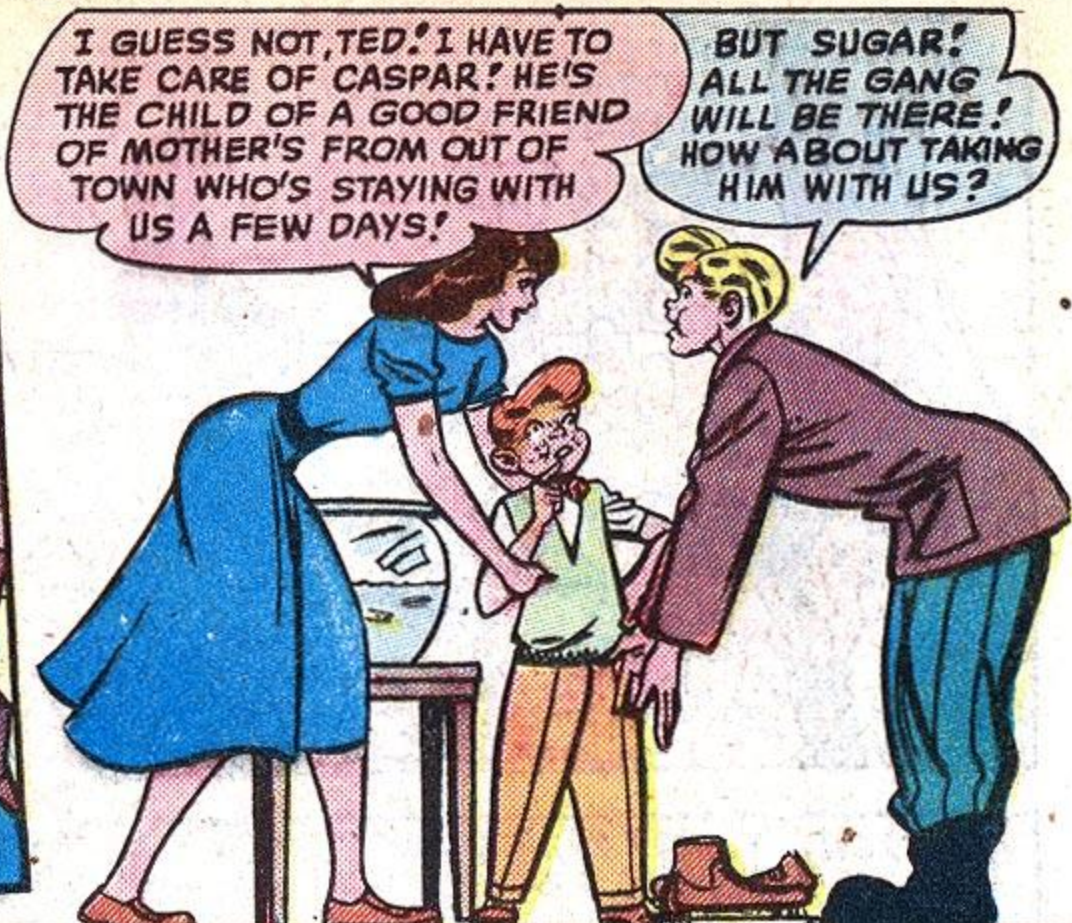


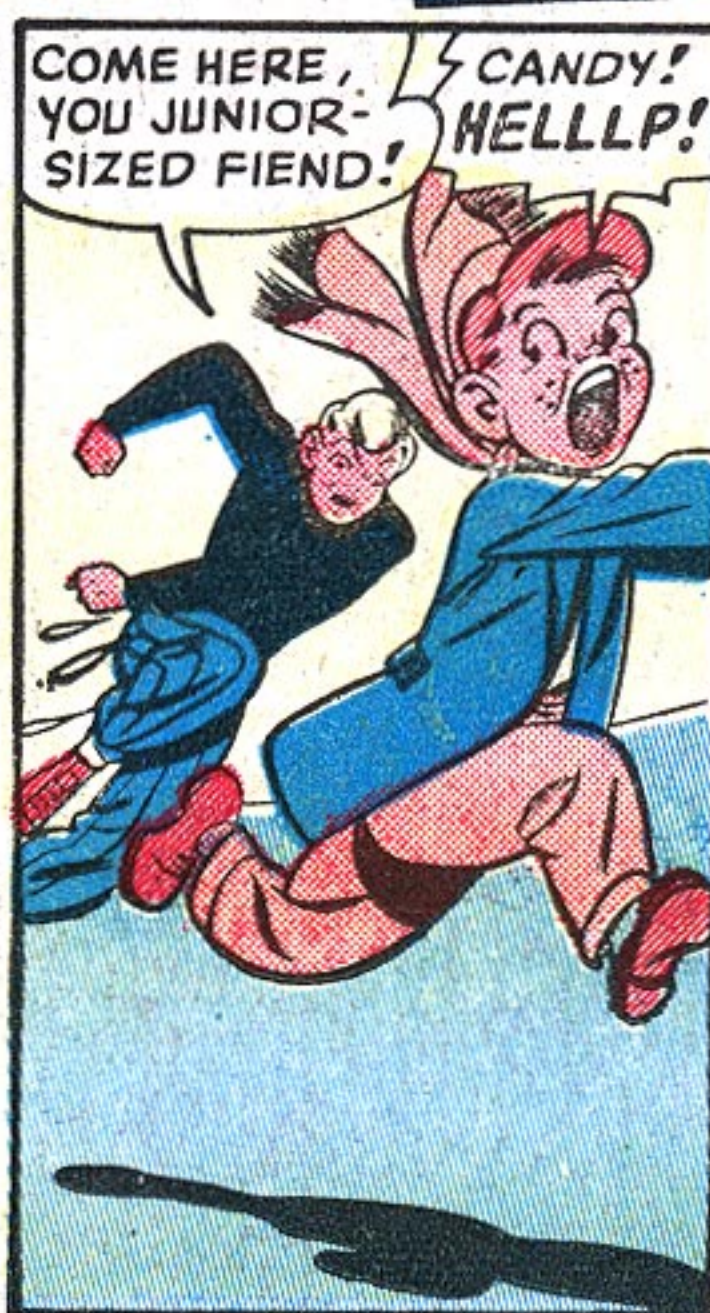
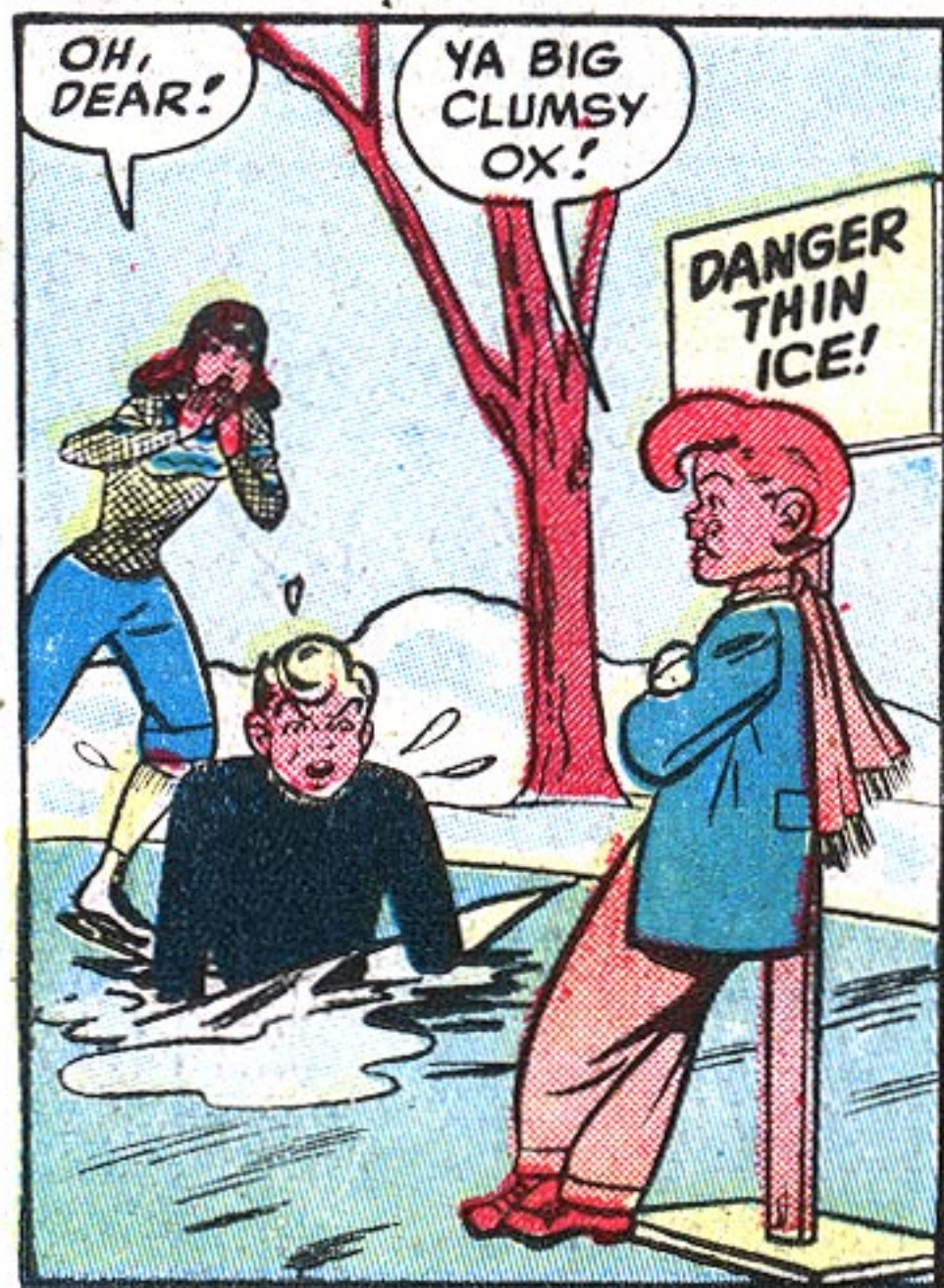
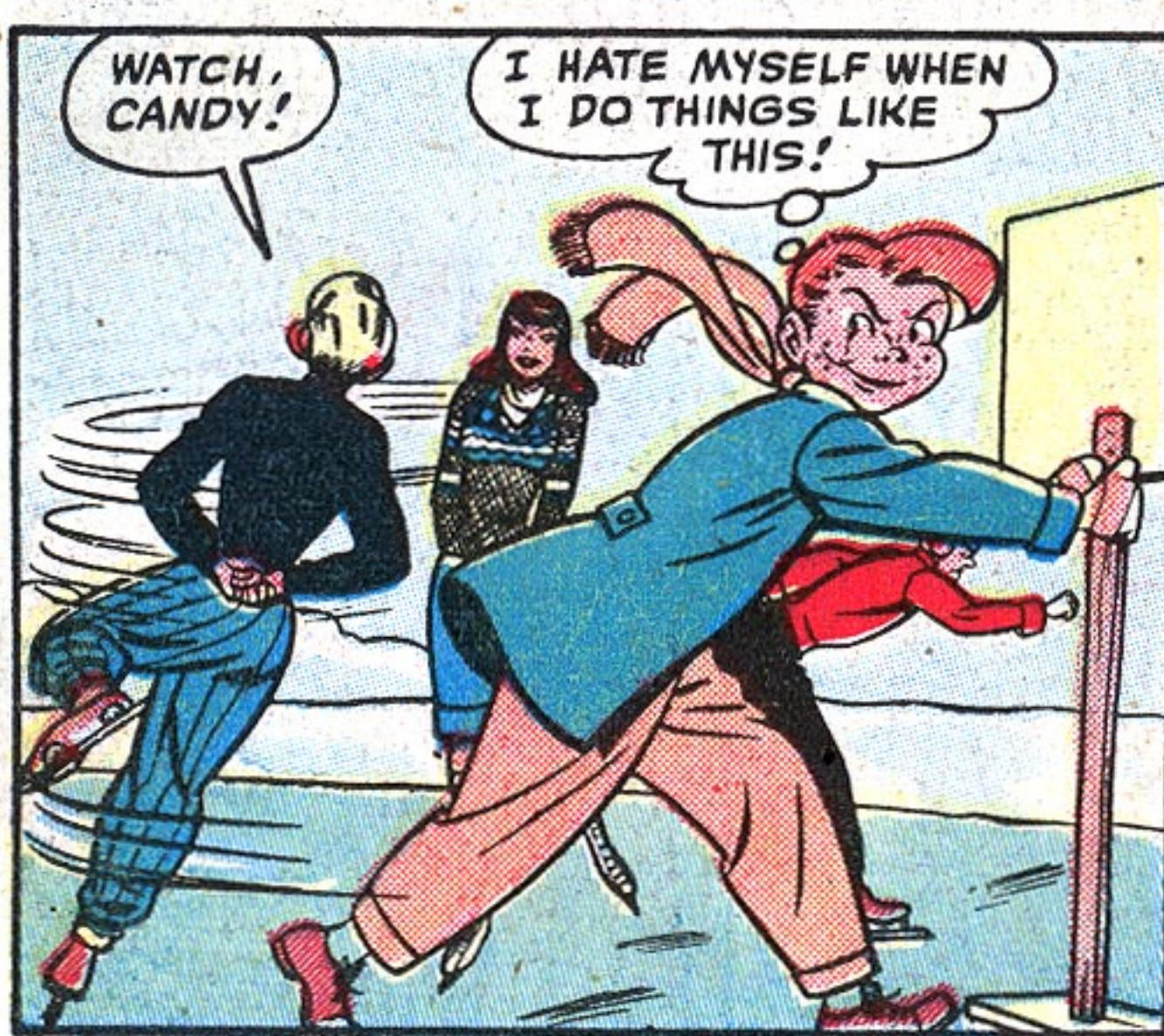
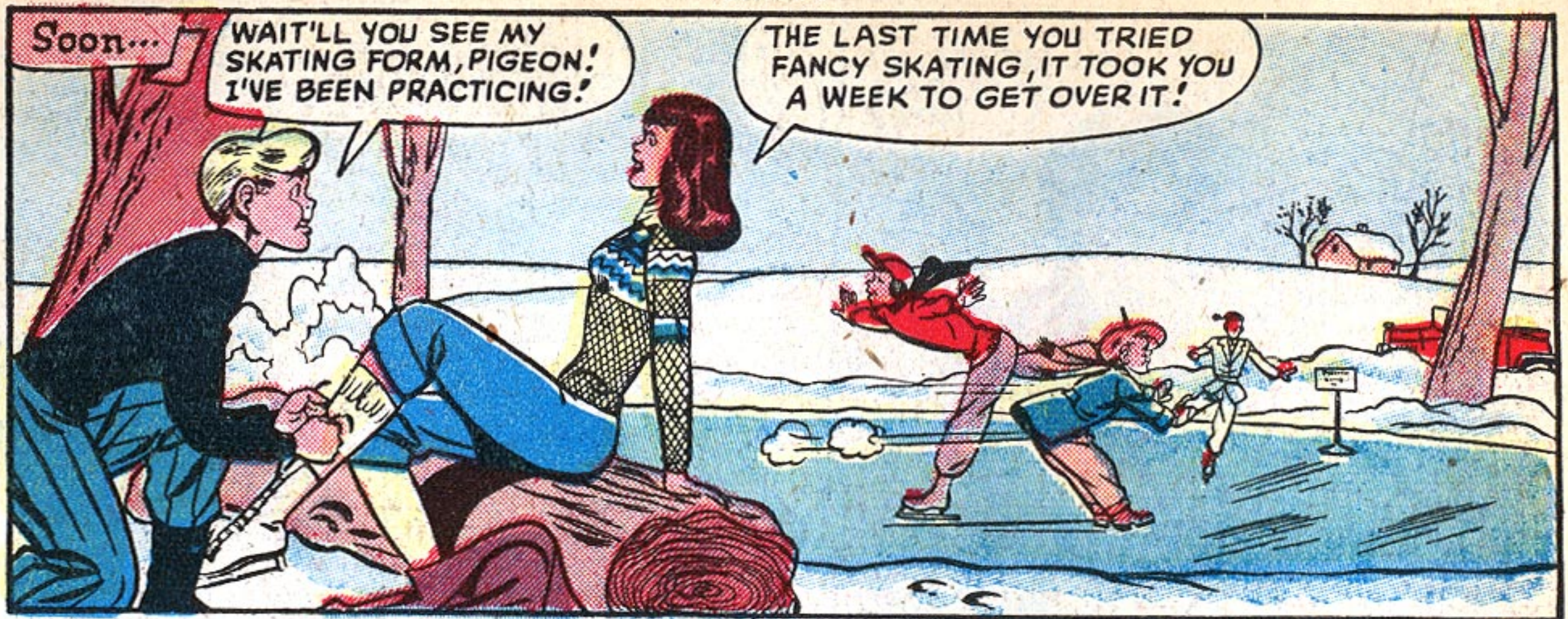


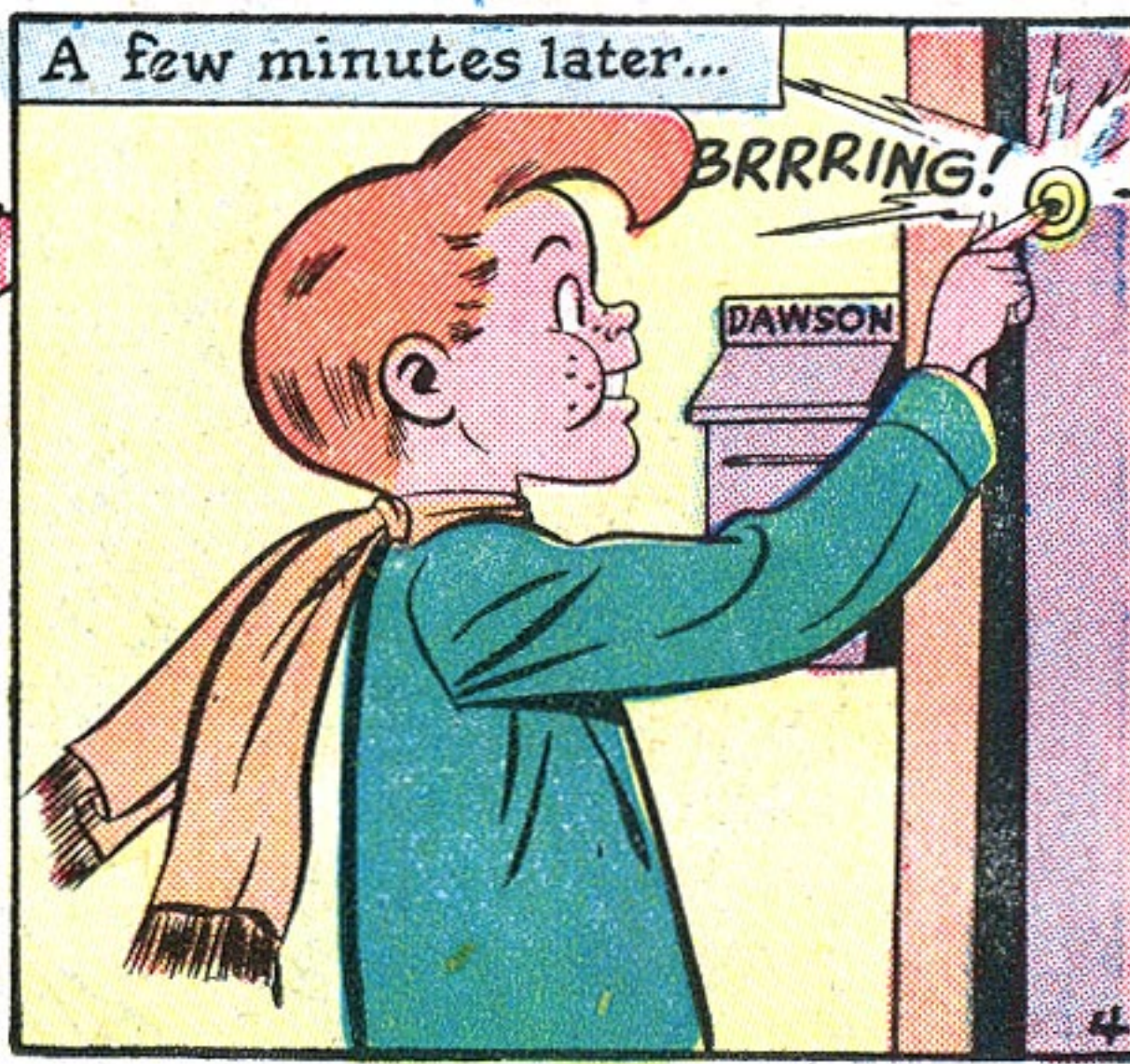
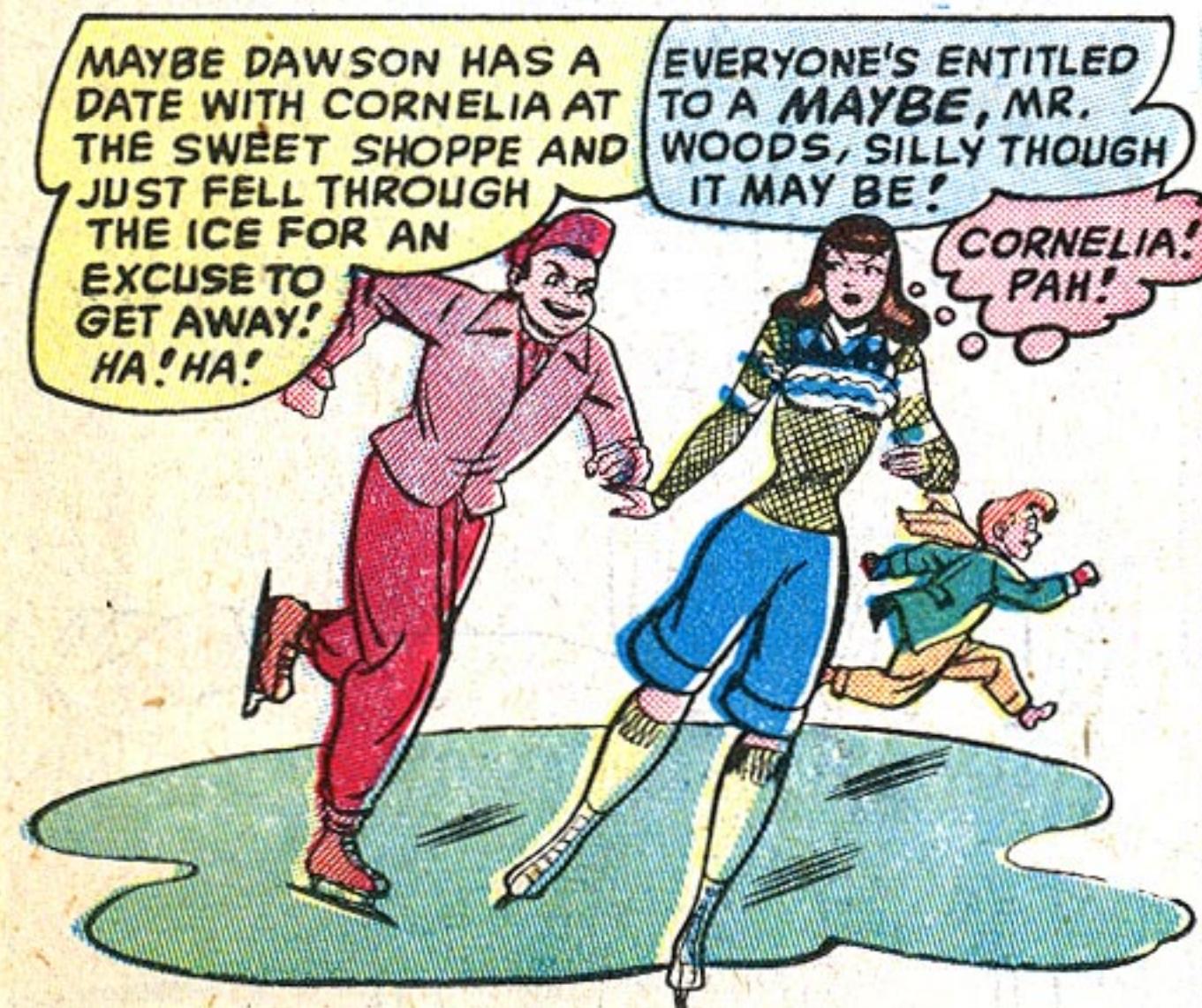
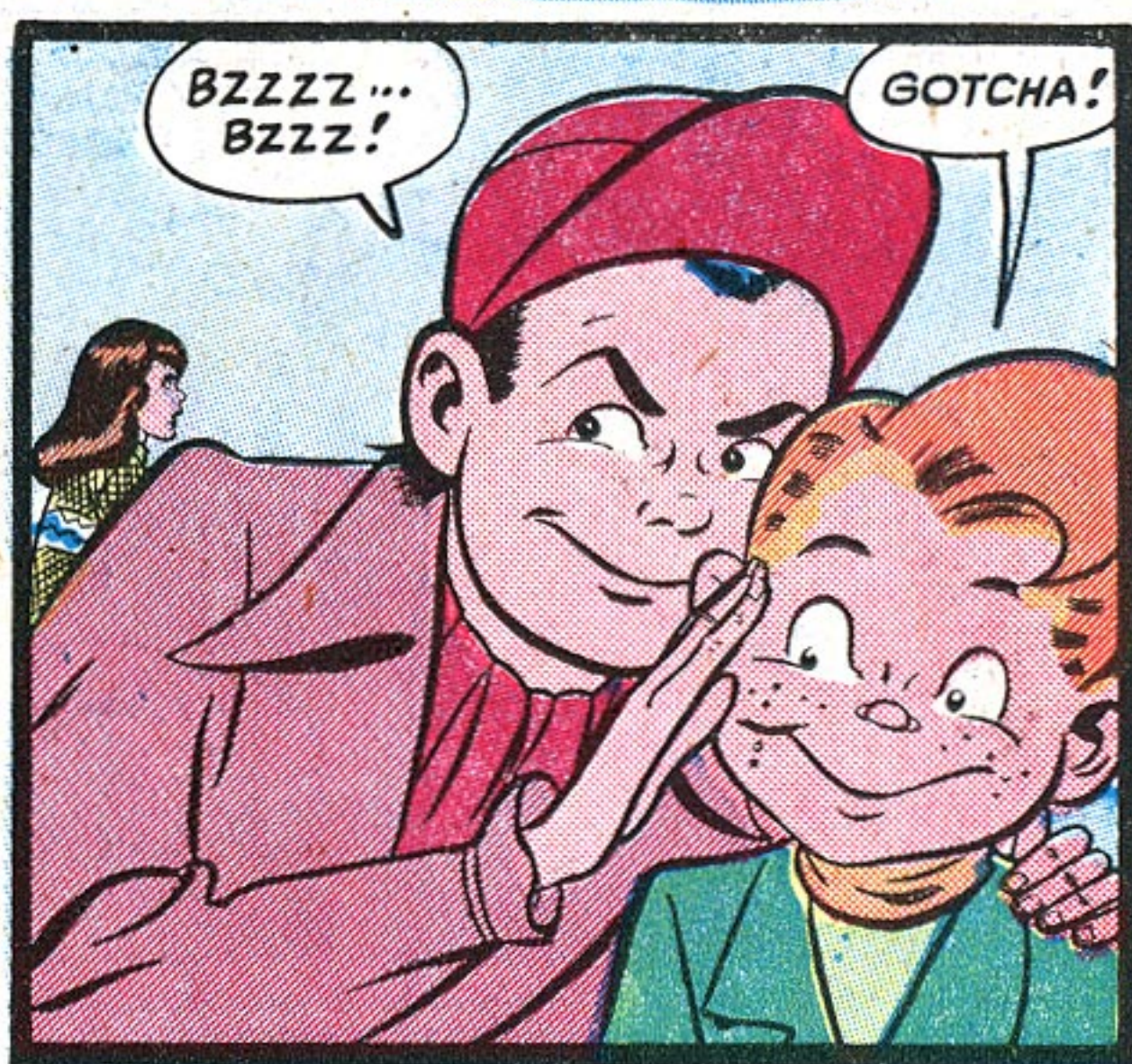
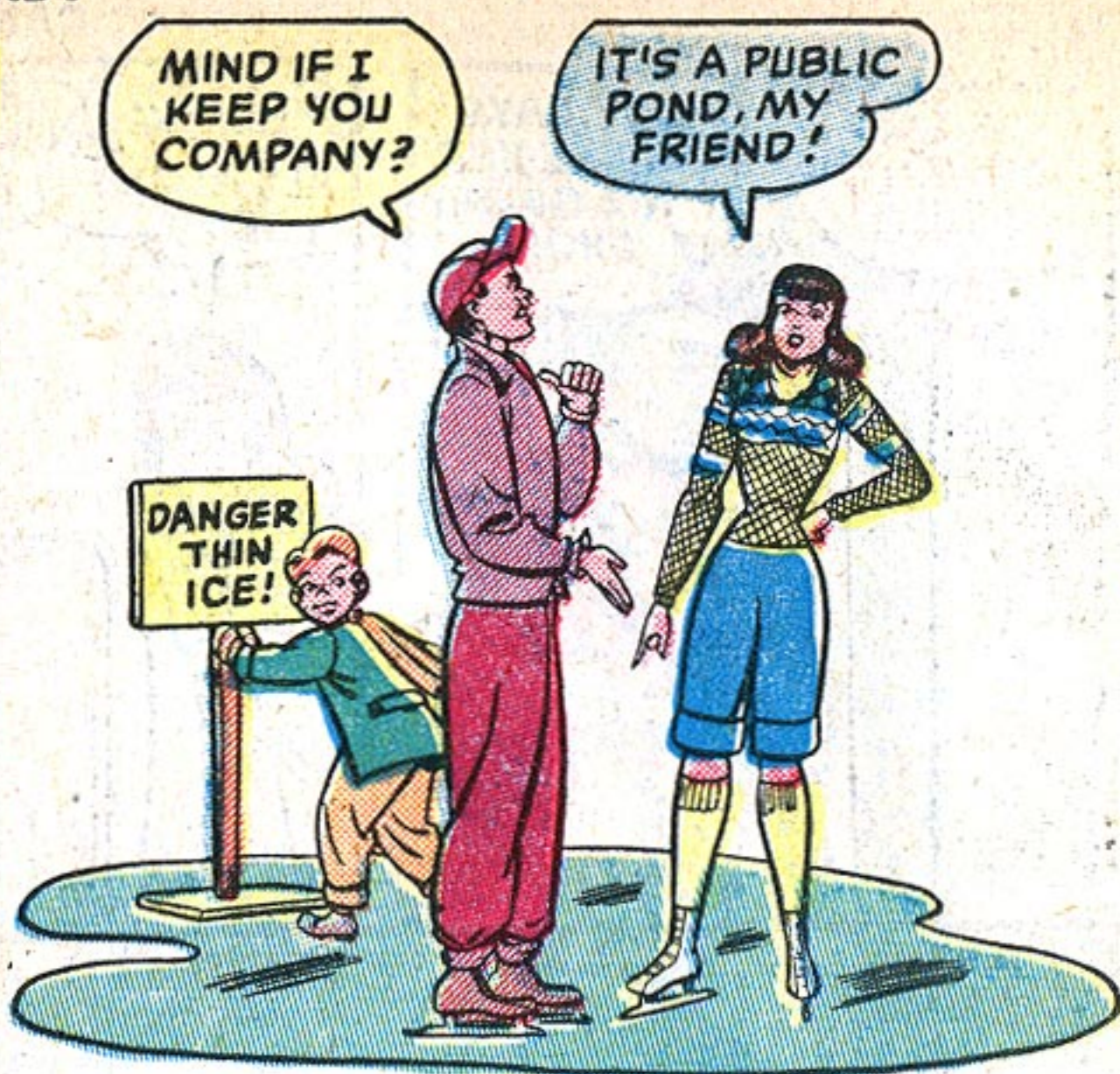
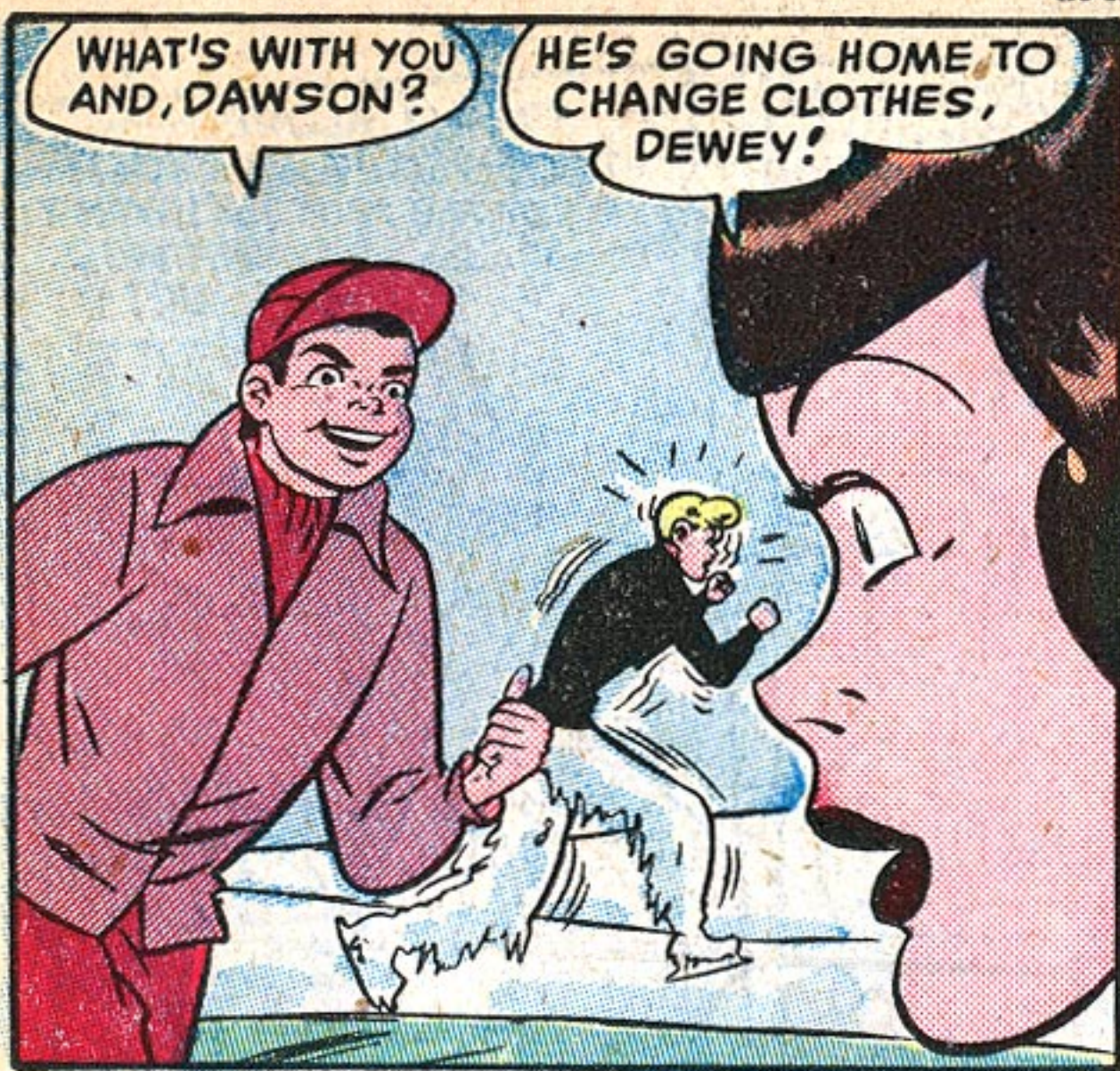


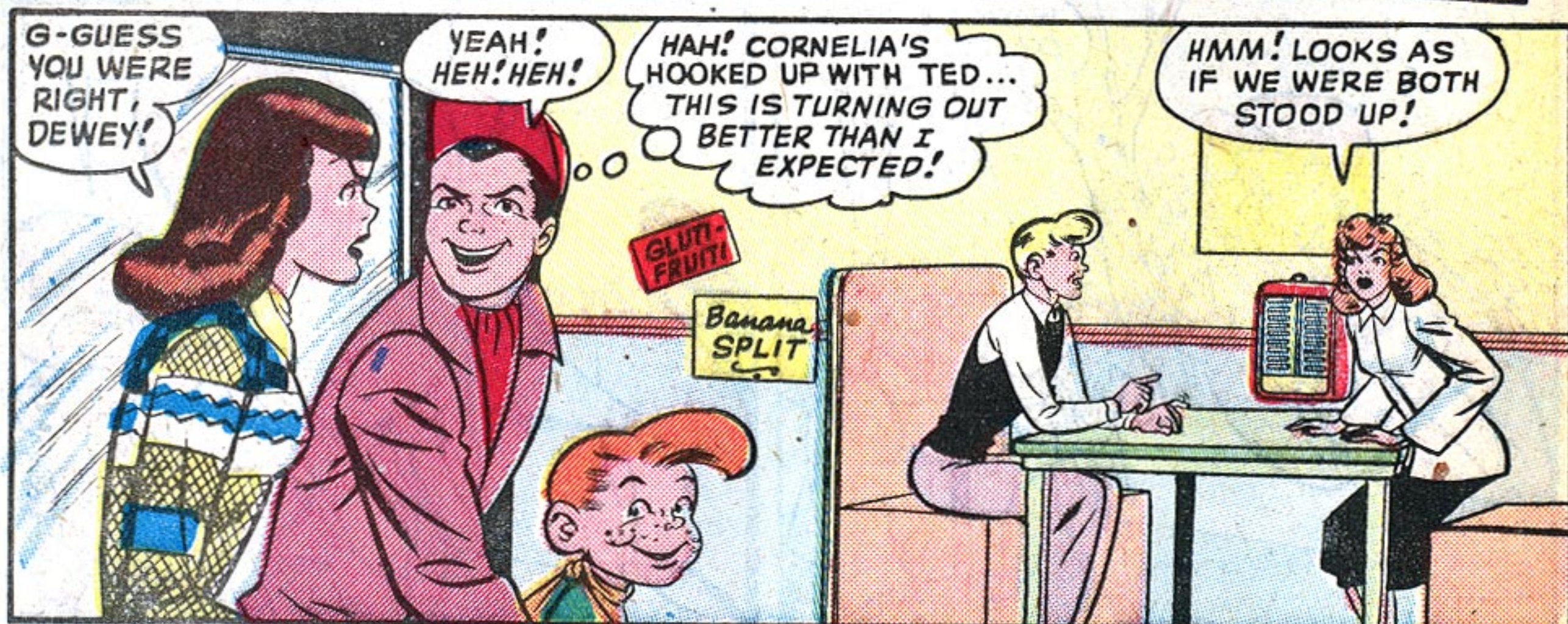
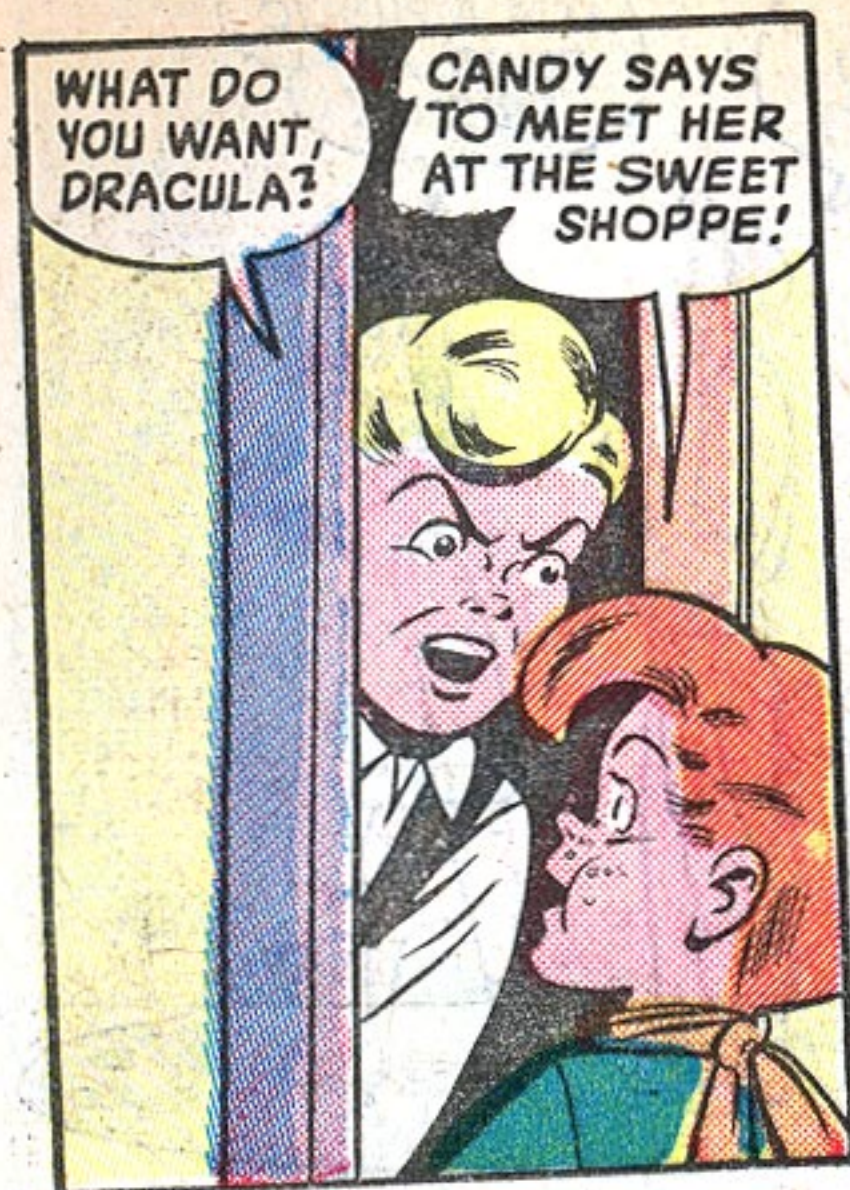
CANDY

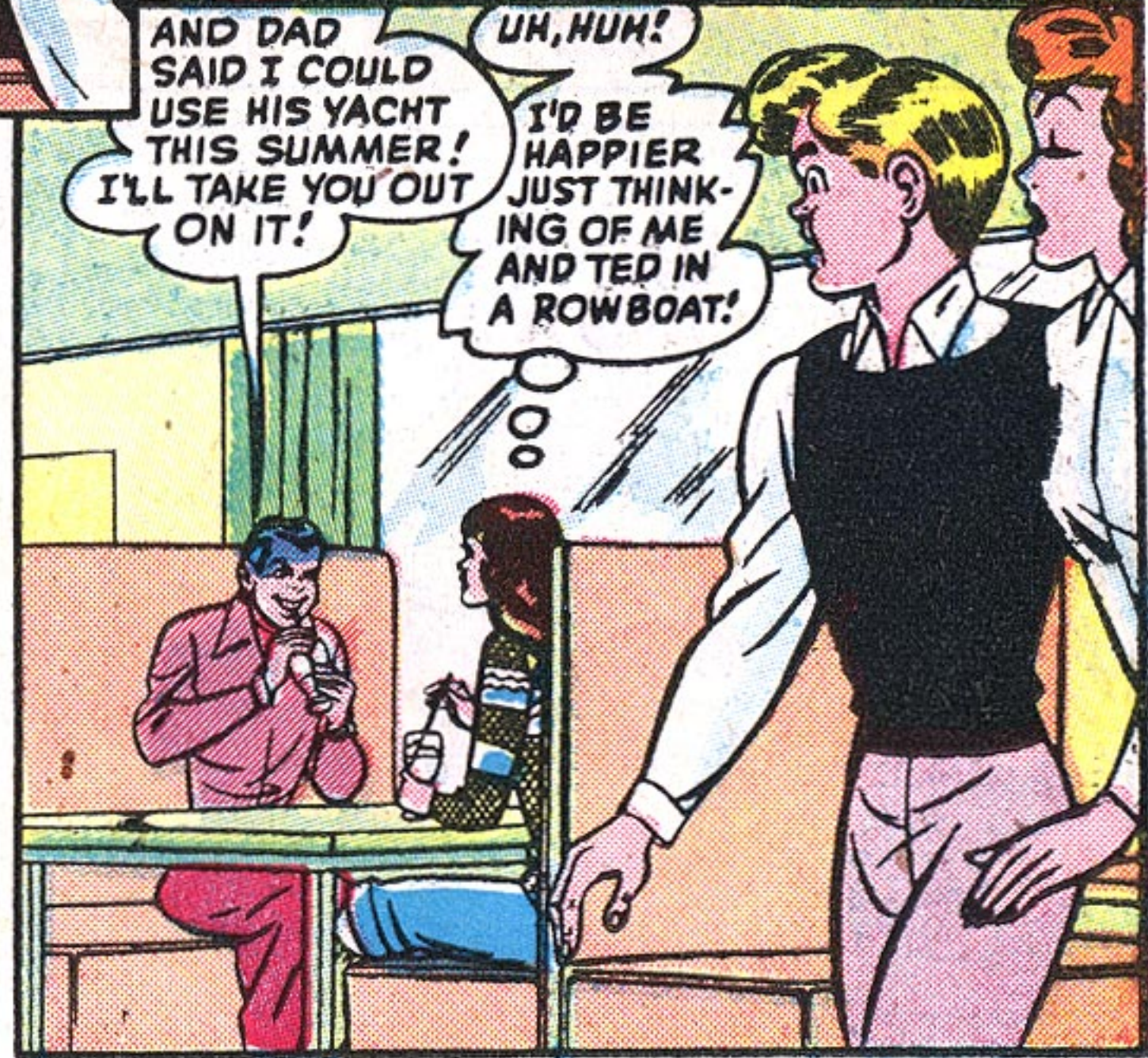
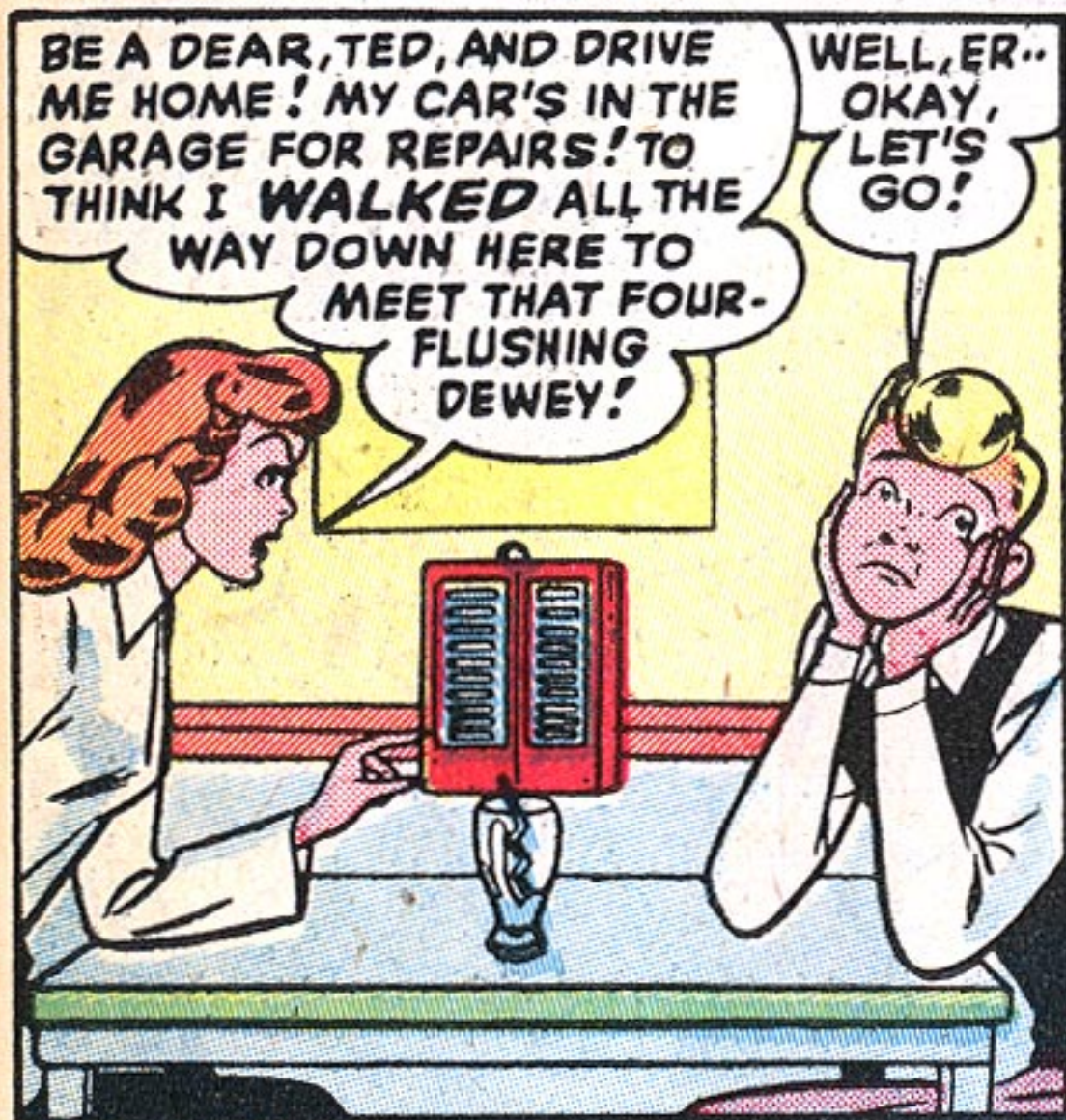
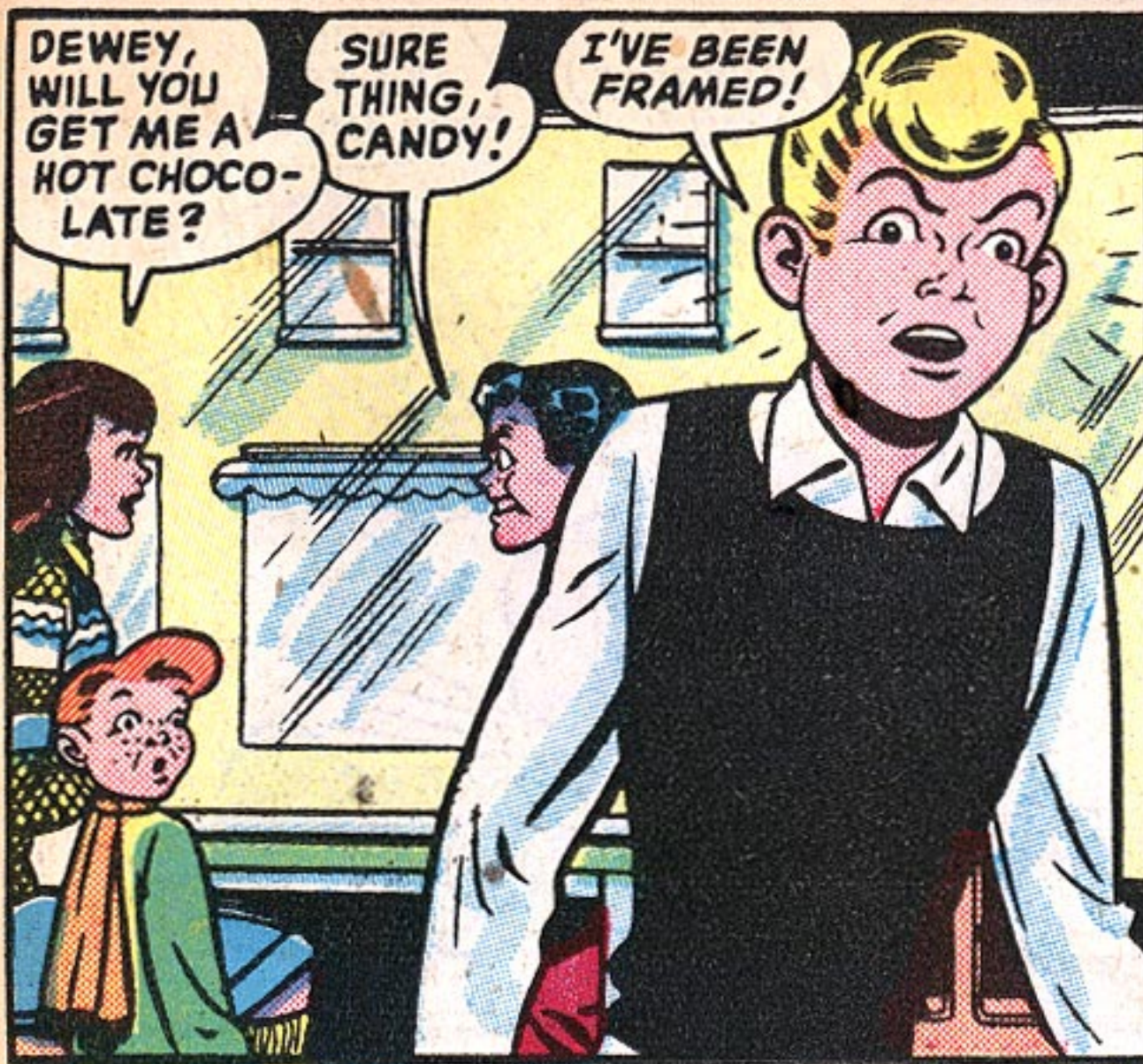


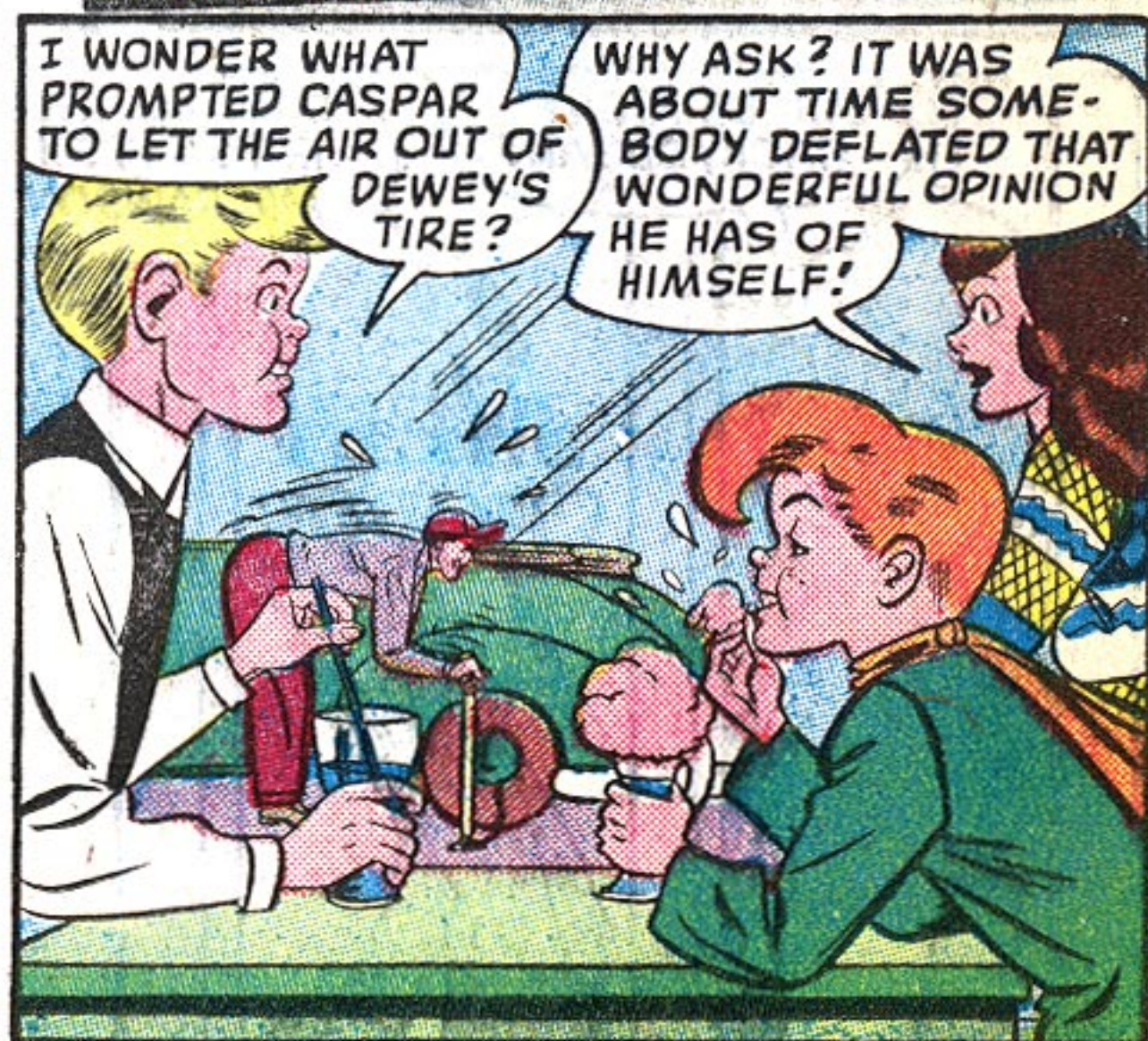
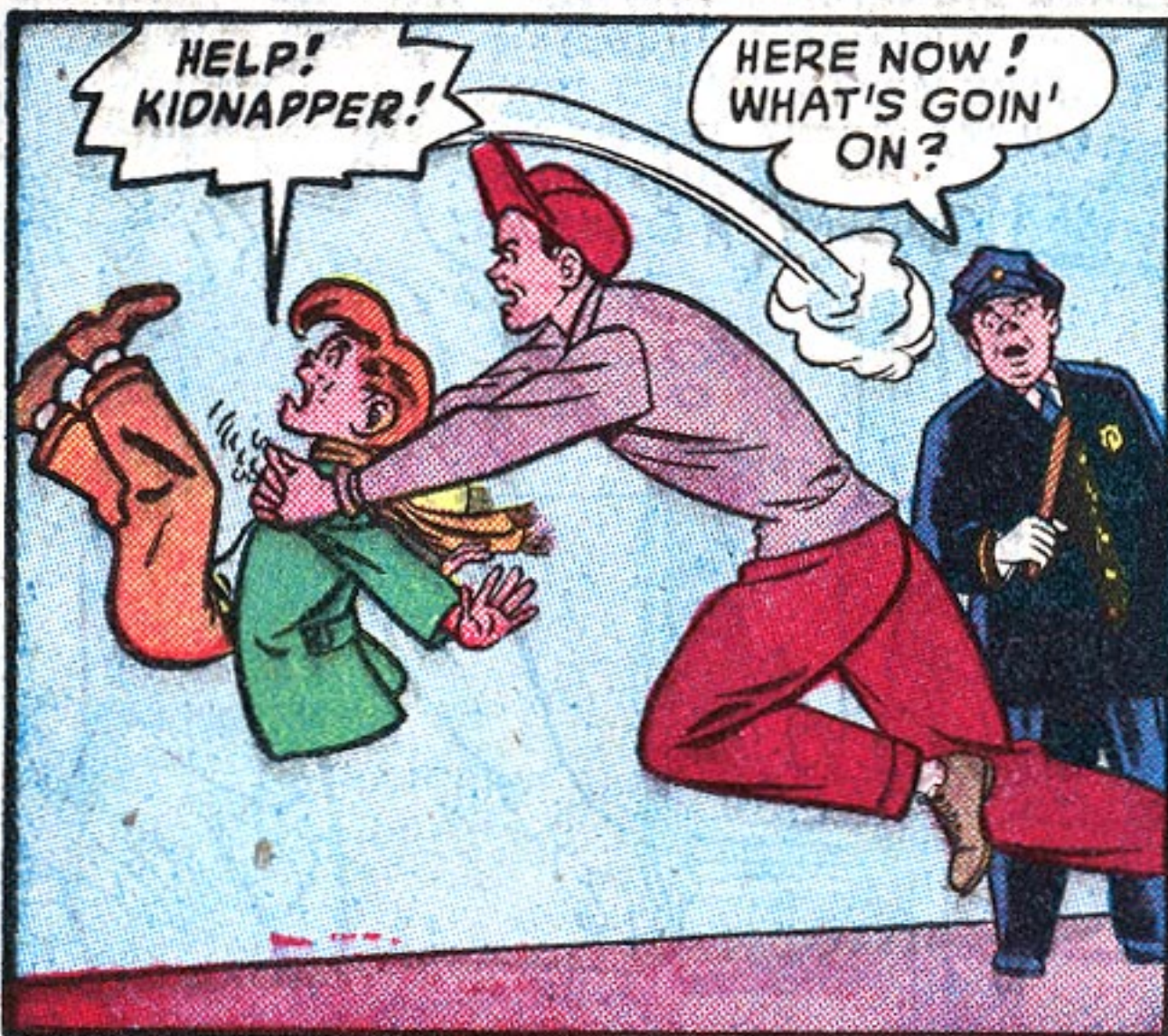
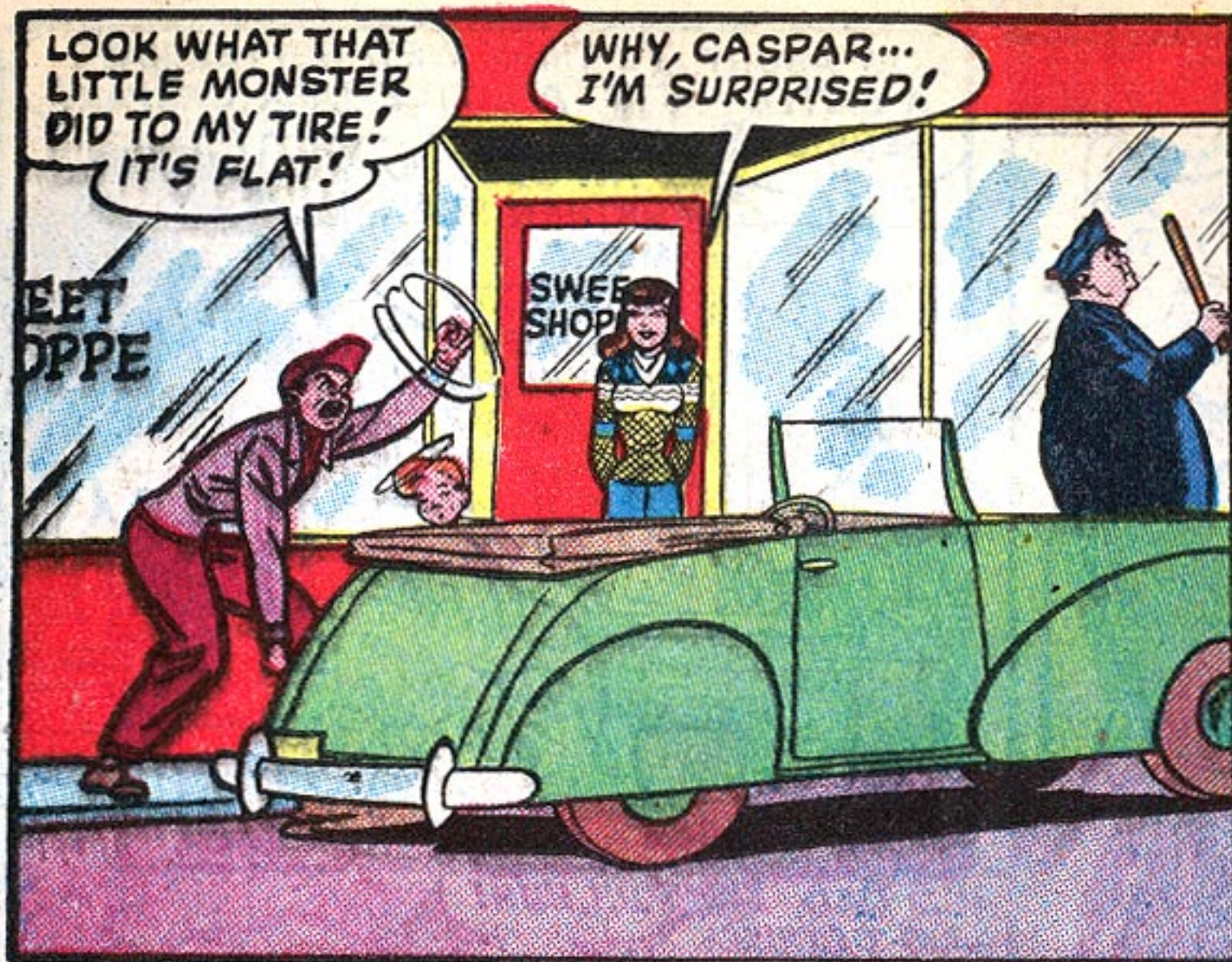


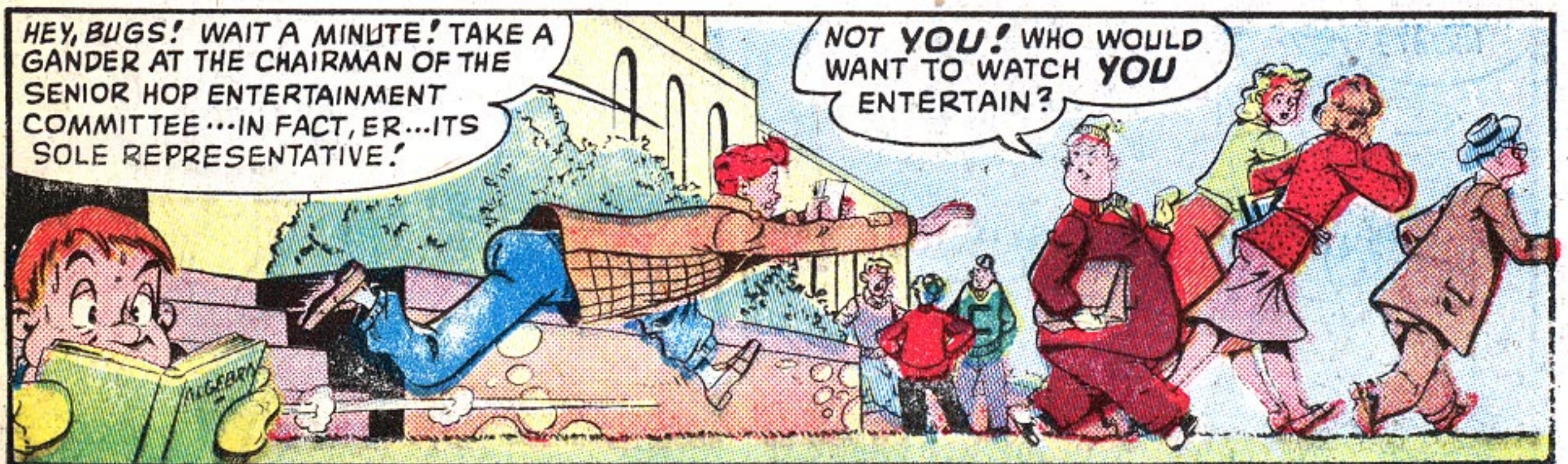


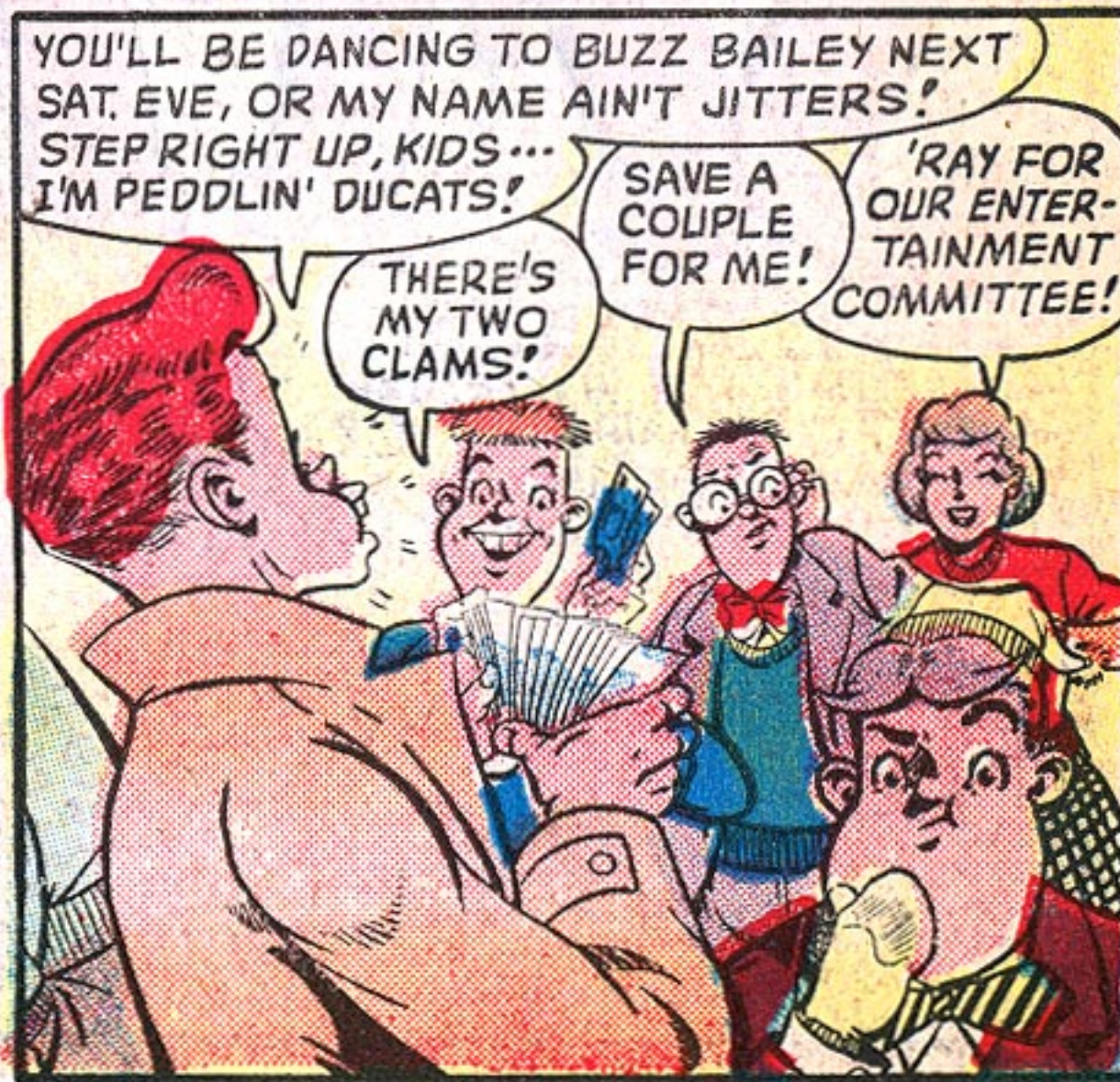
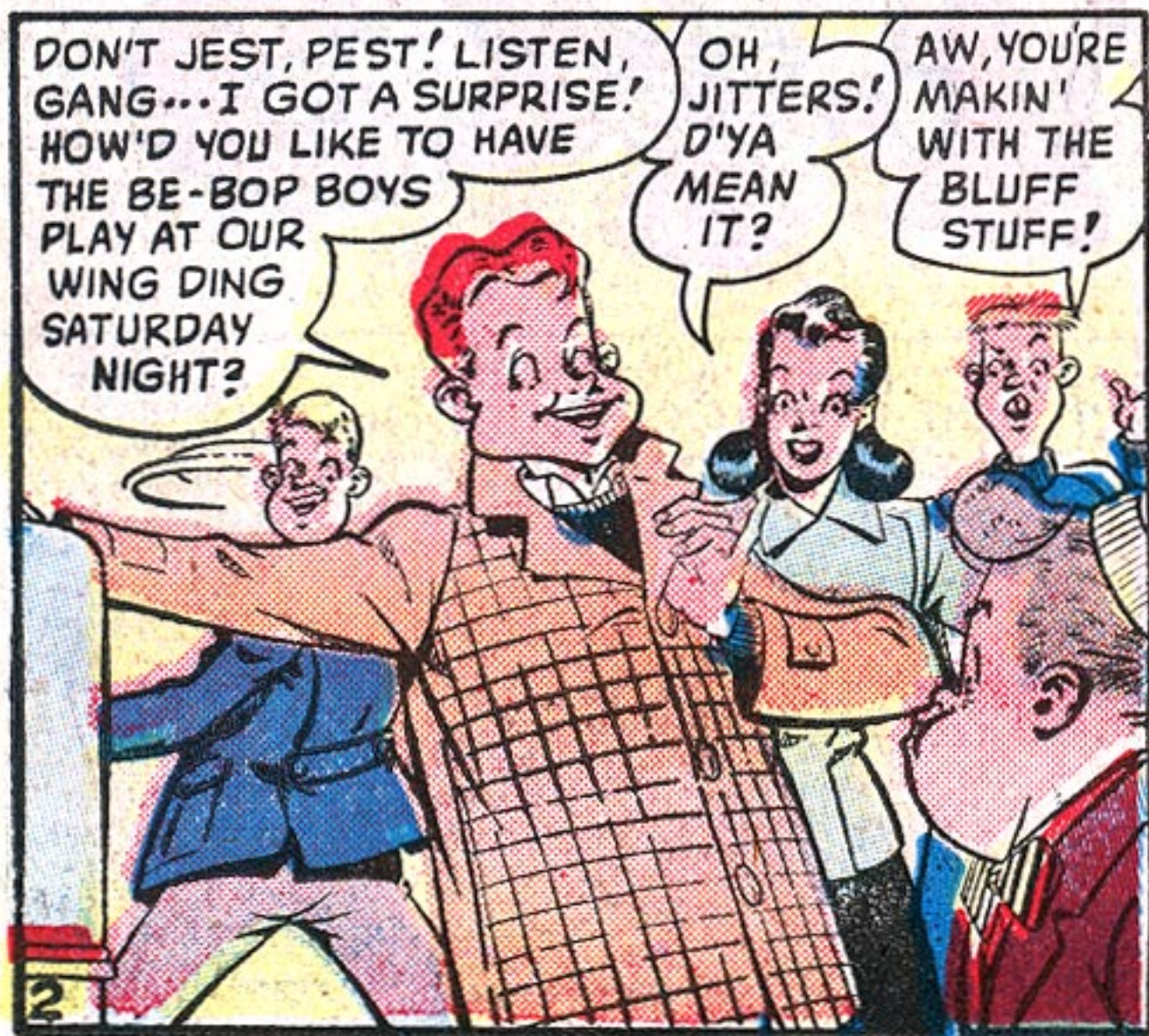
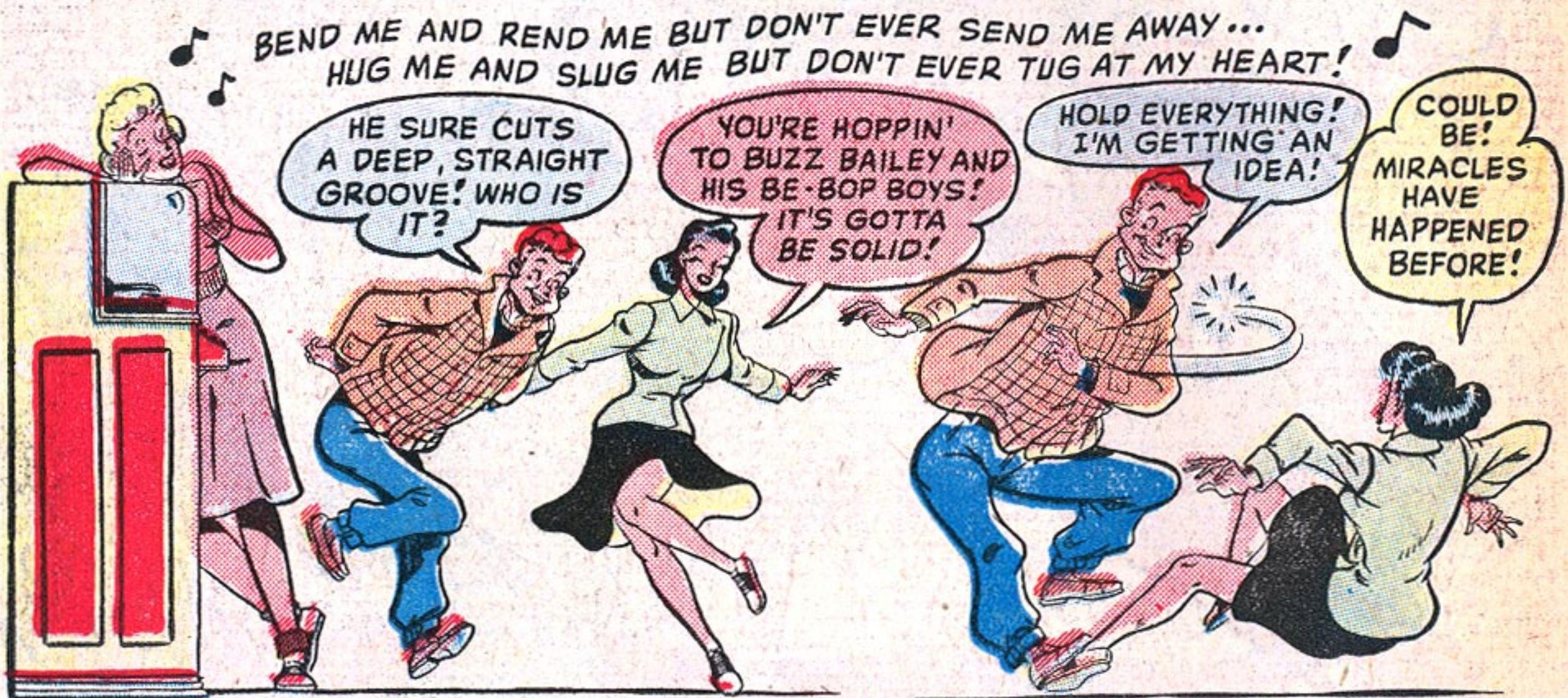
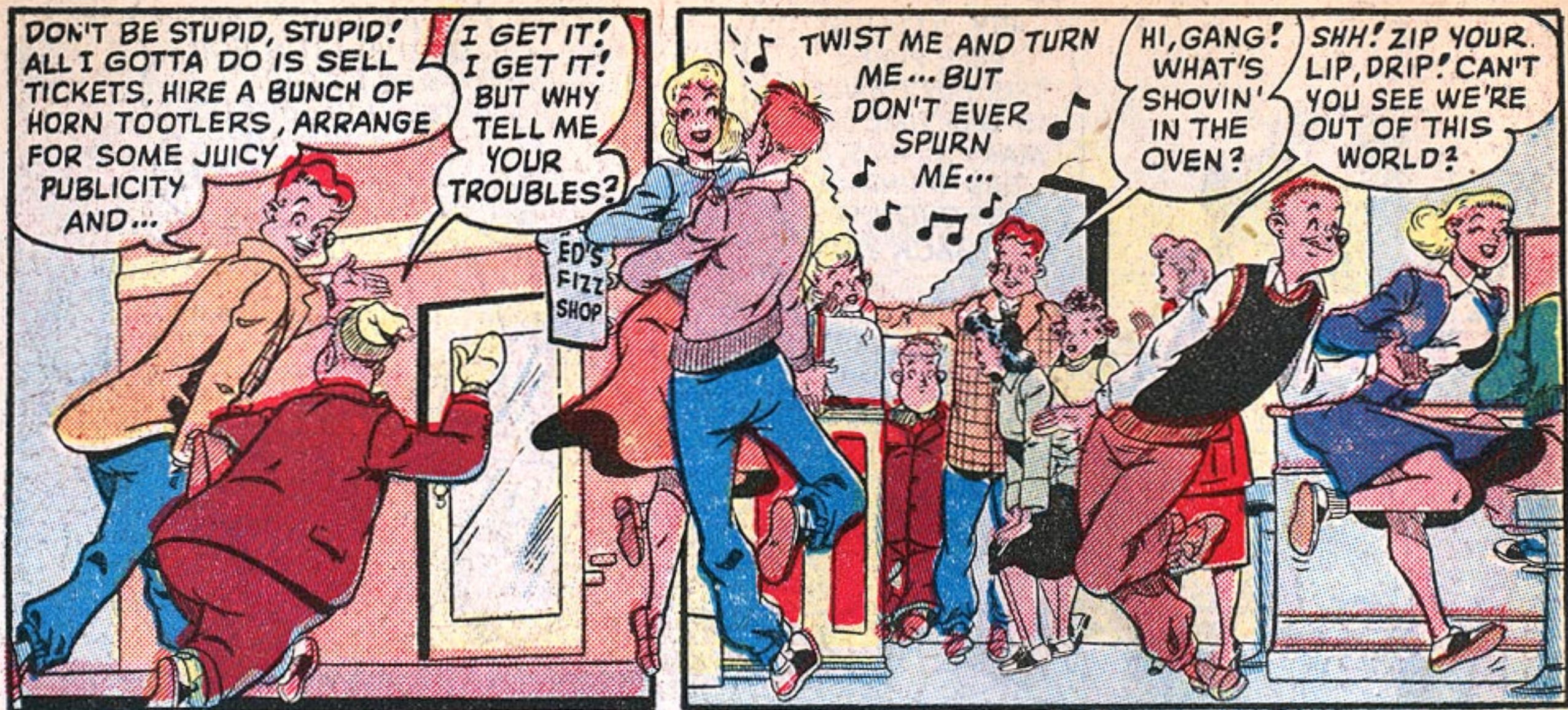


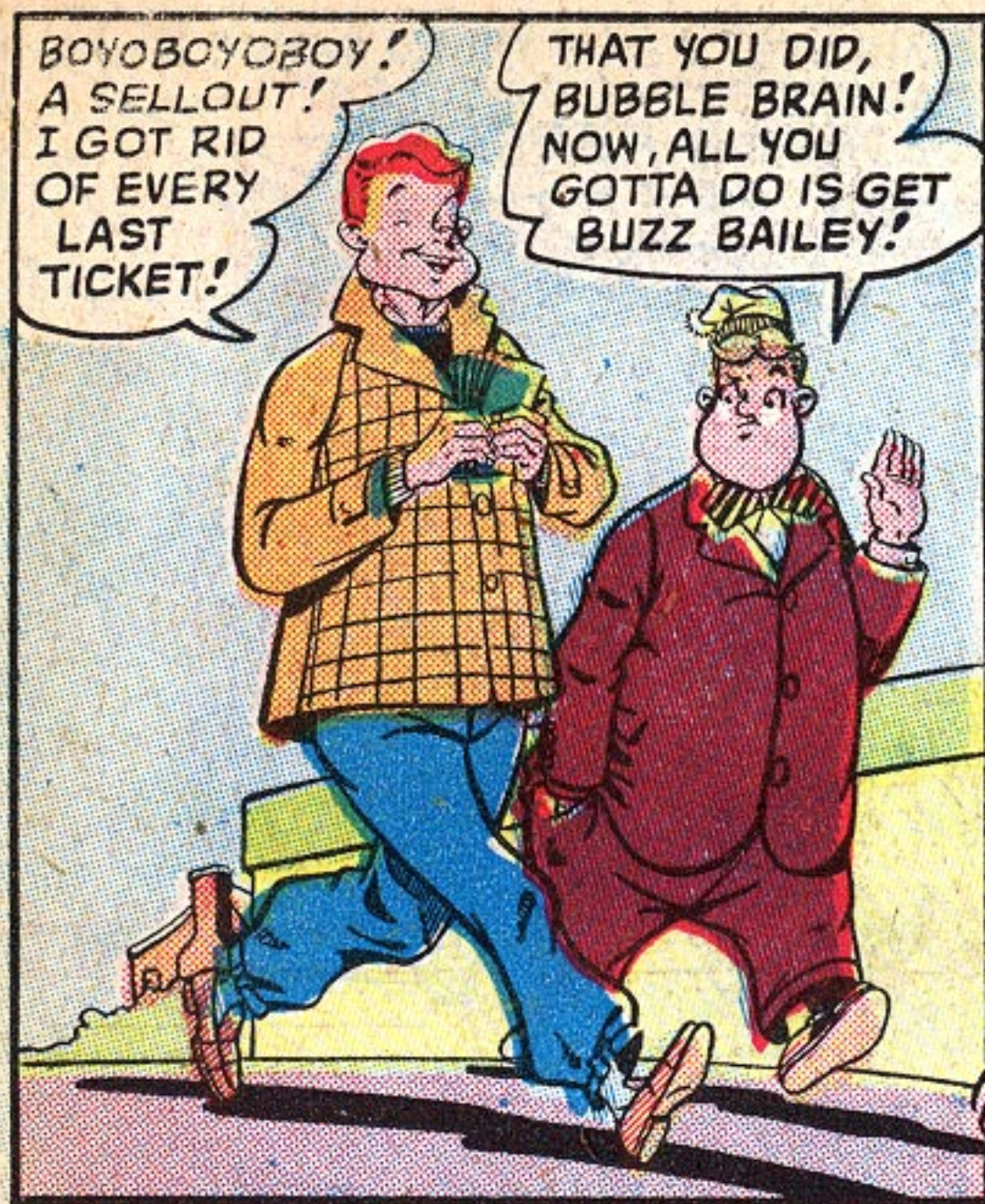




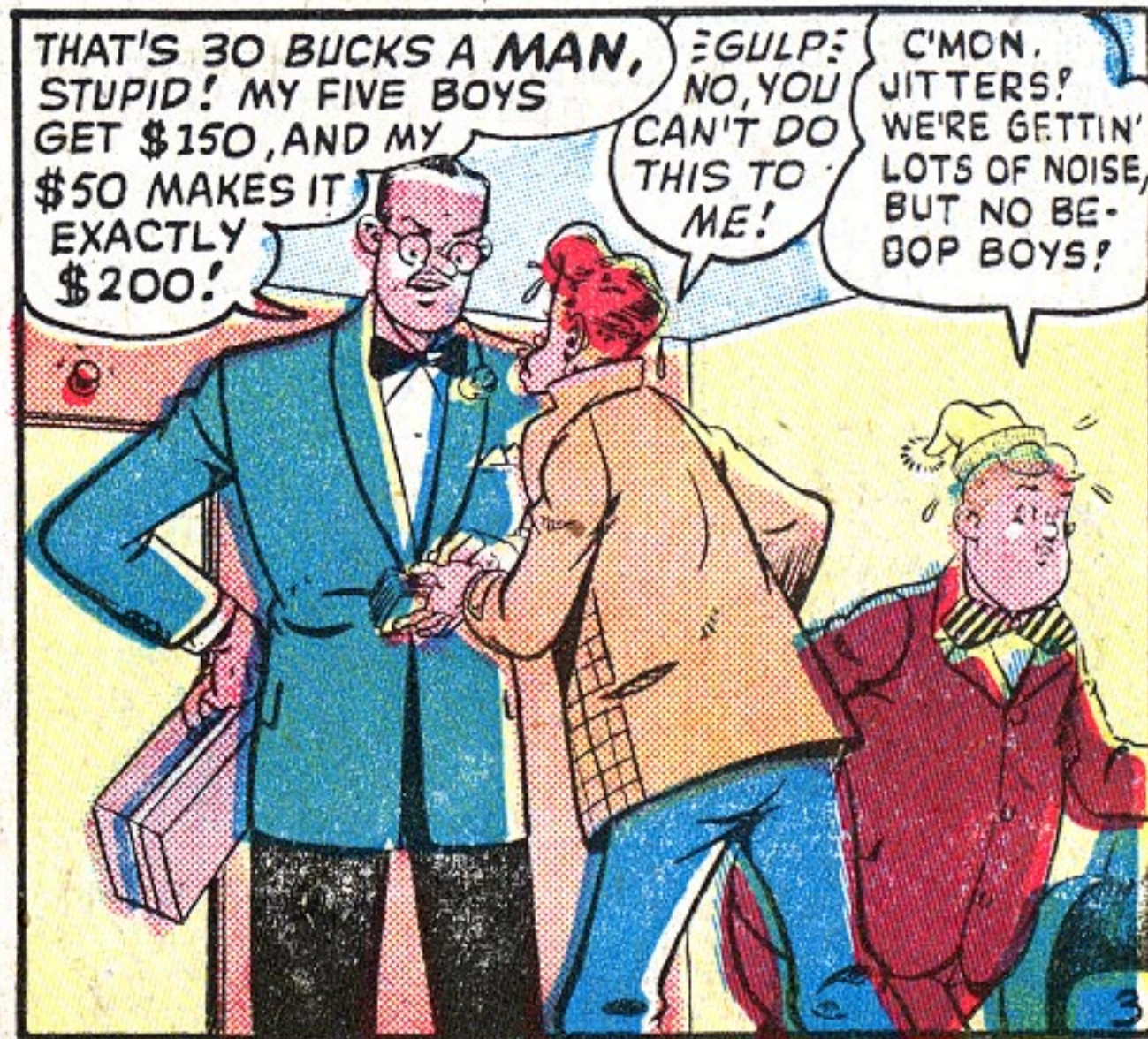
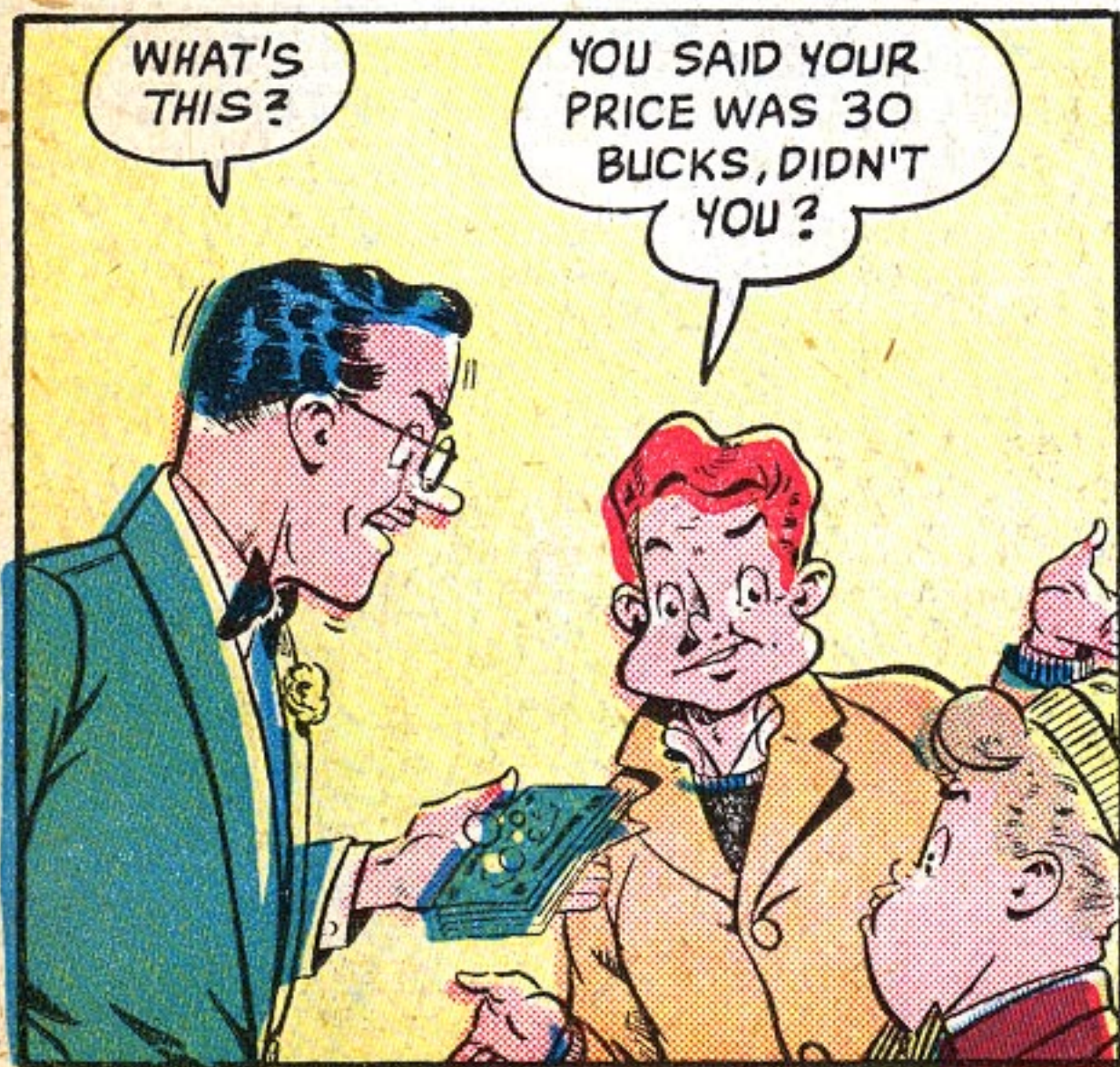
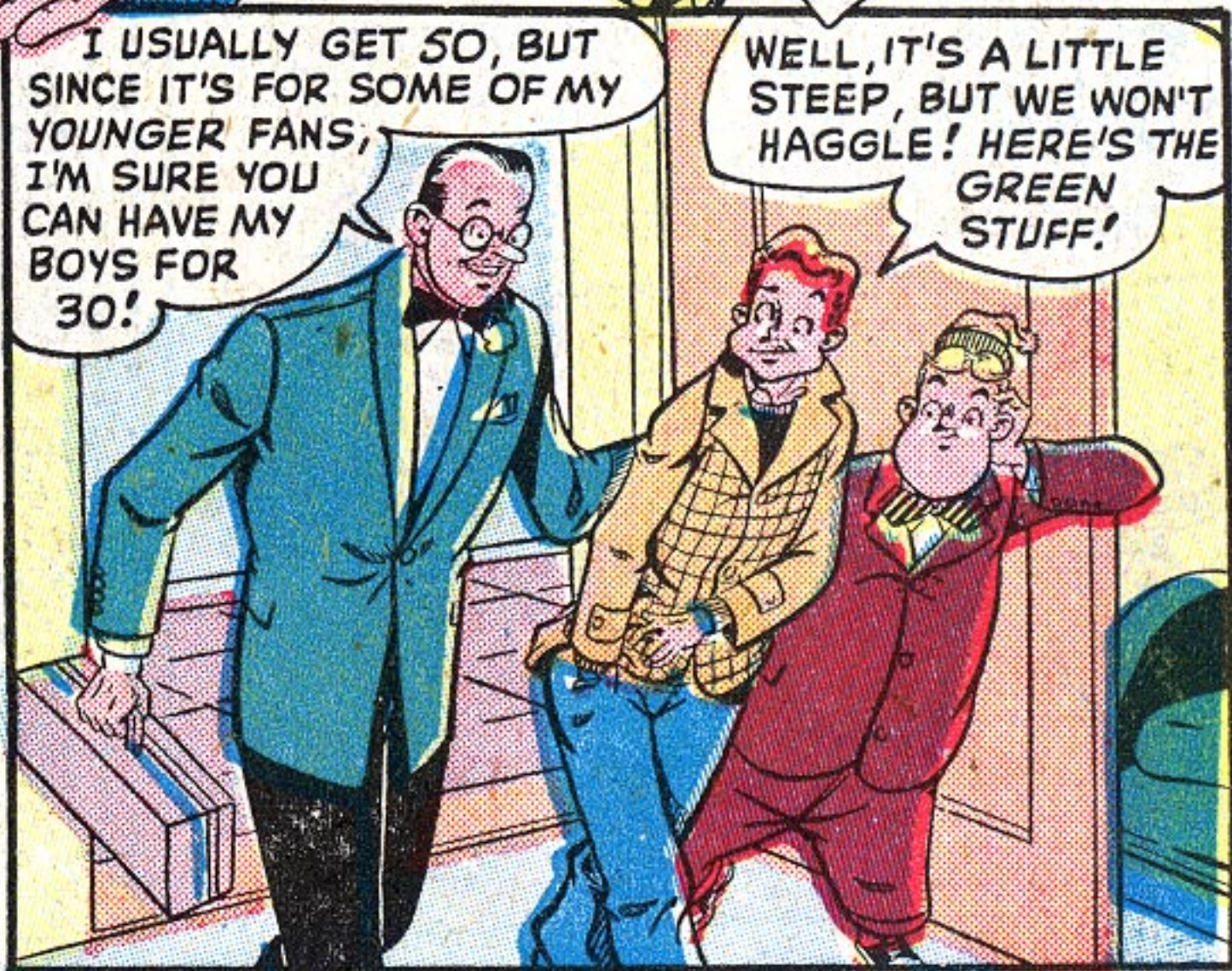
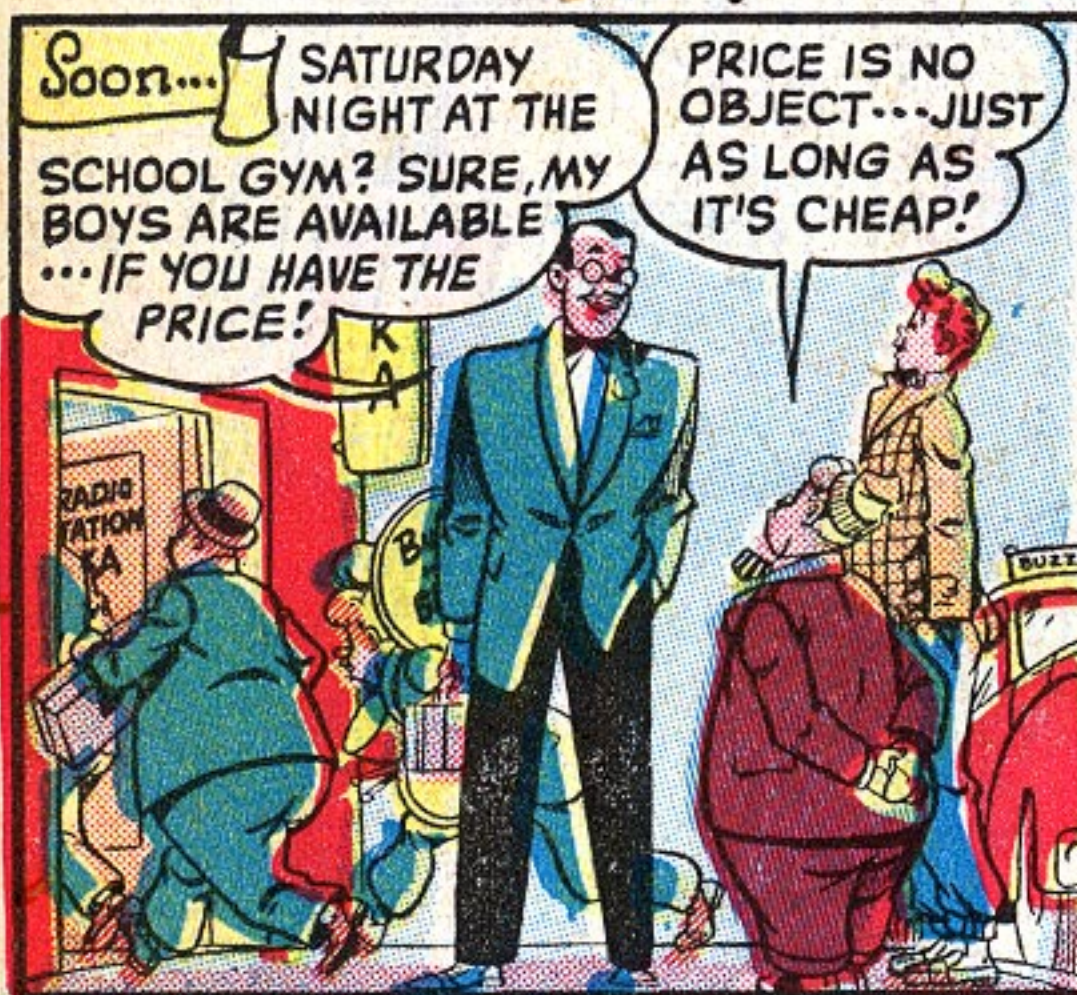
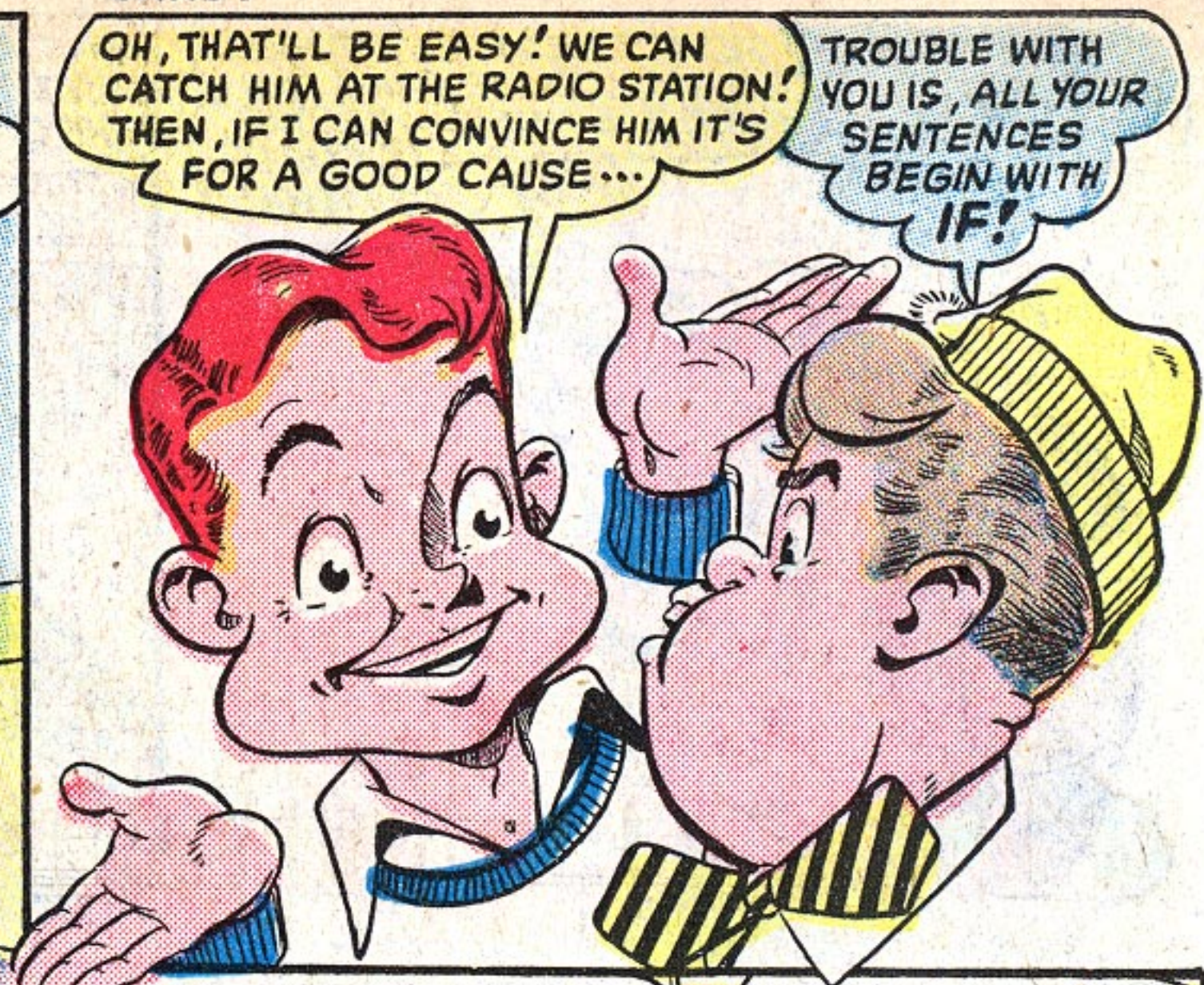






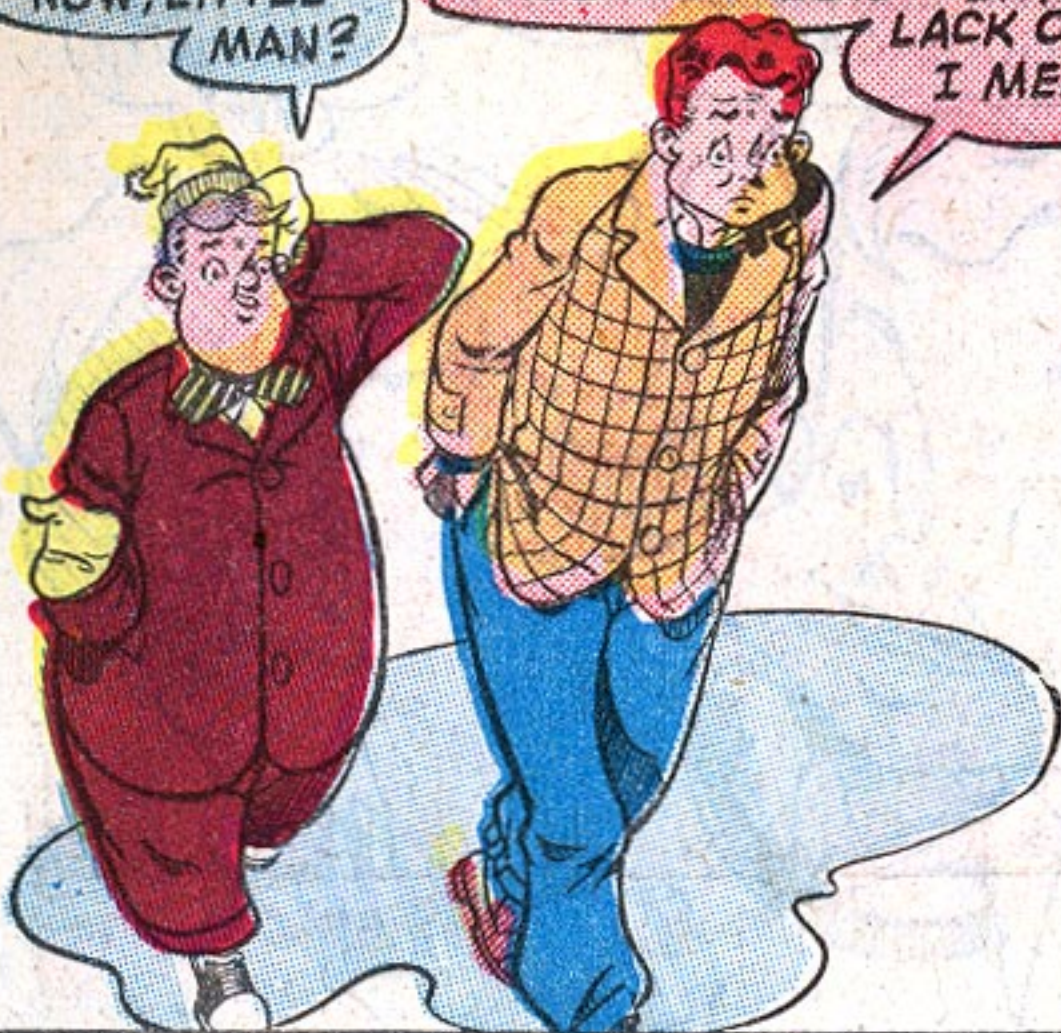


CANDY

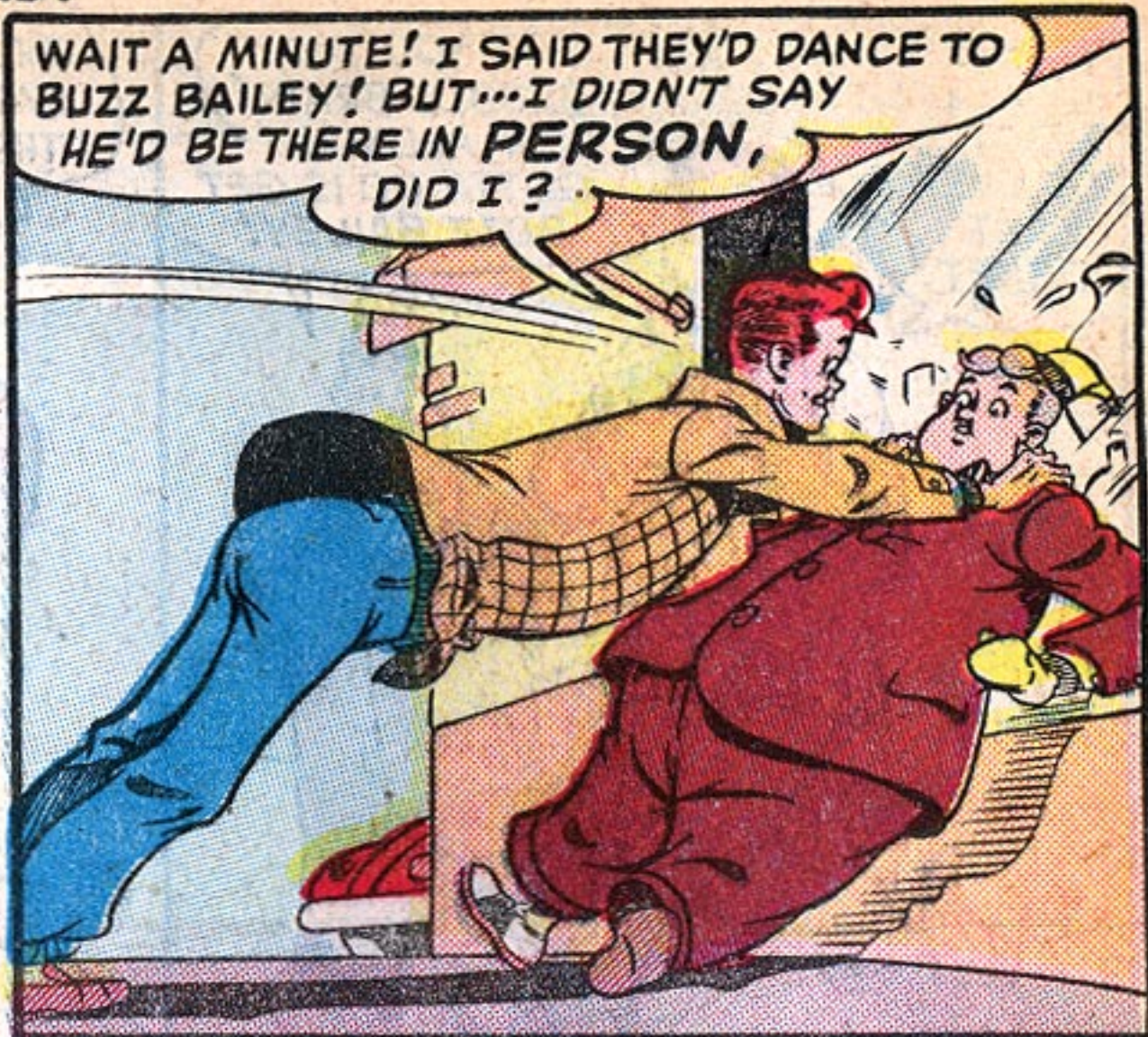


NO BUZZ BAILEY..
NO DANCE! WHAT
NOW, LITTLE
MAN?

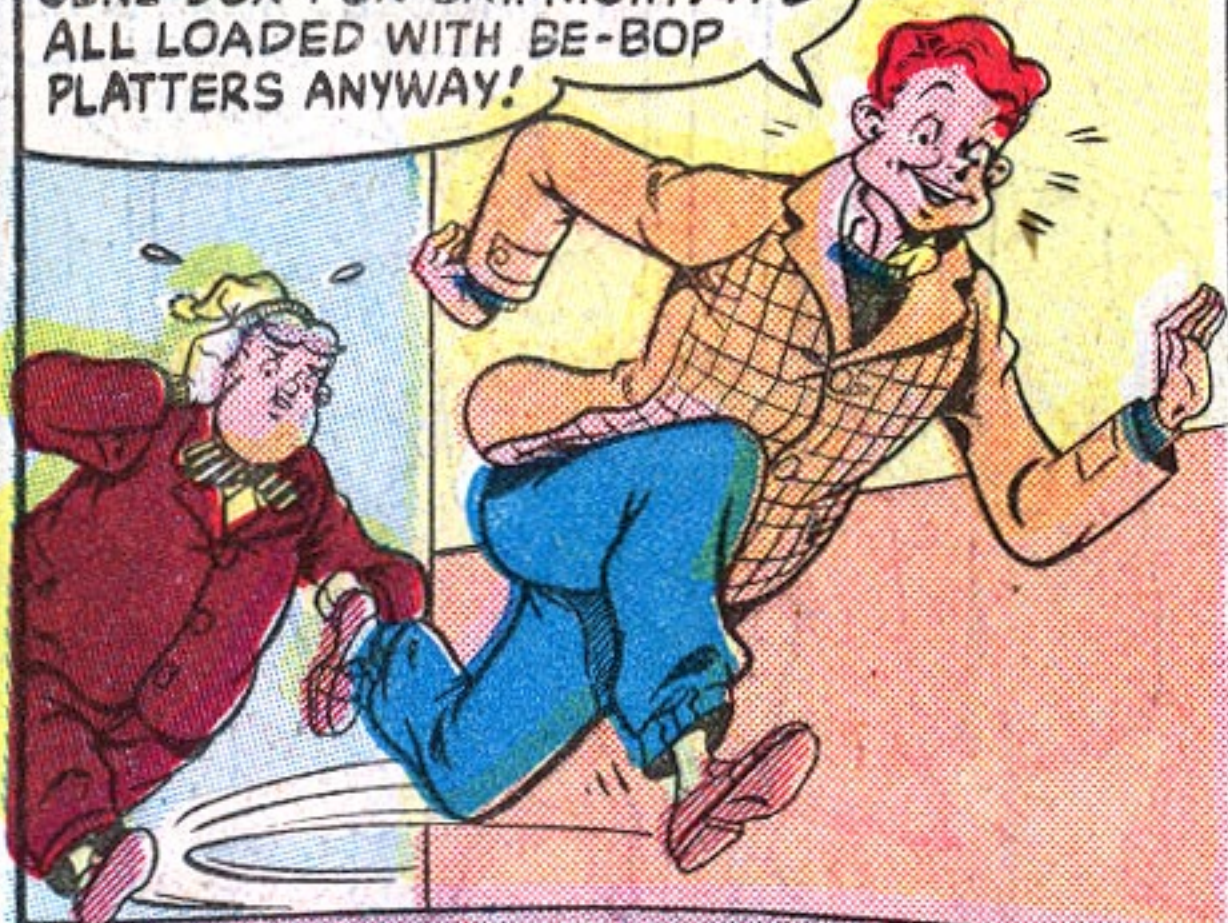
SEARCH ME! MIGHT AS WELL
GO BACK TO THE GANG AND
FACE THE MUSIC... ER, THE
LACK OF IT,
I MEAN!



WAIT A MINUTE! I SAID THEY'D DANCE TO
BUZZ BAILEY! BUT...I DIDN'T SAY
HE'D BE THERE IN **PERSON**,
DID I?

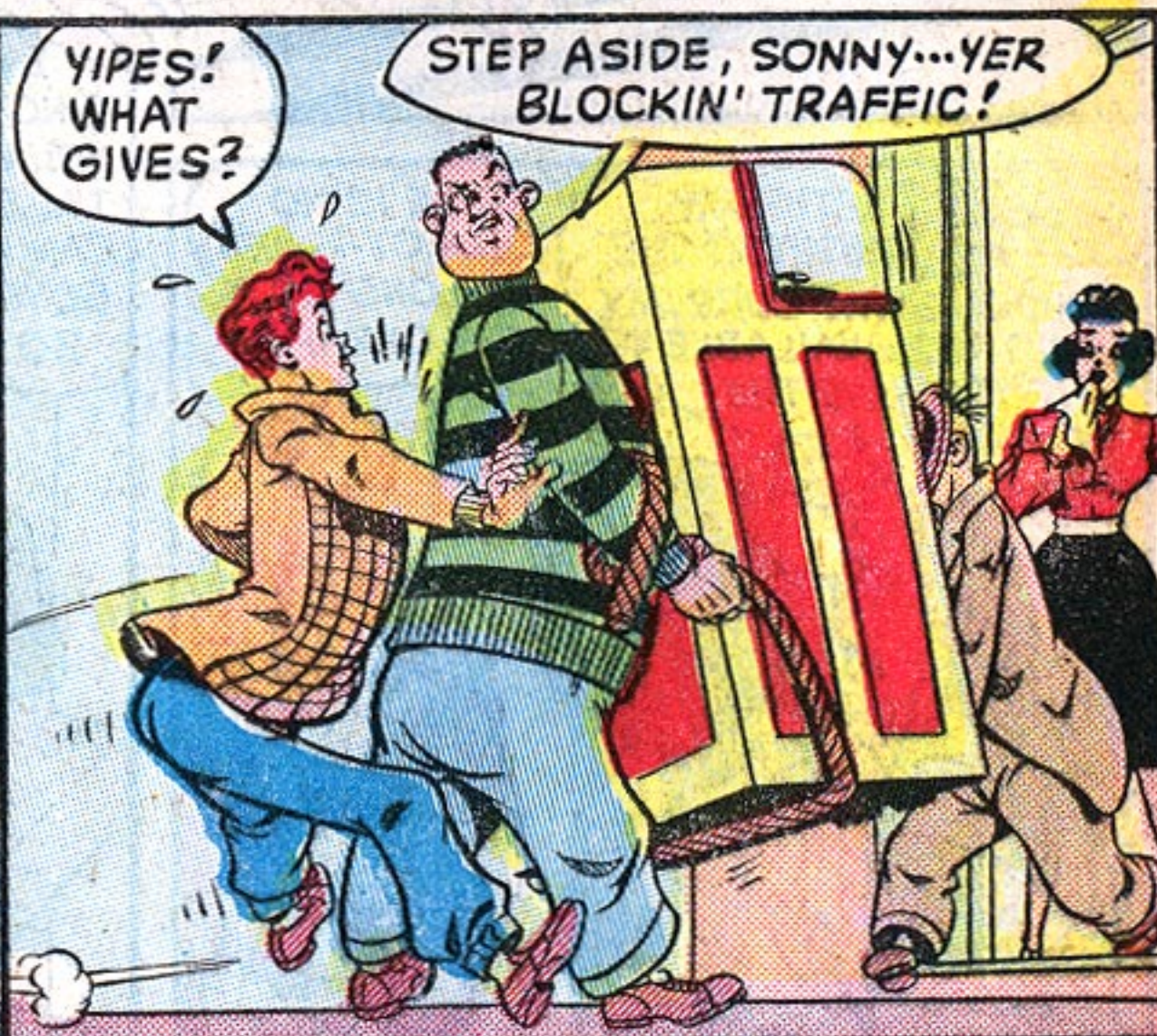


BEAT YOUR FEET, BUGS... WE GOT WORK TO
DO! WE'LL RENT THE FIZZ SHOP
JUKE BOX FOR SAT. NIGHT! IT'S
ALL LOADED WITH BE-BOP
PLATTERS ANYWAY!



YIPES!
WHAT
GIVES?

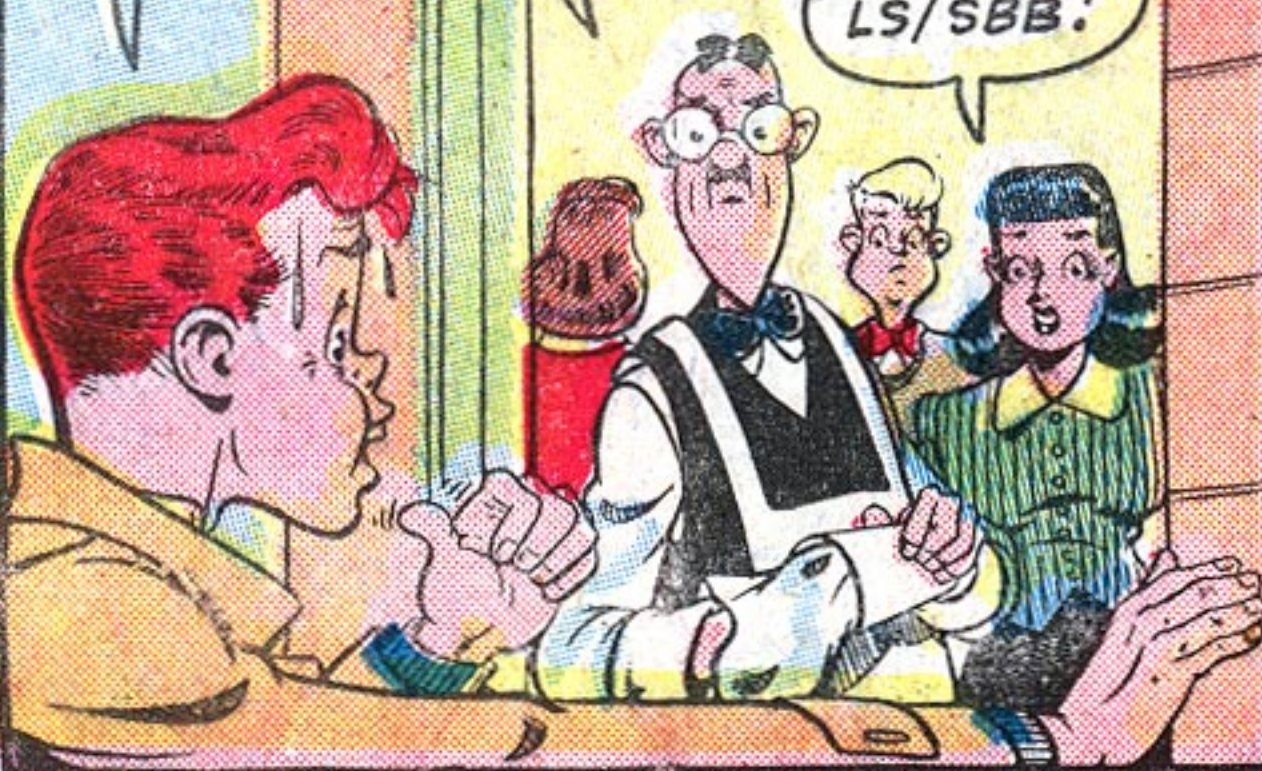
STEP ASIDE, SONNY...YER
BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC!



WHAT'S
UP, ED?
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH THE
JUKE?

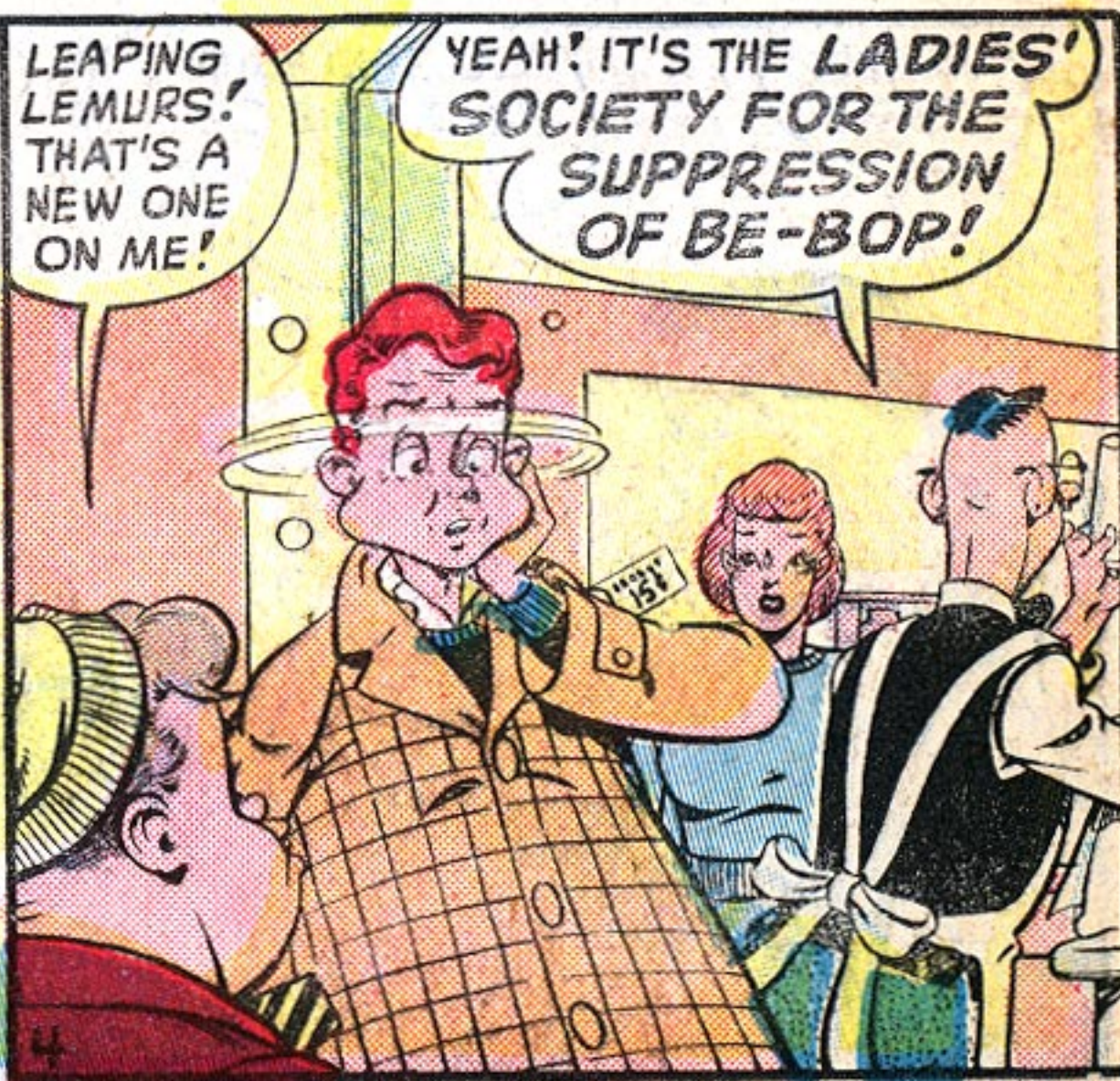
YOU GOT ME, JITTERS! A COUPLE OF
OLD MAIDS CAME WITH A WARRANT
FROM THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! THEY'RE
ROUNDING UP EVERY
JUKE BOX IN TOWN!

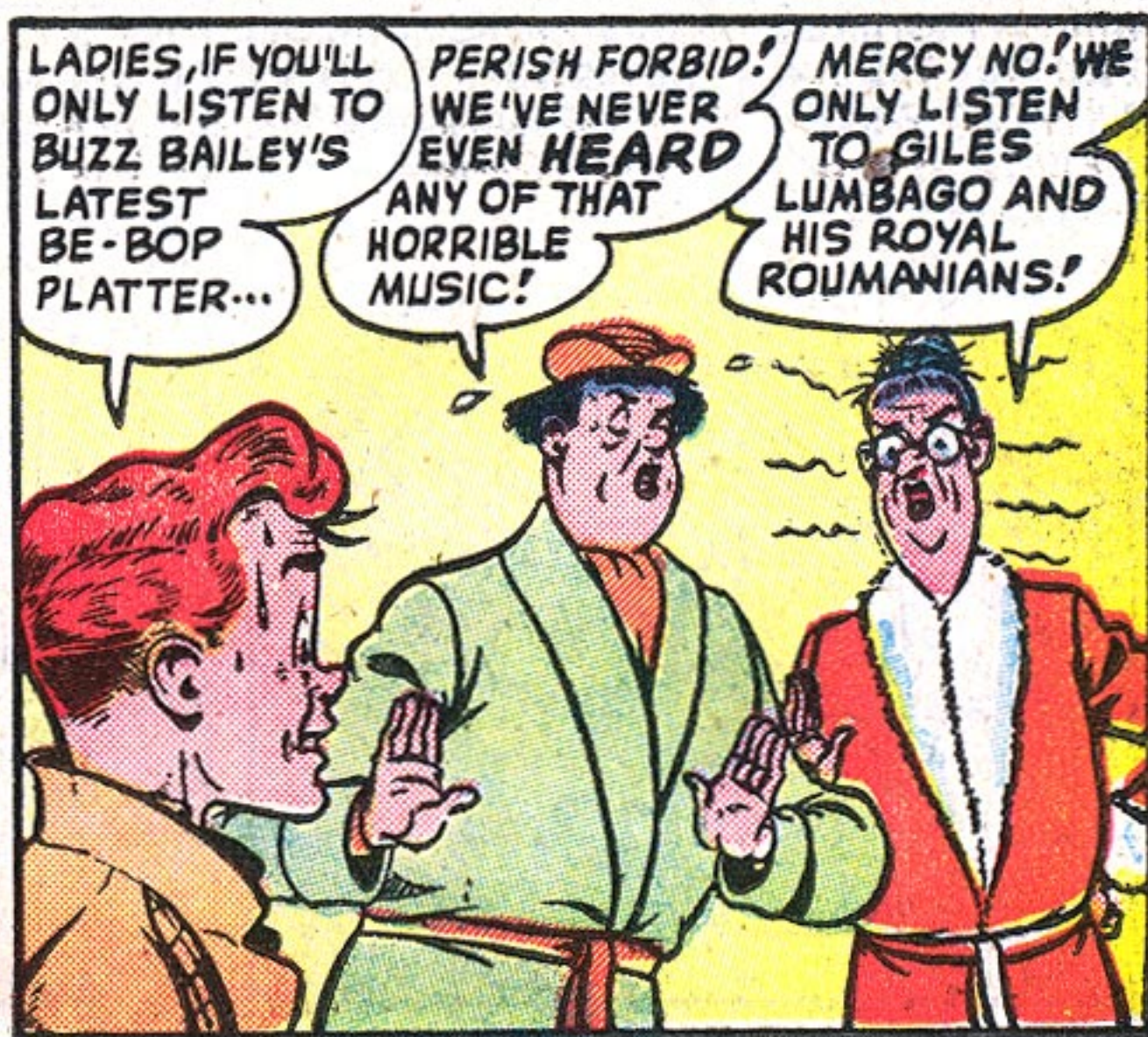
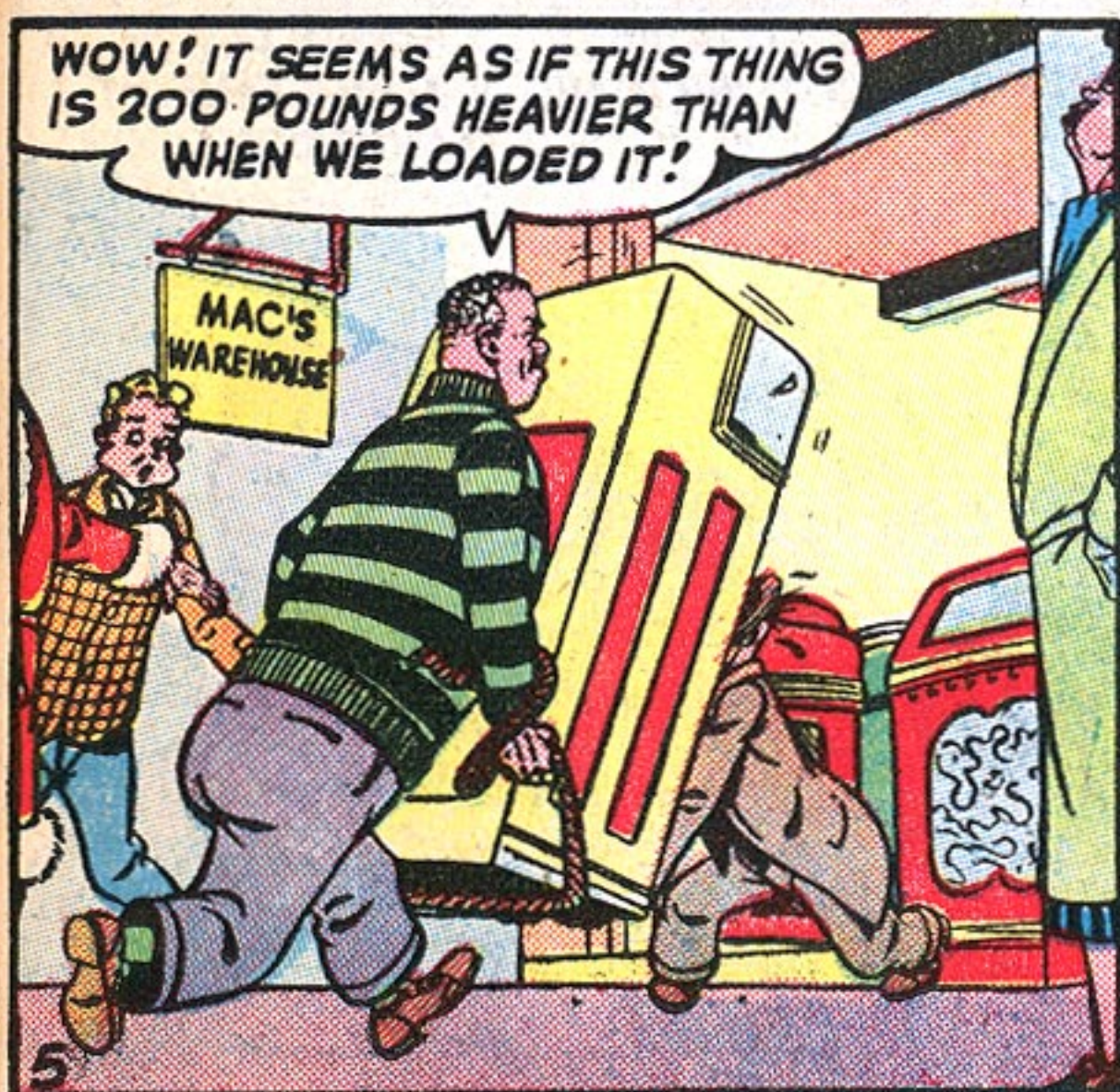
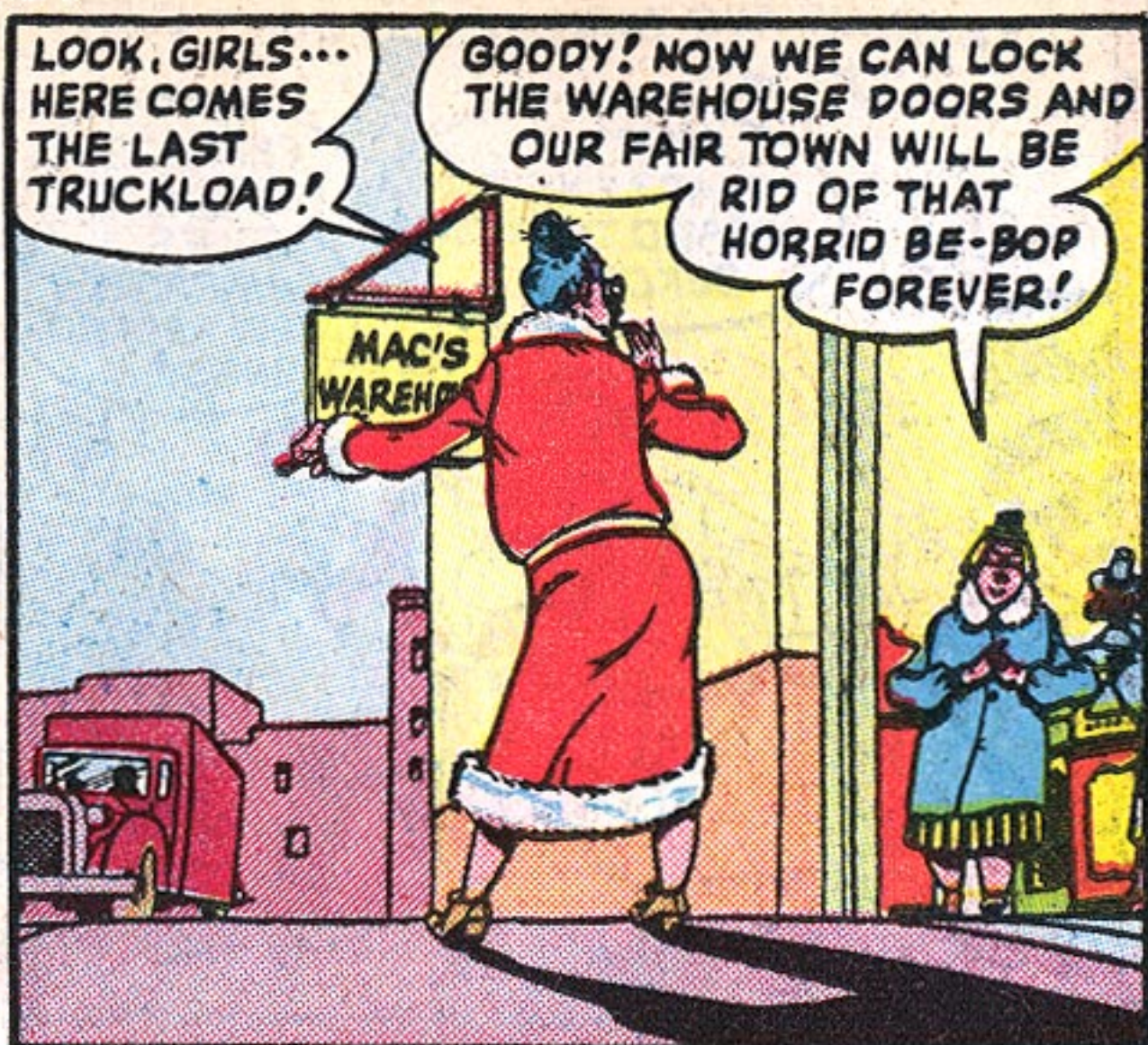
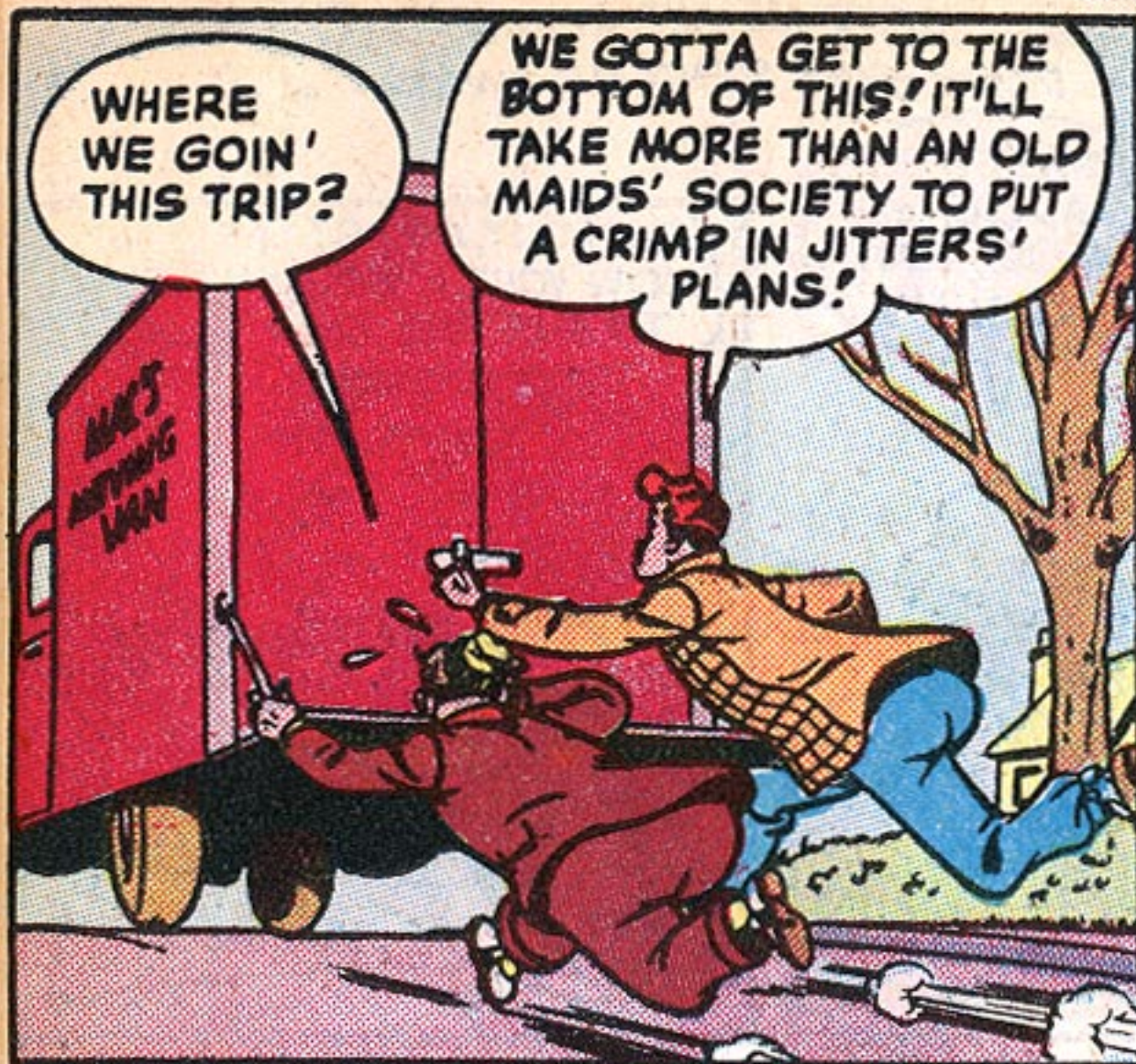
THEY SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT
LS/SBB!



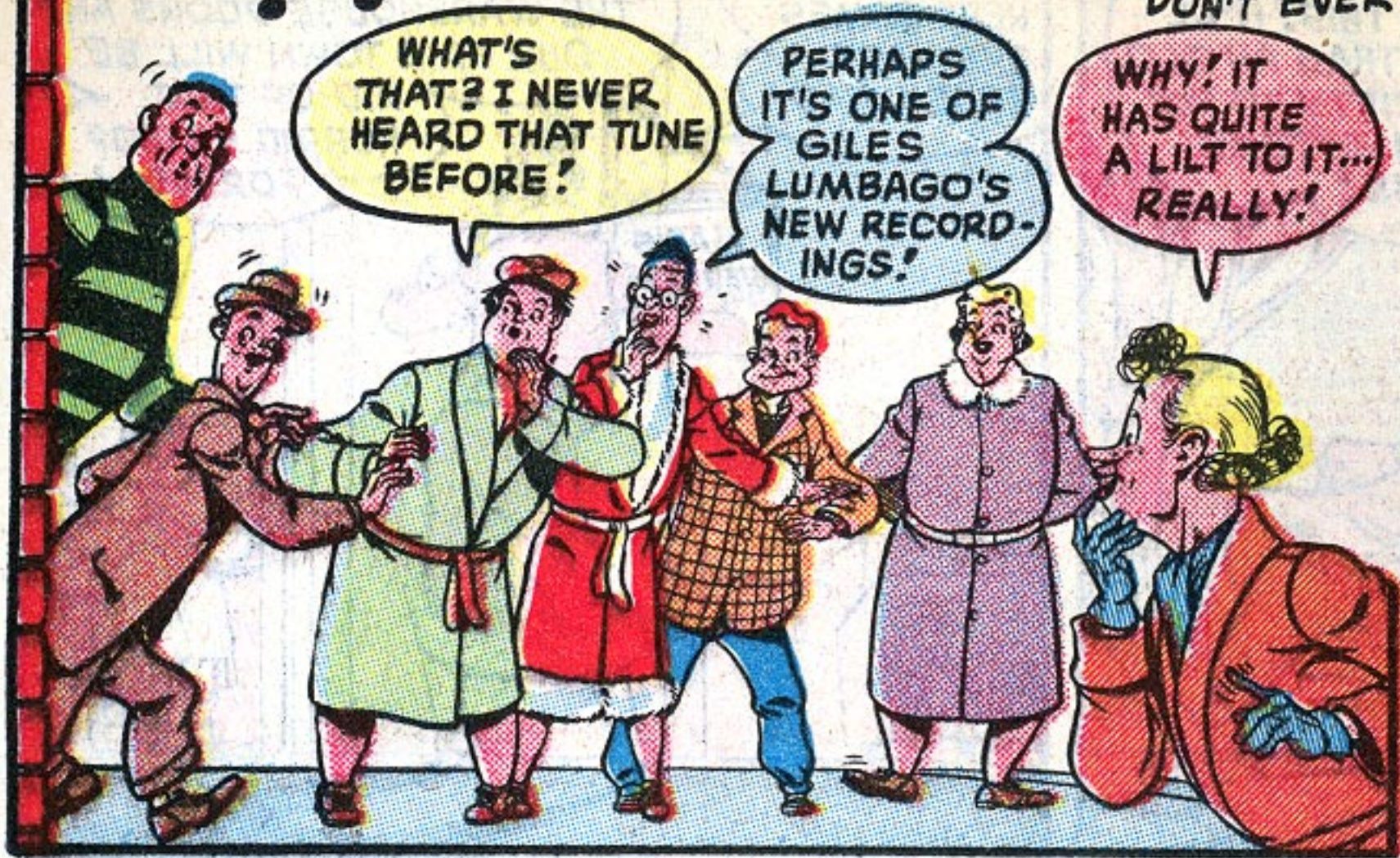
LEAPING
LEMURS!
THAT'S A
NEW ONE
ON ME!

YEAH! IT'S THE **LADIES'**
SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION
OF BE-BOP!





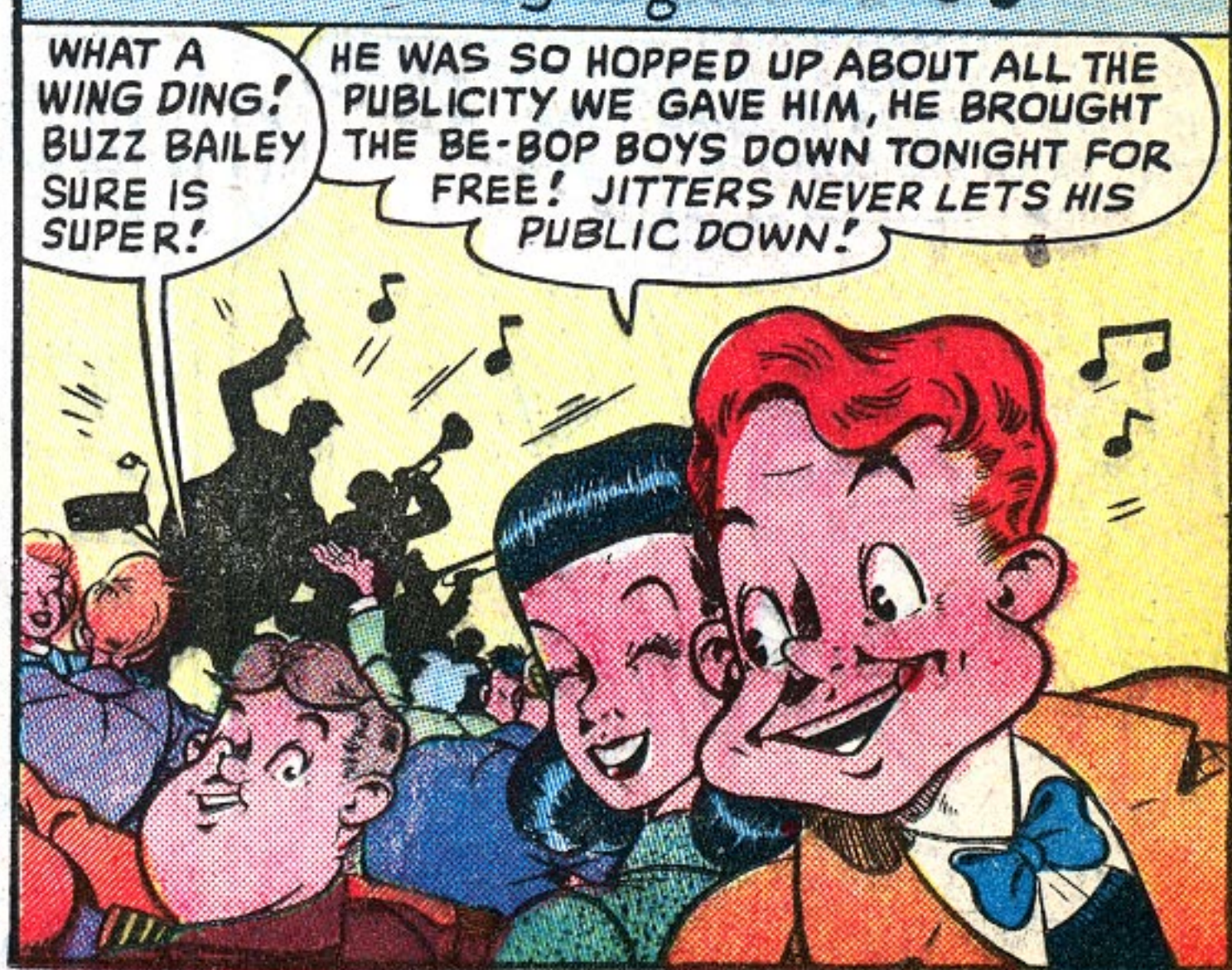
TWIST ME AND TURN ME, BUT DON'T EVER SPURN ME... BEND ME AND REND ME... BUT DON'T EVER SEND ME AWAY...



HUG ME AND SLUG ME, BUT DON'T EVER TUG AT MY HEART!



Saturday night...



Sauce for the Gander

"HI, kids!" Standing beside the frozen river in her new flame-red skating outfit, Candy O'Connor waved at the gang already on the ice. She was greeted by shouts and whistles, but her response was absent-minded. She had her eyes on a tall boy who was performing, by himself, on a smooth, clear spot in the center of the river. Candy recognized him as George Jensen, a new student at Hartwick High—and was he dreamy!

Candy watched him, holding her breath. She'd never seen such figure skating. The Hartwick guys and girls thought they were good if they could master a figure eight. But this Georgie was doing figures so intricate that Candy felt she didn't even have enough education to read them!

"Hi, glitter-queen, be right with you!" Ted Dawson, far out on the river, bent forward in a racing stride and sailed across the ice toward Candy. At the same moment, George Jensen looked up and spotted her. Moving effortlessly he shot forward, weaving in and out among the other skaters. Cutting in front of Ted, he pulled up beside Candy with a deep bow. While Ted watched and sputtered, George took her skates and helped her to put them on.

"Yeeps, Georgie!" Candy breathed. "You are absolutely the most super skater I ever saw!"

"S nothing," George replied. "How about a lesson? I can teach you to do it in no time." He held out his crossed hands, Candy gripped them, and they sailed away across the ice in perfect time to the Skaters' Waltz, that was throbbing from somebody's portable.

"Hey, Candy!" Ted scowled. "I thought" but Candy, smiling up at George as he talked, didn't even hear him.

"What's the matter, Teddy-boy?"

Turning as he heard the sarcastic female

voice, Ted found Cornelia Clyde standing beside him.

"If you had any backbone, Ted Dawson," Cornelia continued, "you'd teach that Candy O'Connor a lesson. If you'd show her and get another girl, she'd stop chasing every new boy who comes to town. Of course, you'd have to get a cute girl . . . one who could give her some competition."

Cornelia smiled up at him and fluttered her eyelashes, and Ted stared at her thoughtfully.

"For once, Cornelia," he muttered, "I think you've got something."

"Okay," Cornelia said, holding out her hands. "Let's go skating."

"Oh, I didn't mean you, Cornelia," Ted chortled. "What would Herbie say?" And with a sweep of his skates he was away across the ice, leaving Cornelia red-faced and angry.

Candy, meanwhile, was gliding along with Georgie at her side. "It's such a definitely superior day!" she sighed dreamily. The sun sparkled from thousands of ice crystals, the air was just cold enough, her new ensemble was out of this world, and Georgie Jensen was not only a good-looking lad, but the most solid skater she'd ever seen outside the movies. She wondered if he was going to the Skaters' Ball that evening, and whether he'd dated a girl for it yet.

"Say, Georgie . . ." she began. But George interrupted her.

"Now watch this. A dance step I perfected only recently." He dropped her hands and skated ahead to perform the difficult maneuver.

"It's smooth," Candy said. "Do you ever try it without skates?"

But instead of answering, George continued to point out the difficulties involved and how well he had mastered them. A new thought entered Candy's mind. Maybe the guy can't do anything but skate! Her attention began to

wander, but George was too busy talking to notice. Candy looked around. She had a funny feeling that something was missing, and then she realized that it was Ted. By all rights, while she skated with another guy, Ted should be standing around glowering. Of course she didn't really want him to do that—oh, no—but still, it gave her a peculiar feeling to realize he wasn't even in sight. Didn't he even care?

"How perfectly wonderful, Georgie!" Candy sighed at an appropriate spot in George's recitation. And then she stumbled and almost knocked both herself and George to the ground.

"Sorry!" she gasped. "I . . . it's nothing!"

"Well, you'd better watch where you're skating!" George said coldly, as Candy continued to twist her neck around to look behind her.

"I was just watching that girl!" Candy explained. "Who is she? I mean—she's a wonderful skater, isn't she?"

"Naturally," George replied. "I taught her to skate. She's my sister."

But Candy hardly heard him. She couldn't take her eyes off the girl and her partner . . . for it was Ted Dawson who held her hands and smiled down into her eyes. *Ted!* Candy's eyes watched the pair angrily as they skated closer, but it was hard to find anything about the girl to criticize. Petite, blonde and cute, she had a dreamgirl figure and she flitted over the ice like a graceful bird. And Ted, beaming down into her face, looked as if he didn't know anyone else existed.

"Candy!" George said impatiently. "I can't teach you to figure skate if you won't pay attention!"

"Maybe you'd better find somebody else to teach, then," Candy cried angrily. She turned her back and skated off alone while George stared after her, bewildered. He couldn't see that she was blinking her eyes rapidly, and gulping down a lump in her throat.

Candy headed away from the crowd, up the river. Even blinking hard she couldn't keep the tears out of her eyes, and that's why she didn't see the big red letters on the sign past which she skated. Her first warning was the sharp crack of the ice at her feet, and shouts

from the kids down the river. Then she was in the icy water, weighted down by her skates and struggling instinctively to keep her head up.

The faster skaters were there in an instant. George's tall figure, standing safely outside the danger zone, was directing rescue operations. "Just keep calm, Candy!" he called. "Don't thresh around! We'll have you out in a minute!"

"Get that ladder on the bank . . . and the rope!" he called to the boys who were already headed that way. To Candy it looked like a long way to the bank and back. The water was so cold she could hardly get her breath, and when she did breathe the water rushed into her mouth. And there was the awful pull on her feet, threatening to suck her down and under the ice! Keep calm, indeed!

"Just relax, Chick," said a voice behind her, "and give me your hand. You'll be okay till they get here." At first Candy thought she was hearing things, but the hand that gripped hers was real. It was Ted, lying flat on the thin ice and stretched out to reach her!

"Oh, T-T-Ted!" Candy gasped with chattering teeth. "I was n-never s-so gald t-t-to see you!" She hung on tightly to his hand.

"After all, I had to get you out of here," Ted chuckled. "Or I wouldn't have a date for the Skaters' Ball tonight!"

"You s-seemed to be doing all r-right!" Candy stuttered. It was hard to be dignified in such a situation. It was just as well the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the ladder and rope.

Later, wrapped in a warm blanket and sitting before a big fire, Candy discovered that she was still clinging tightly to Ted's hand, while he grinned at her. Nonchalantly she tried to ease her hand away, but it didn't move. Ted was hanging on tightly, too!

"You've really got to hand it to that Cornelia," Ted said. "She taught me a lesson. What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose!"

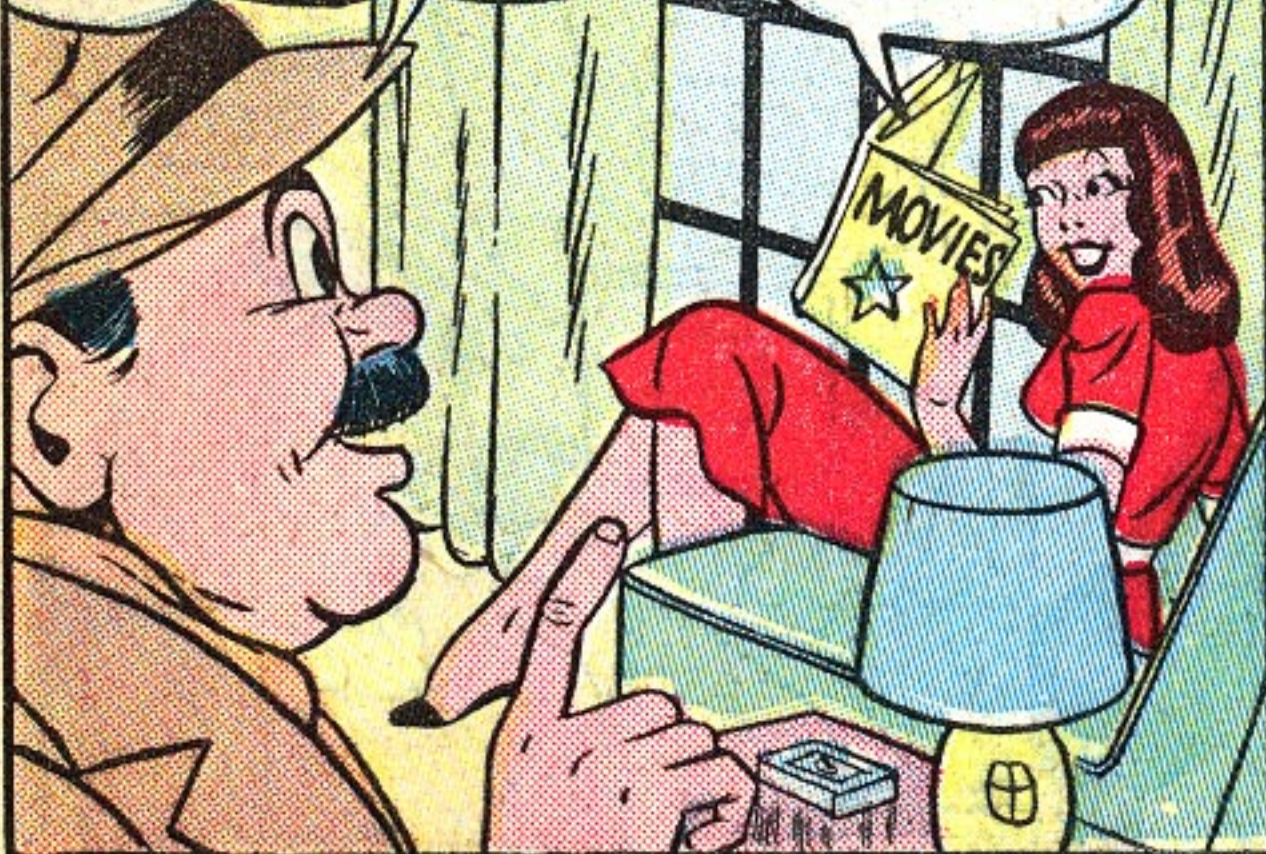
Candy, leaning back contentedly and dreaming about the dance that night, wondered what on earth he was talking about.

CANDY



CONGRATULATE YOUR DAD, CANDY! I'VE JUST BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE HARTWICK MEN'S CLUB!

SWELL, DAD! NOW I MUST DRESS LIKE A PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER!



I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, CANDY! SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS GOING TO COST ME MONEY!

BUT I SAW THE MOST SUPER SKUNK JACKET, DAD! FOR ONLY \$125!



AND I SHOULD BE THE BEST-DRESSED GIRL IN TOWN! NOW THAT YOU'RE PRESIDENT, IT'S A MUST!

WELL...IF YOUR HEART'S SET ON A FUR JACKET, THERE *IS* A WAY YOU MIGHT GET IT!

I KNEW YOU'D BUY IT FOR ME, DAD!

I DIDN'T SAY THAT, CANDY! THE MEN'S CLUB IS SPONSORING A DANCE CONTEST, WITH A \$100 CASH PRIZE TO THE WINNING COUPLE! YOU WIN AND I'LL FOOT THE REST OF THE BILL!

DANCE CONTEST! RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY, DAD!

DON'T BE TOO CONFIDENT, CANDY! THE CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL TEEN-AGERS IN HARTWICK!

INVITATIONS WILL BE SENT TO AMATEURS AND PRO-FRESSIONALS ALIKE...

SO WHAT? WHEN IT COMES TO RUG-CUTTING, TED DAWSON AND I CAN HOLD OUR OWN WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

YOU WON'T HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO ANY SO-CALLED RUG-CUTTING! IT'S A WALTZ CONTEST!

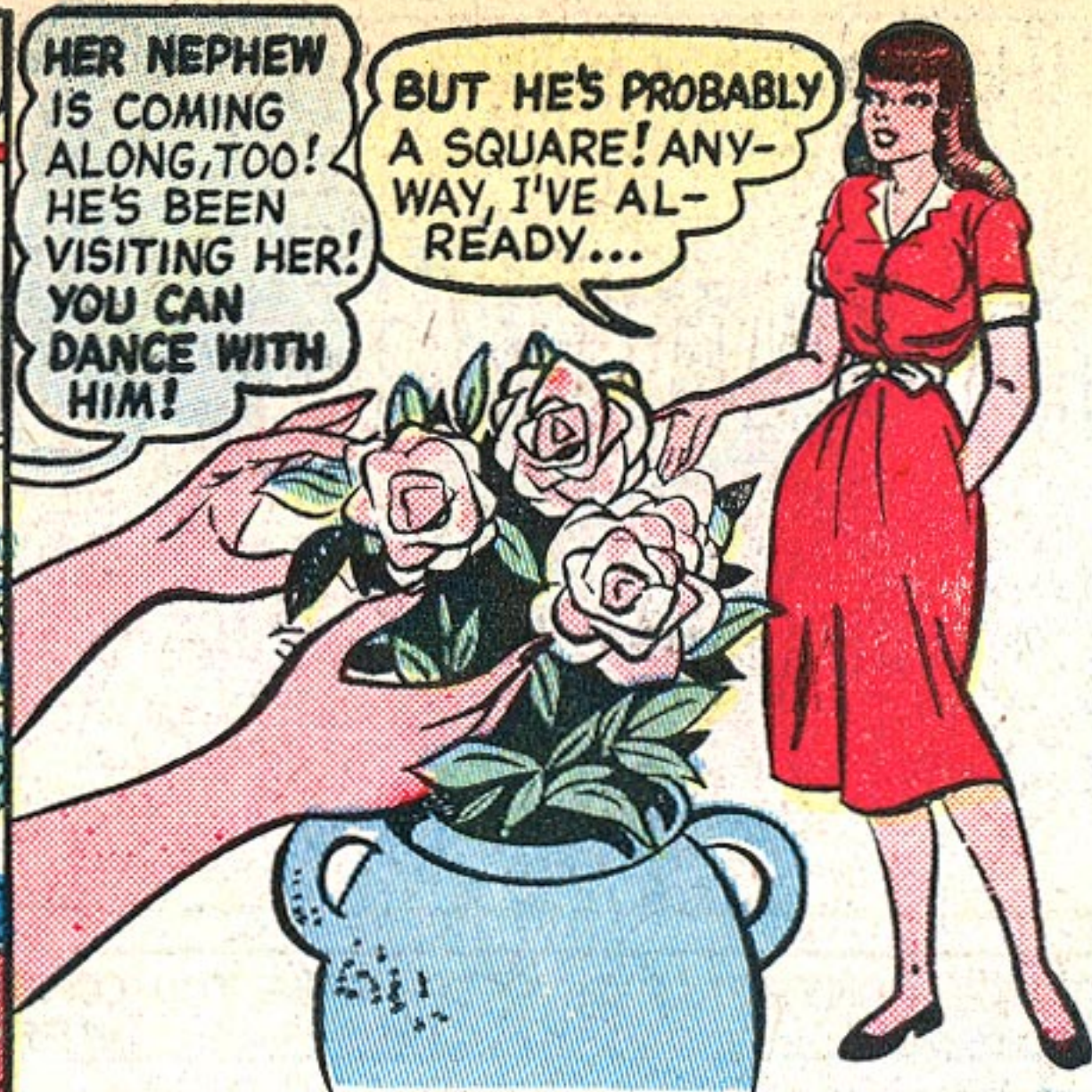
HMM...WELL, TED AND I DON'T MIND BEING LONG-HAIRS FOR ONE NIGHT! AND THE FUR JACKET IS IN THE BAG!

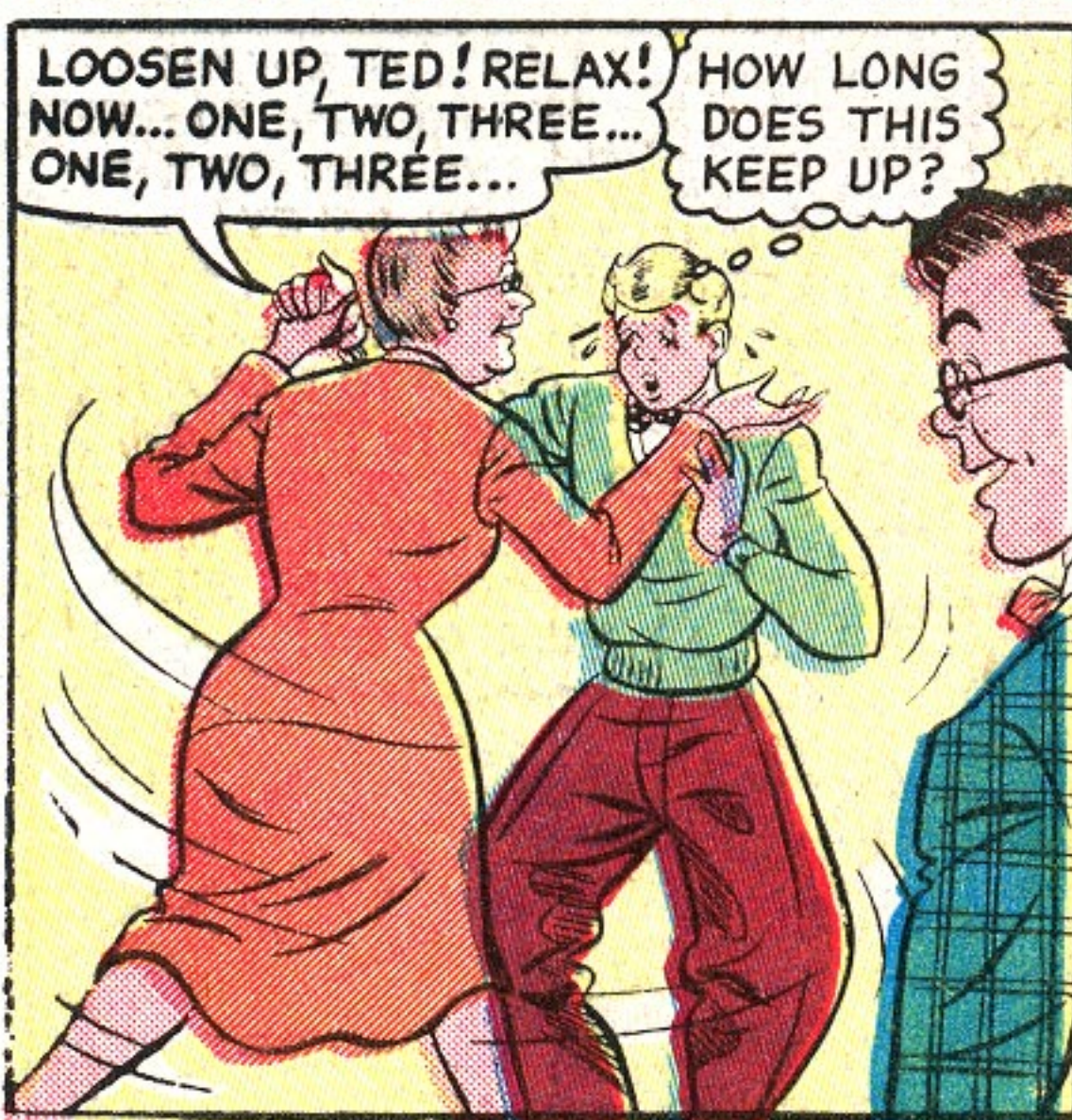
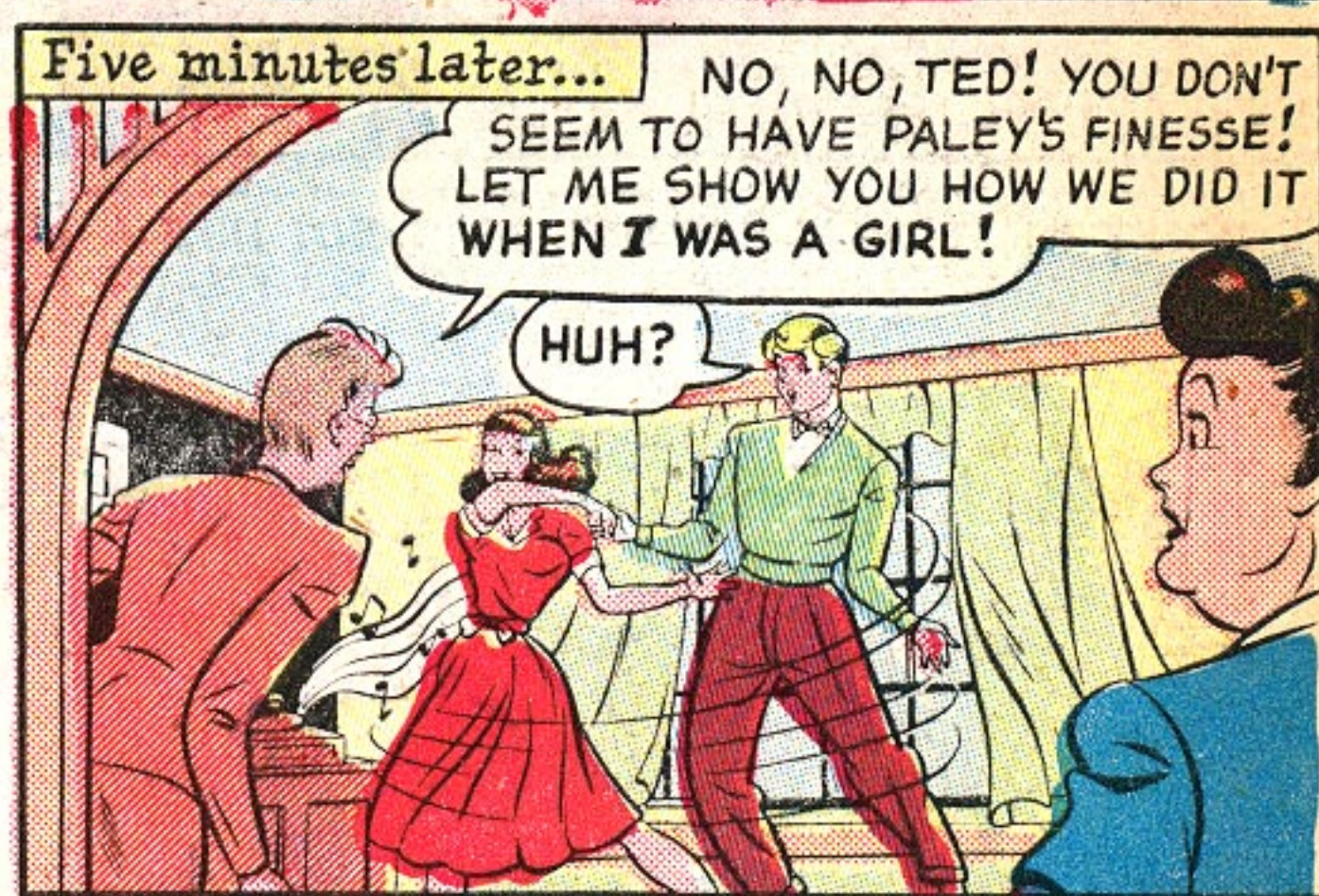
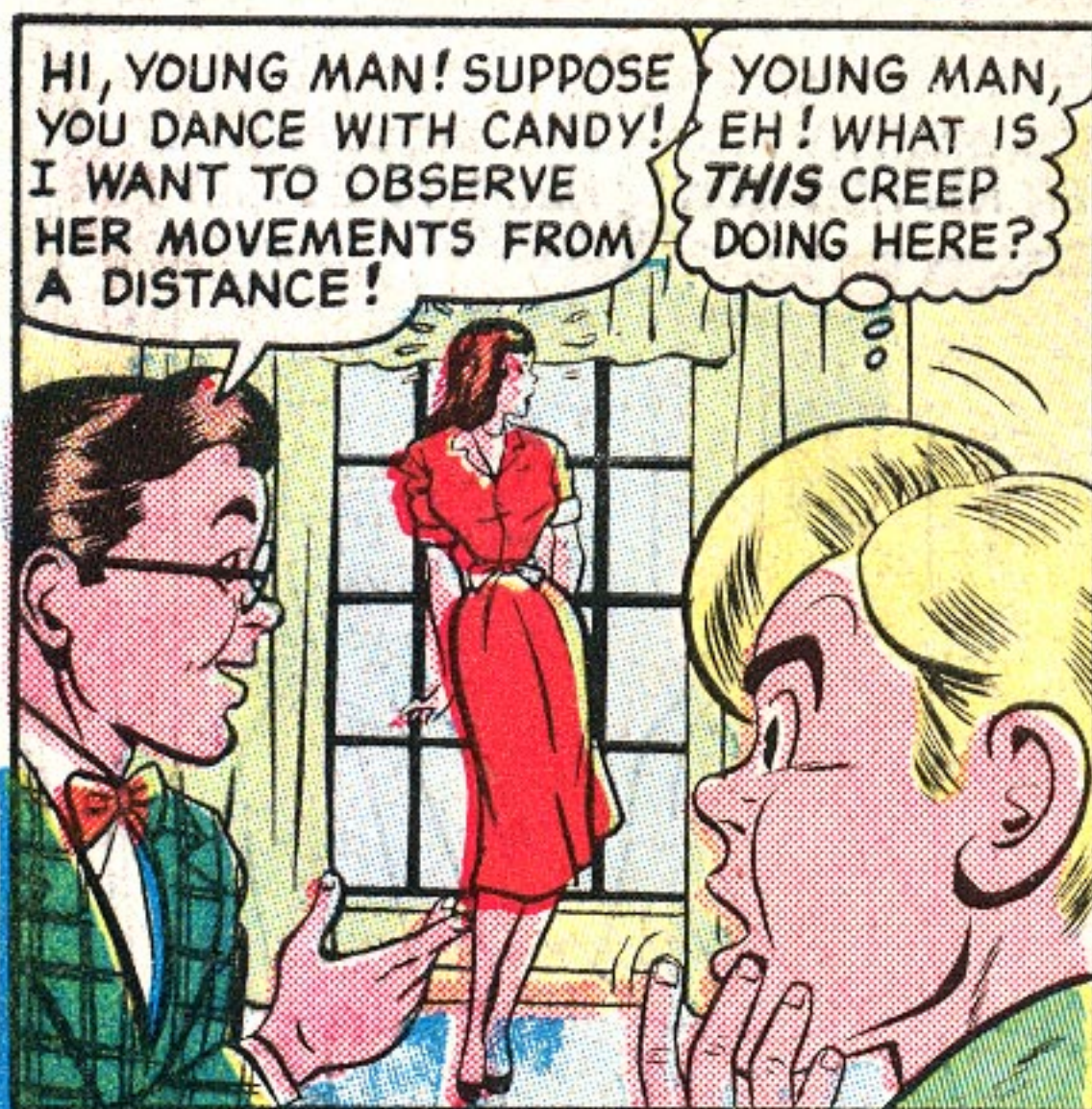
BUT I'D BETTER GET TED OVER HERE RIGHT A-WAY! WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF PRACTICE TO WIN A WALTZ CONTEST!

HI, TED! THIS IS CANDY! I JUST GOT THE LOWDOWN ON A DANCE CONTEST MADE TO ORDER FOR US TO WIN... IF WE PRACTICE HARD! IT'S WORTH \$100!

START THE MUSIC, SUGAR-CAKE! YOUR LITTLE MAN HAS ITCHY FEET!







YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT THE CONTEST, MRS. MURPHY...

YES! CANDY AND PALEY ARE ENTERING IT TOGETHER! THEY'LL WIN IT EASILY! THEY'RE SIMPLY WONDERFUL!

PARDON ME, FOLKS! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT I HAVE TO BUY SOME ASPIRIN!

I SURE NEED ASPIRIN AFTER THIS DEAL!

TED! LET ME EXPLAIN...

YOU COULD STAY AND WATCH A WHILE, TED!

I'VE SEEN -- AND HEARD -- ENOUGH, KITTEN!

DAWSON, YOU HAVE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE! YOU SHOULD TAKE SOME STEPS YOURSELF OR YOUR LITTLE KITTEN WILL BE WALTZING ALL OVER YOU!

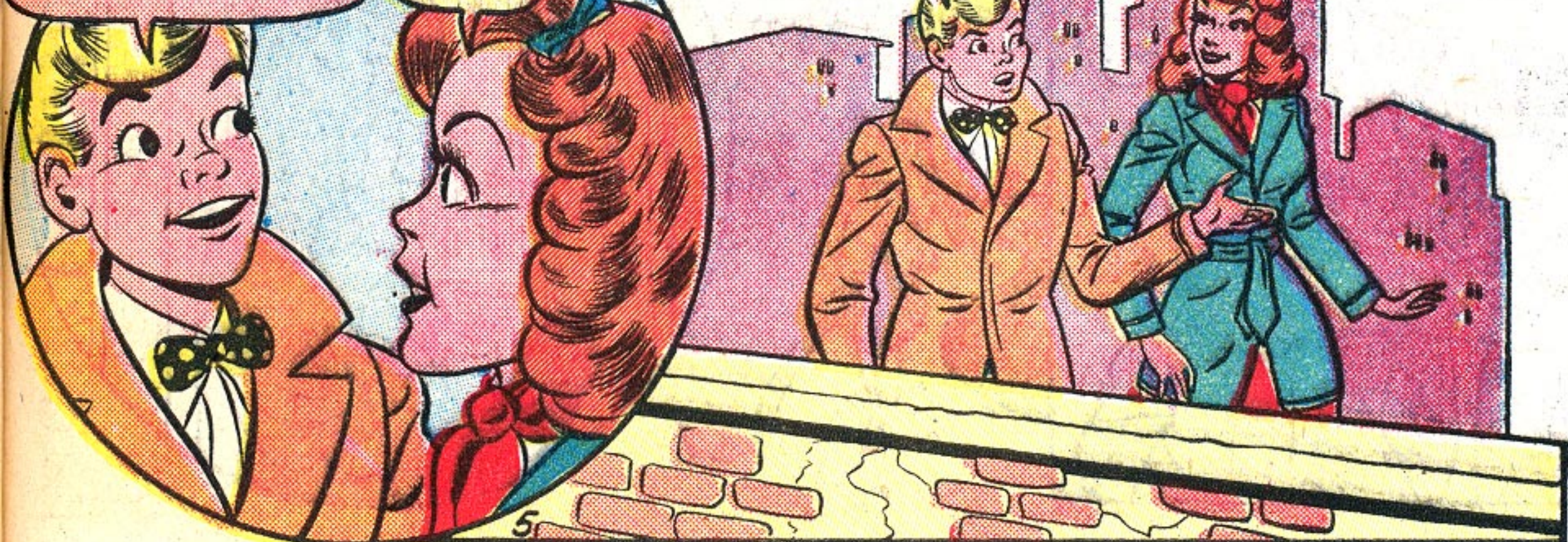
AH, LITTLE CORNELIA, THE COPPERHEAD! DAWSON, YOU ARE ABOUT TO TAKE A FEW FAST STEPS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

SHE'S TEAMED UP WITH A GUY NAMED PALEY PALES, MRS. MURPHY'S NEPHEW! HE'S A PRO, BUT I THINK WE'D BE A BETTER TEAM, ANYWAY!

HMM... HE'S TRYING TO MAKE CANDY JEALOUS, AND I'M JUST THE LITTLE GIRL TO PLAY ALONG IN THAT CONTEST!

HI, CORNELIA! HOW ABOUT BEING MY PARTNER IN A DANCE CONTEST THE MEN'S CLUB IS SPONSORING?

WHEN DID CANDY GIVE YOU THE BRUSH-OFF, TED?



AND IF I SAY YES, TED, WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

ER...IF WE WIN, YOU CAN KEEP THE WHOLE PRIZE...ONE HUNDRED SMACKERS!

SEE ME AT SCHOOL TOMORROW! I'LL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER THEN!

REVENGE WITH SOME COLD CASH INCLUDED... THAT'S FOR ME!

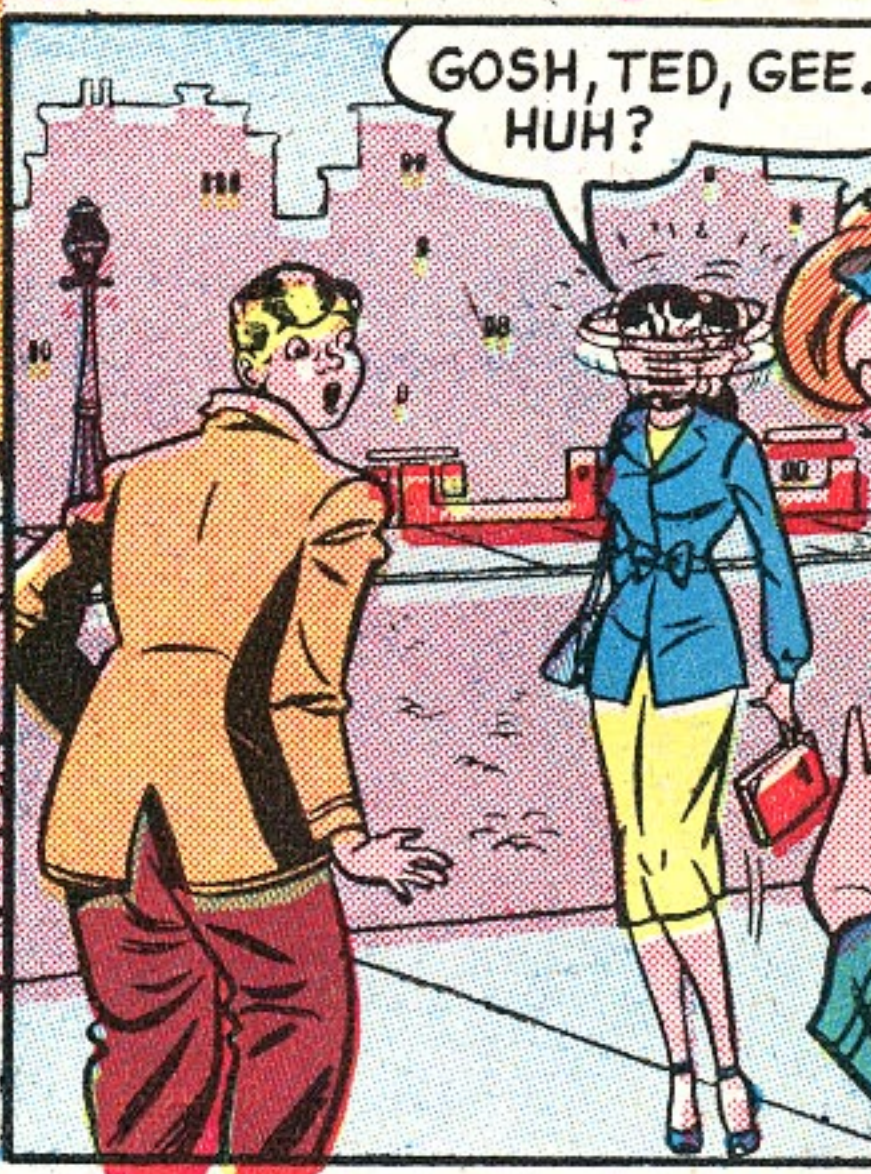
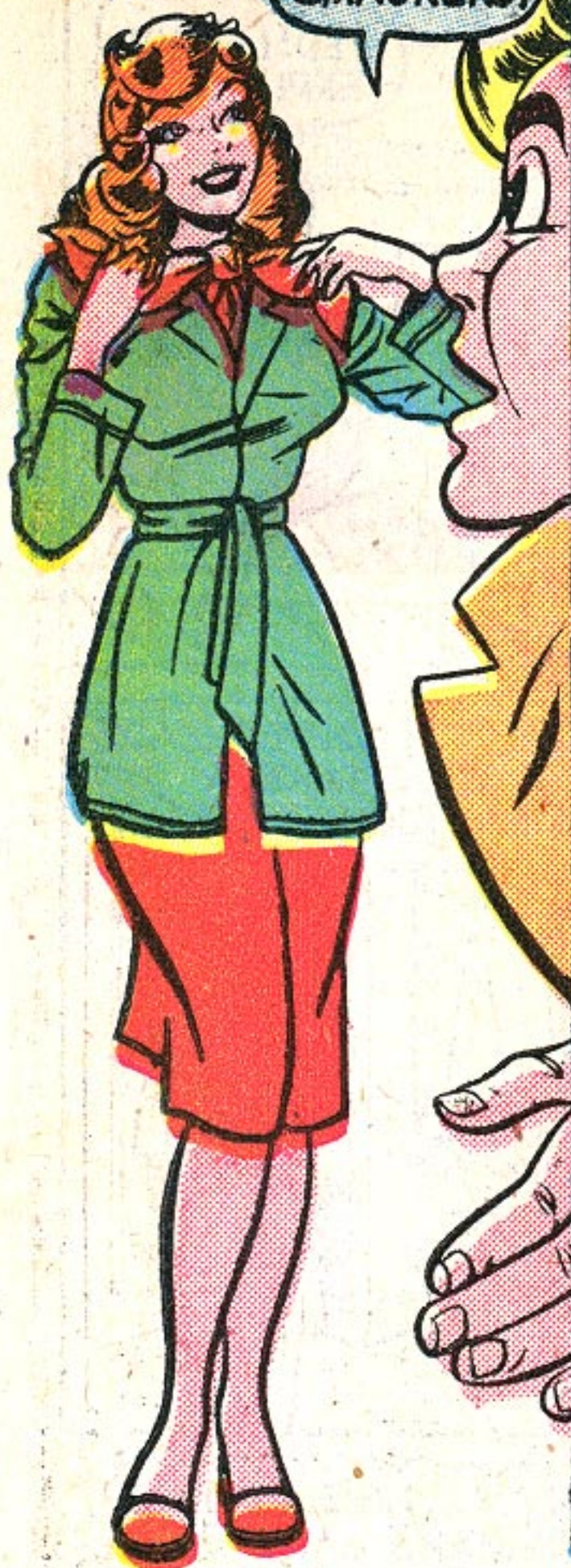
RIGHT!

THAT GAL WILL PROBABLY STRIKE A MEAN BARGAIN! BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

The next afternoon...

PLEASE LISTEN, TED! I MUST WIN THAT CONTEST TO GET A FUR JACKET! AND YOU KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE TO WALTZ...

OKAY, OKAY! SO YOU HAD A REASON FOR CHOOSING AN OTHER PARTNER BUT I STILL DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR CHOICE!



GOSH, TED, GEE... HUH?

HI, TED! BE AT MY HOUSE IN AN HOUR AND WE'LL PRACTICE THE GREAT WALTZ!

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED!

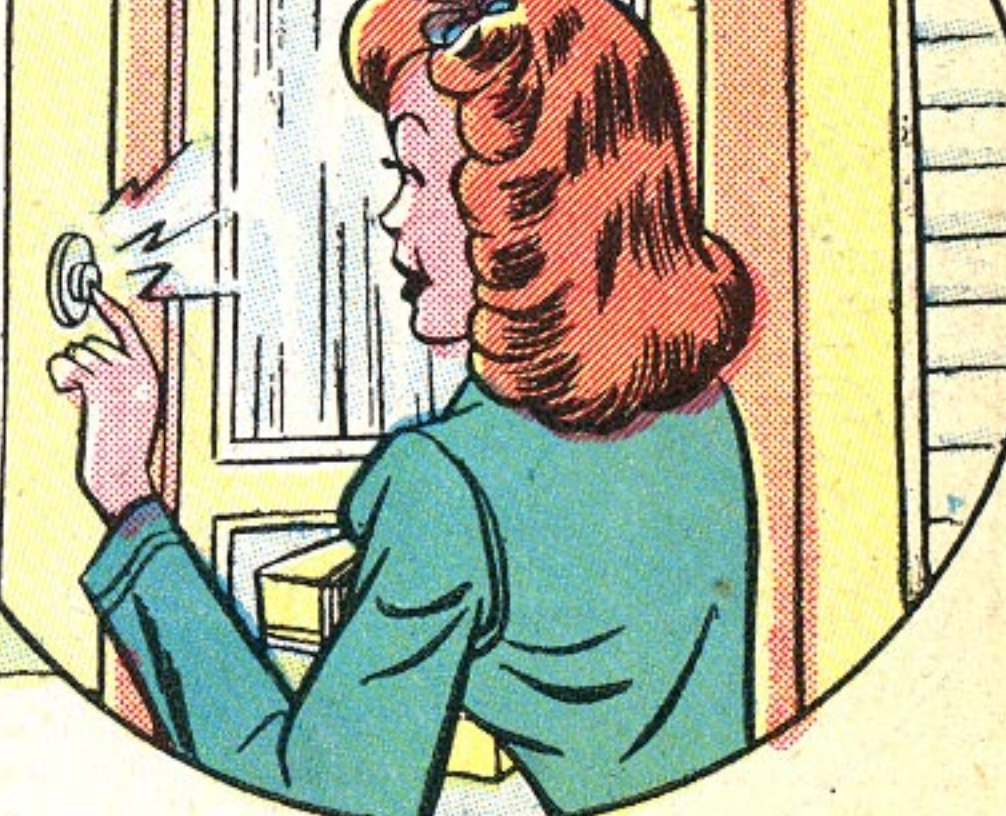
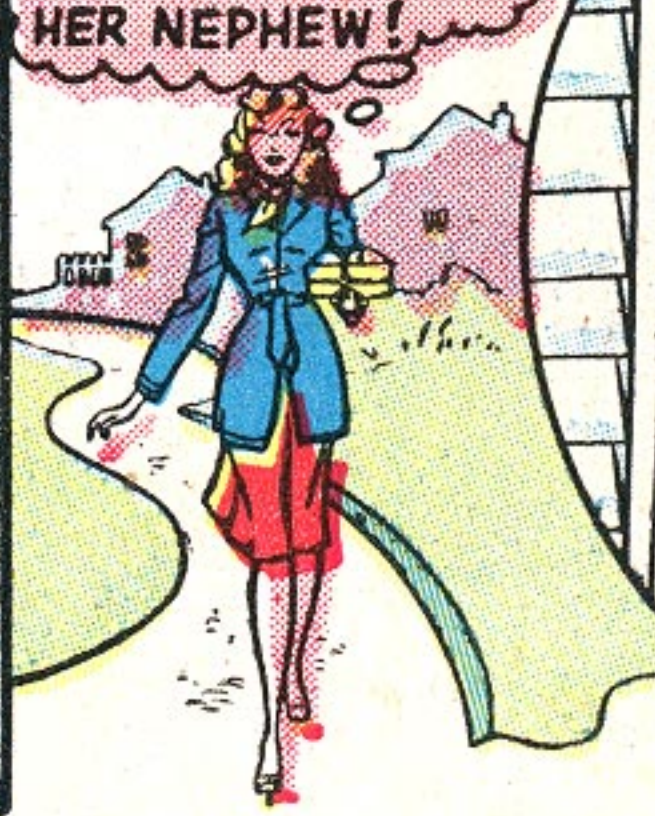
I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP IN STEP, SUGAR!

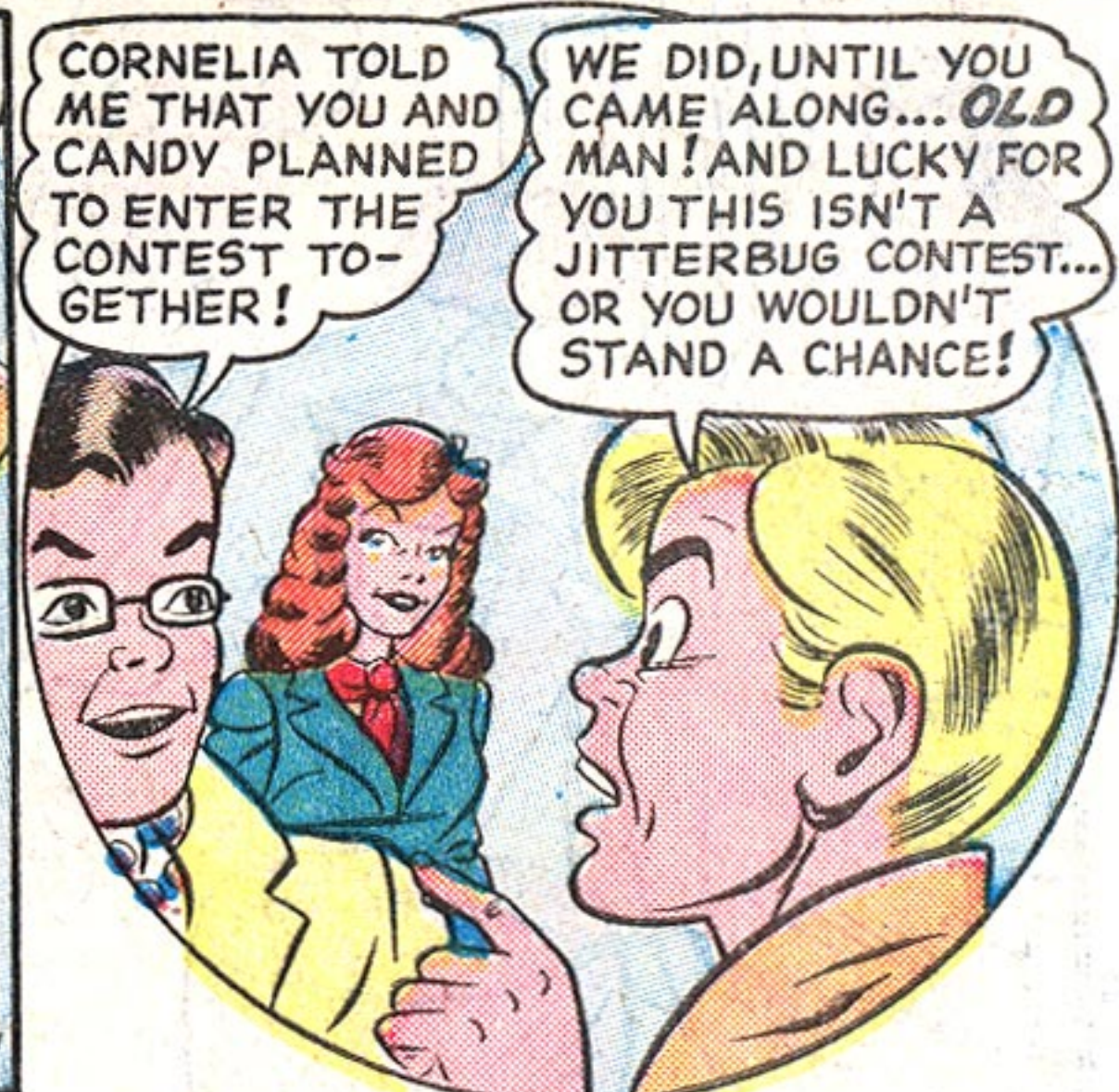
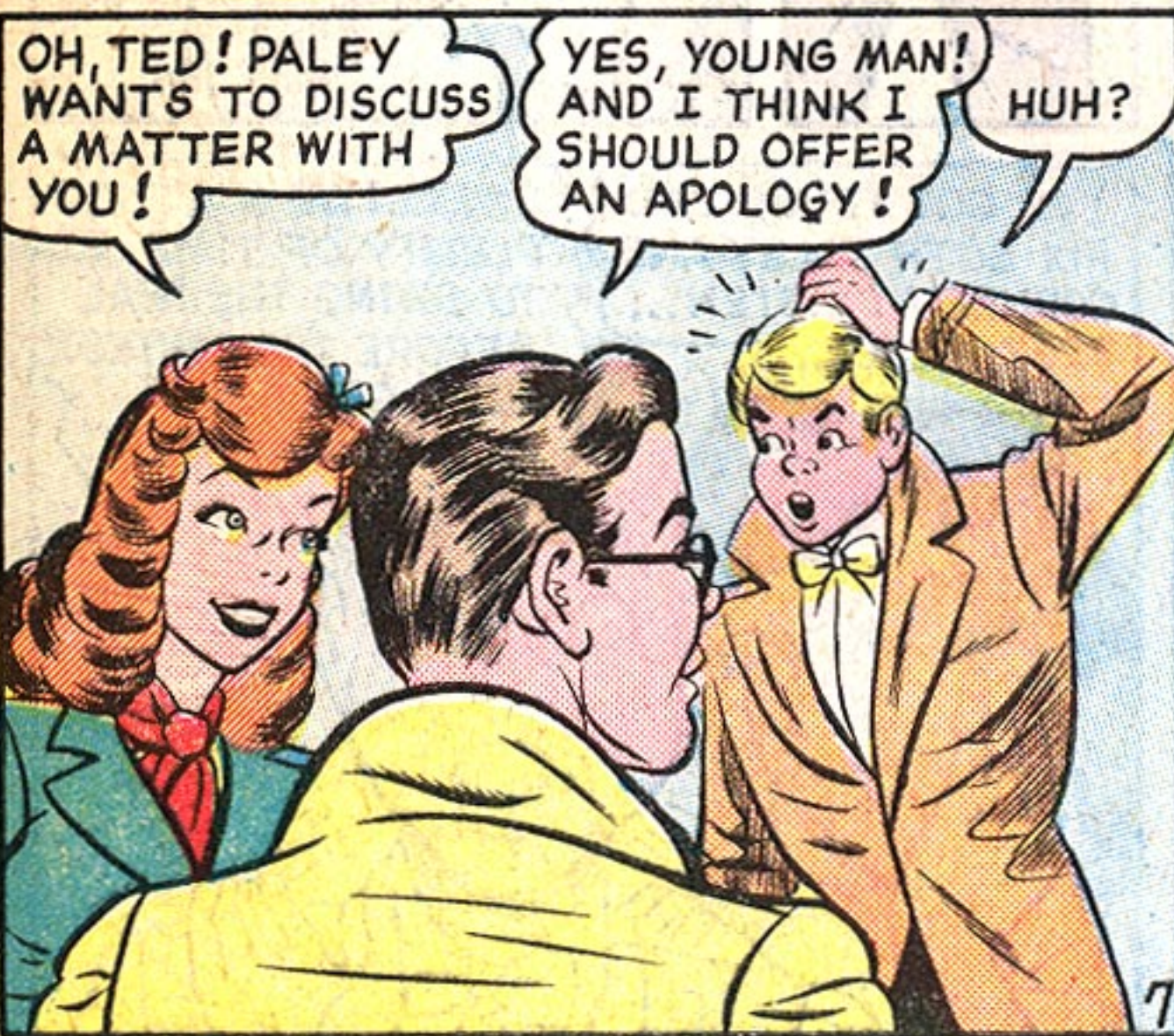
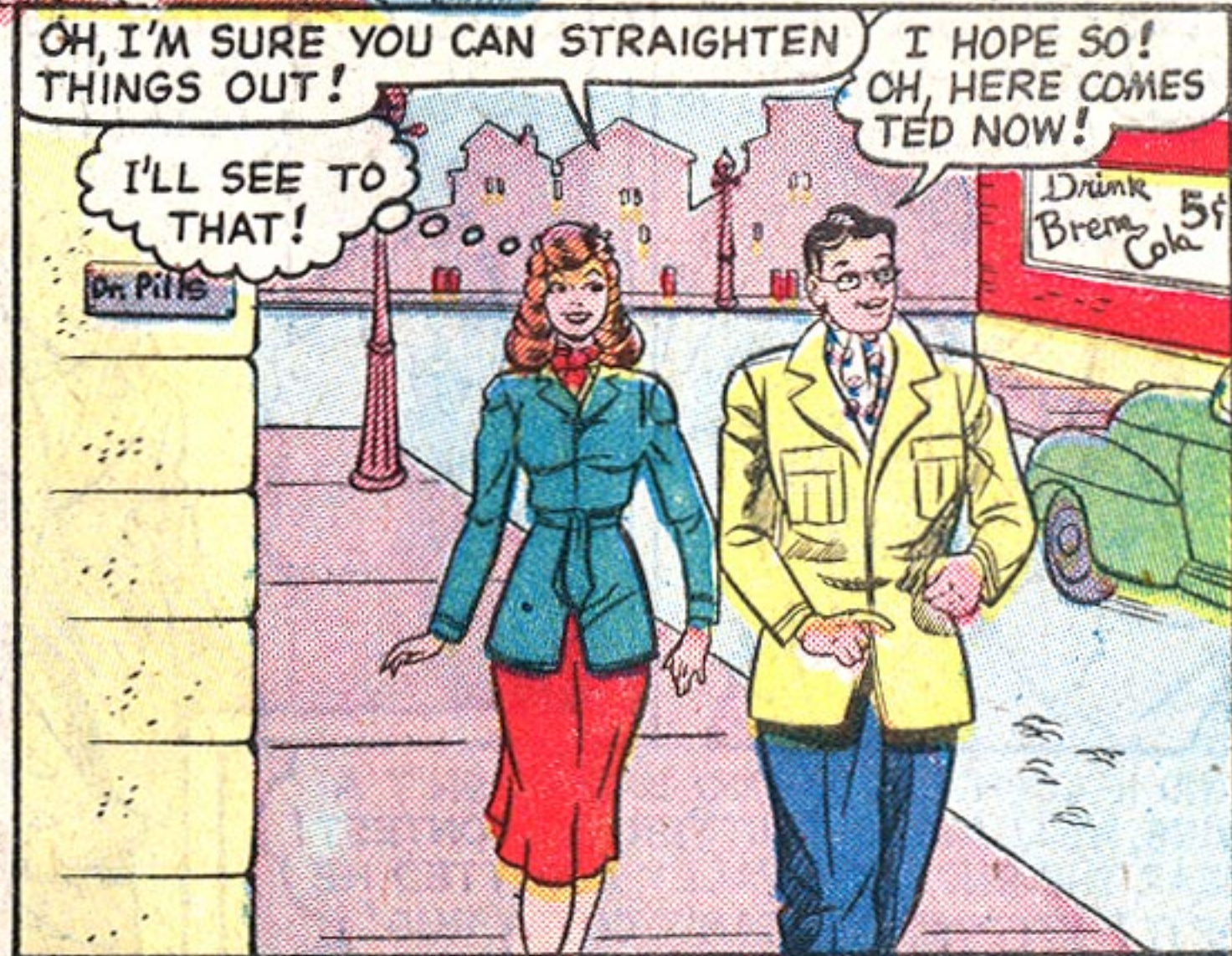
NOW TO DO SOME UNDER-COVER WORK!

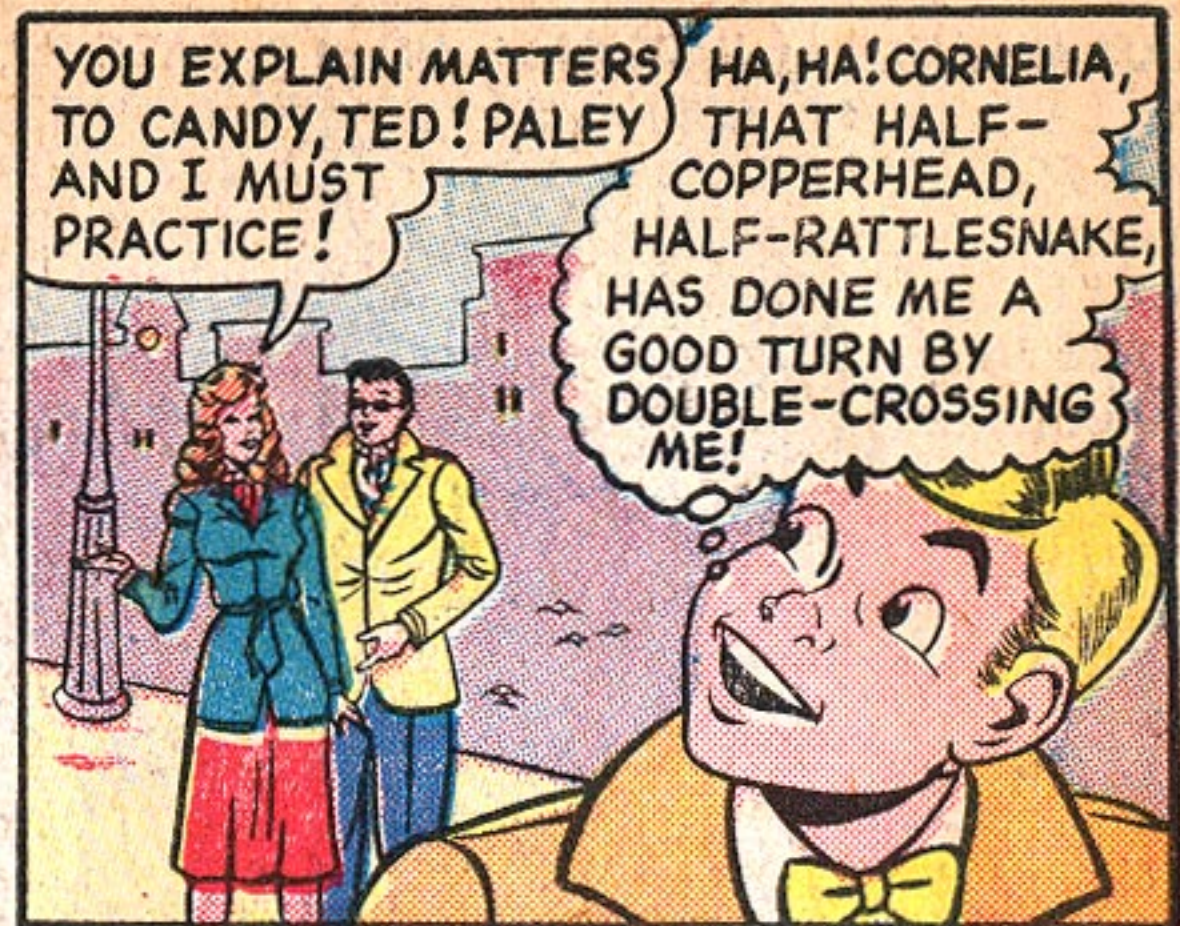
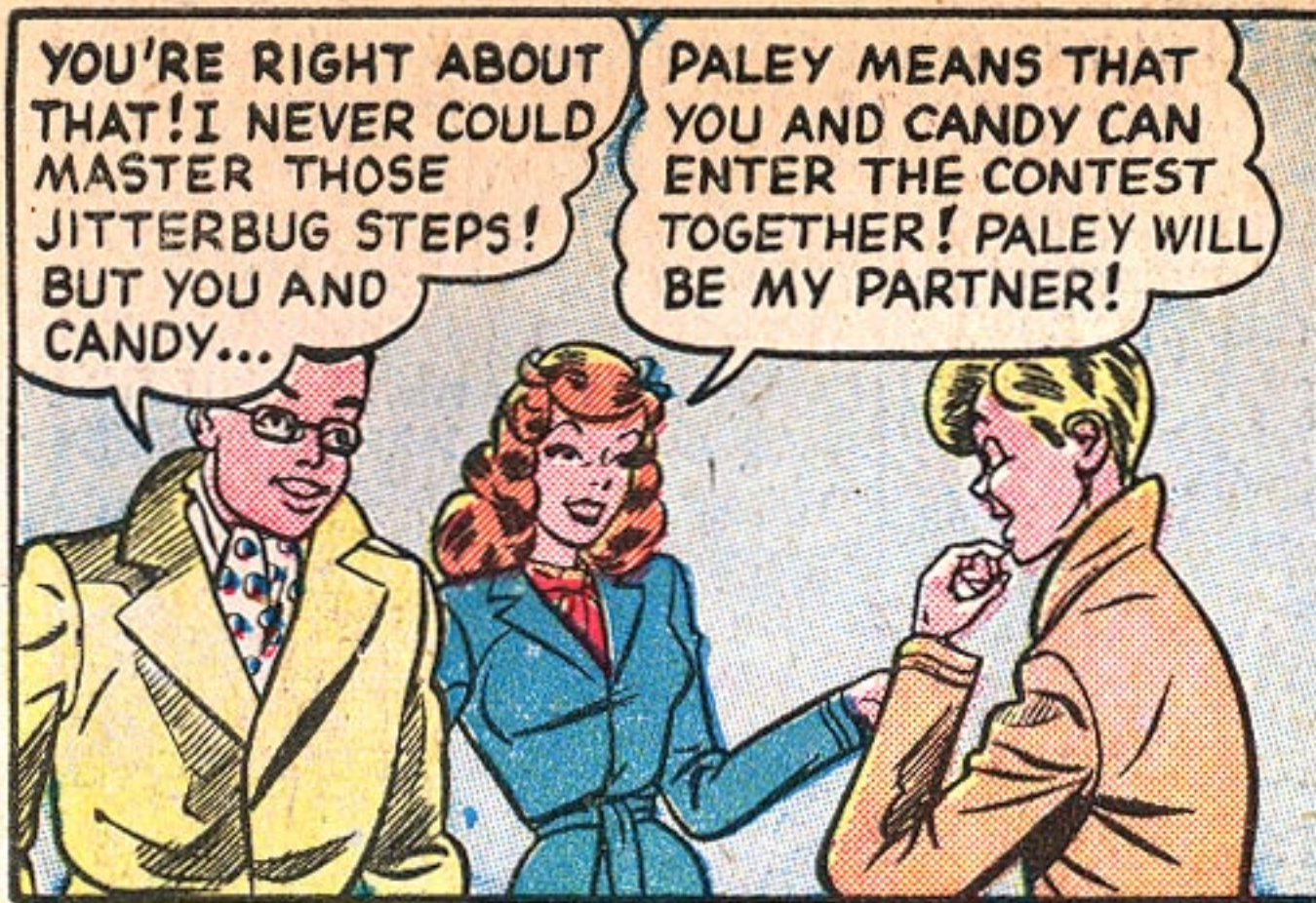
A short time later...

IF I GIVE THIS CAKE TO MRS. MURPHY, I'LL PROBABLY GET A CHANCE TO MEET HER NEPHEW!

AND IF I COULD GET HIM TO TEAM UP WITH ME, I'D REALLY BE FIXING CANDY AND TED!







A short time later...

BUT I WONDER HOW CANDY WILL TAKE THE NEWS? I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



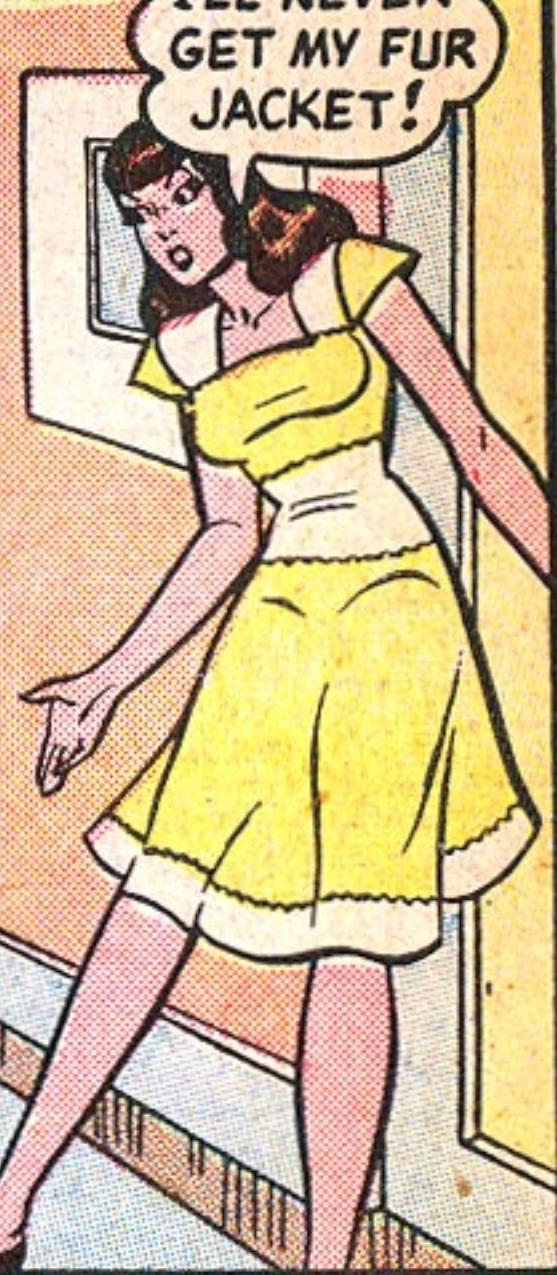
WELL! ALL THROUGH PRACTICING WITH CORNELIA?

NO NEED FOR ME TO PRACTICE WITH HER, SUGAR-CAKE! PALEY PALES HAS TAKEN OVER THAT LITTLE DETAIL!



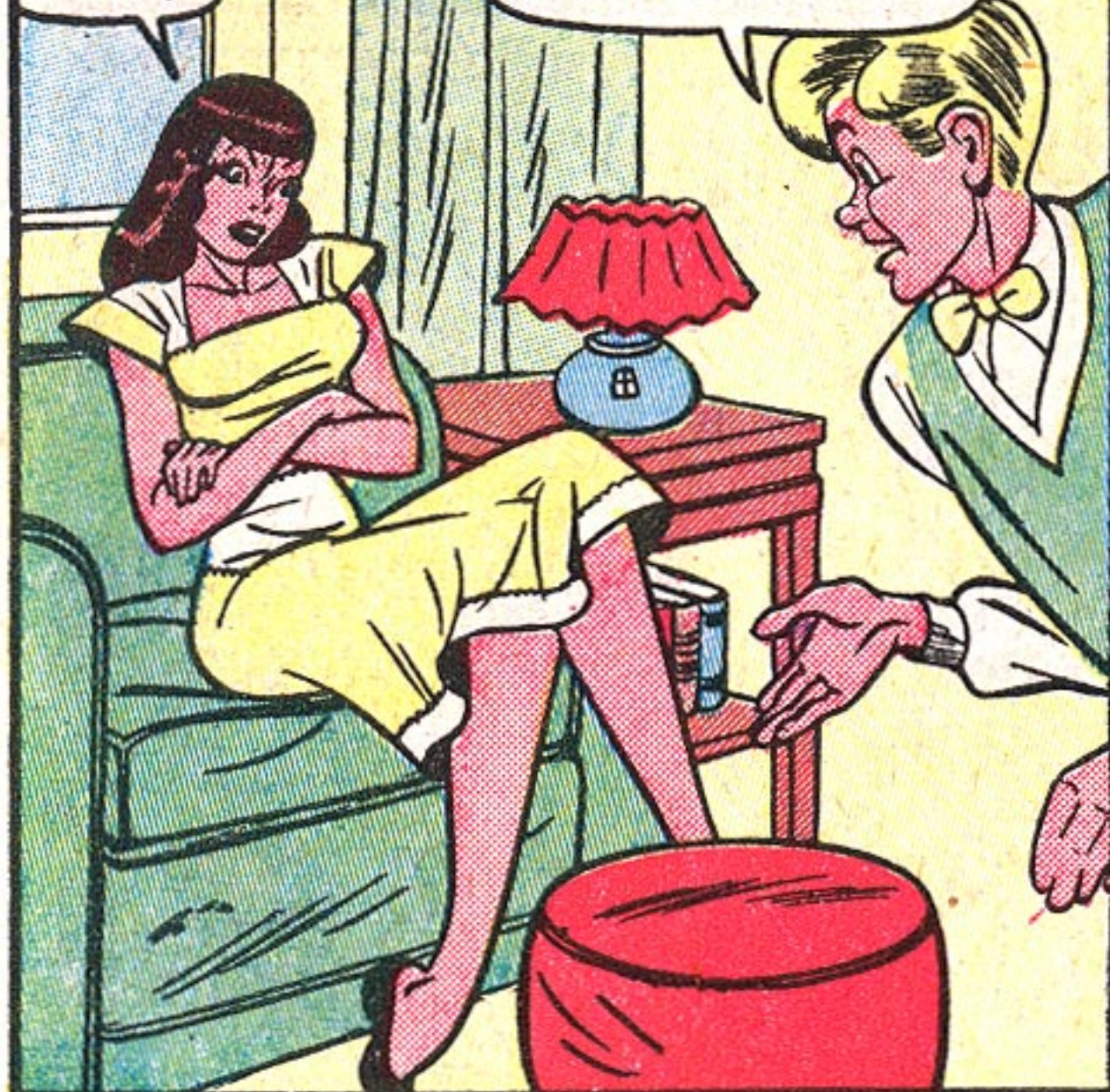
LITTLE CORNELIA FIXED IT FOR US-- AND I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY!

BUT YOU CAN'T WALTZ AS WELL AS PALEY! NOW I'LL NEVER GET MY FUR JACKET!



AND IF CORNELIA WINS, WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!

TOO BAD IT ISN'T A JITTERBUG CONTEST! PALEY ADMITTED HE CAN'T CUT A RUG!



I'VE GOT IT! WE CAN FIX BOTH PALEY AND CORNELIA! LISTEN... BZZZ, BZZZ...

SWELL! WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SWING THE DEAL BEFORE THE CONTEST! LET'S GET SOME PAPER RIGHT AWAY!



I'LL TAKE THE NORTH END OF TOWN, TED! YOU COVER THE REST!

RIGHT!

The night before the Contest...

I'M SURE DAD AND HIS FRIENDS WILL UNDERSTAND!

I HOPE!

WELL, KITTEN, WE'VE SIGNED EVERY TEEN-AGER IN HARTWICK EXCEPT CORNELIA AND PALEY!

HARTWICK
MENS
CLUB

IF THIS IS WHAT YOU KIDS WANT, THE MEN'S CLUB MUST OBLIGE! WE'LL PUT AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE MORNING PAPER!

THANKS, DAD!

The next morning...

SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO TAKE THAT DANCING JOB IN CHICAGO!

MY AGENT WANTS ME TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY, BUT I'LL WAIT TILL AFTER I WIN THE WALTZ CONTEST TONIGHT! THE PUBLICITY WILL DO ME GOOD!

LISTEN TO THIS! THE WALTZ CONTEST HAS BEEN CHANGED TO JITTER-BUGGING BECAUSE OF A PETITION THE HARTWICK TEEN-AGERS SIGNED!

THAT MEANS I LEAVE FOR THAT JOB IN CHICAGO AT ONCE---OR BECOME A LAUGHING-STOCK!

That night, at the Contest...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE JUDGES HAVE ASKED ME TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS! TED AND CANDY!

OH, TED! I CAN FEEL THAT SKUNK ON MY BACK ALREADY!

NOW WATCH THE FUR FLY! HEH, HEH!

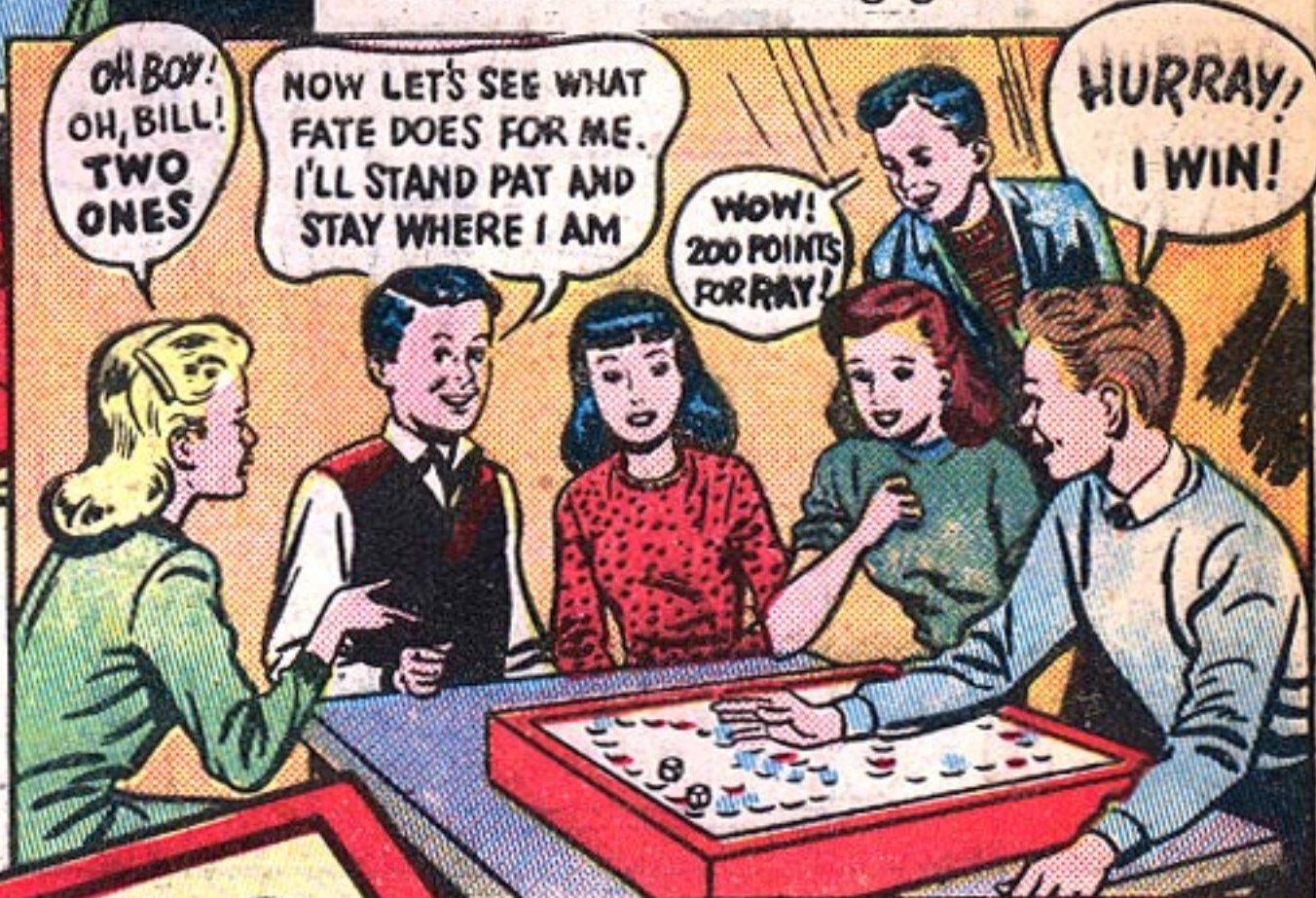
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at a party . . . introduce

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sensational
new game



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DRAGON'S Teeth combines scientific appeal, the excitement of chase and capture, the element of luck provided by rolling dice, the danger of overstaying on "hot spots", the mystery of magic, as teeth disappear when you twist the Dragon's Tail. • It is easy to learn and fun to play. It builds up exciting situations and suddenly you find your hard-won load of high value teeth out of sight. It's a neat trick. Two to six people can play.

Sturdy wood frame, 14½ x 22½ inches. \$2.98 postpaid.
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Make the next evening unforgettable
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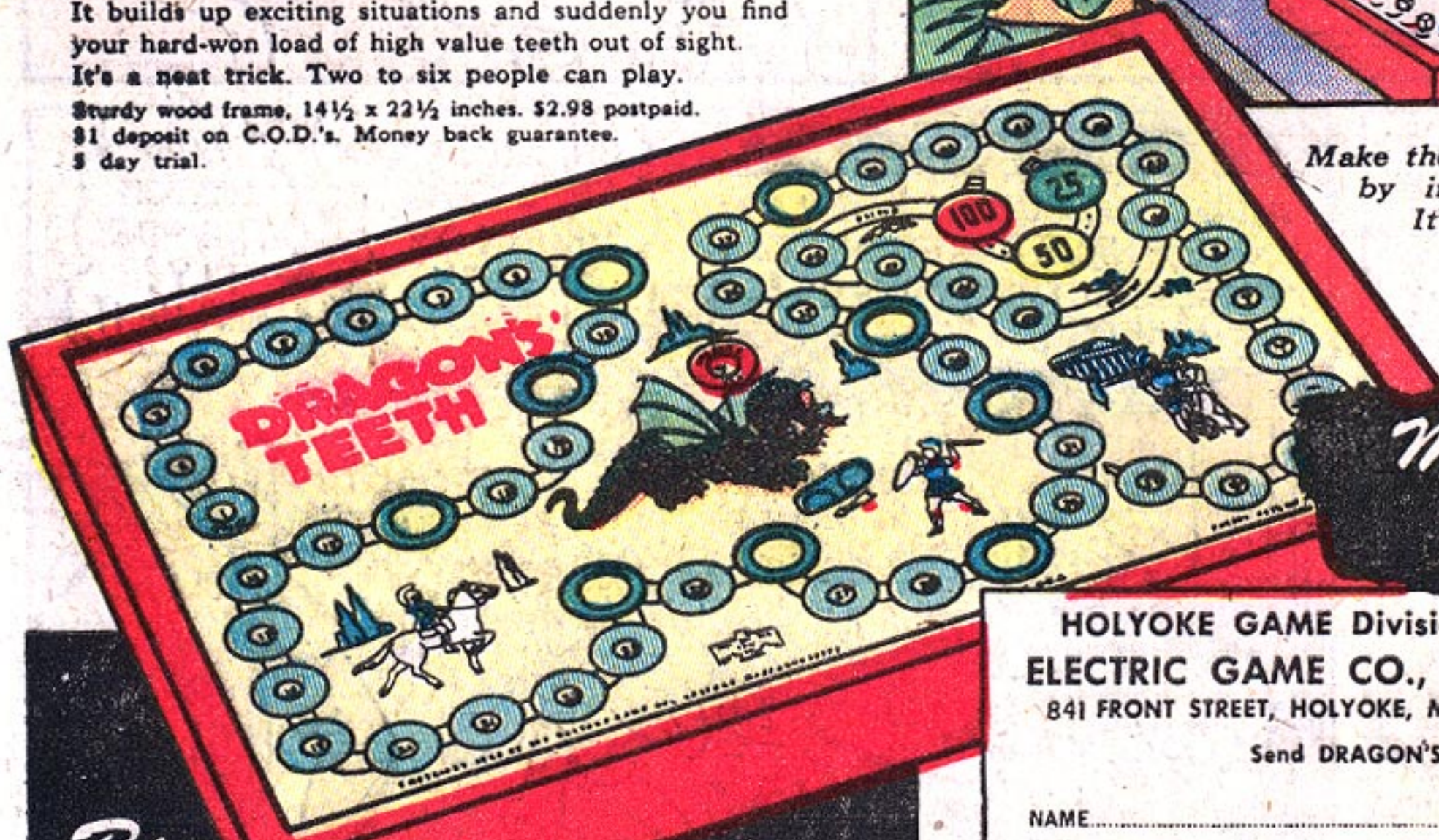
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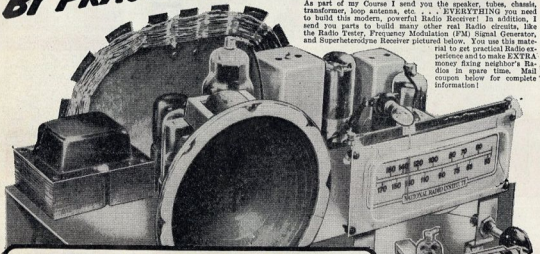
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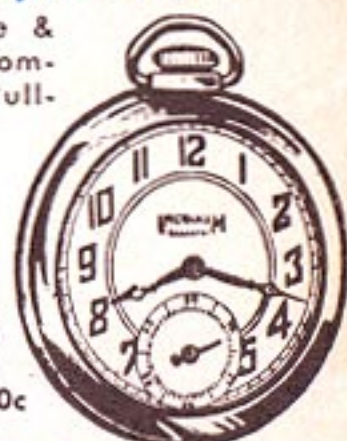
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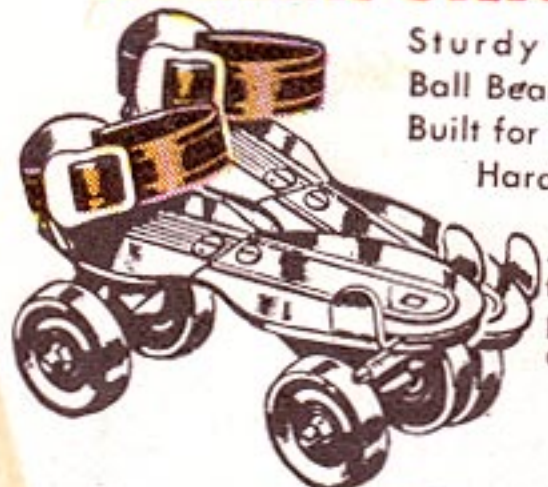
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